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NAVAL SKETCH-BOOK;

OR,

THE SERVICE AFLOAT AND ASHORE;

WITH

CHARACTERISTIC REMINISCENCES, FRAGMENTS, AND
OPINIONS.

BY AN OFFICER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:

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1835.

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DEDICATED,
WITH
THE SINCEREST RESPECT,
TO
THE BRITISH NAVY,
BY
THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

AT a period when every class or profession in society, from the merchant to the humblest mechanic, has its association, its magazine, its newspaper, it would be almost impertinent to apologize for presenting the public with a view of the habits, manners, and peculiarities of a profession, equally distinguished by the splendour of its achievements and the originality of its character—at once the essential protection of our mercantile enterprise, the nurse of British independent feeling, and the constitutional security of our maritime greatness and national prosperity. Whilst every other subject of *general policy* or professional interest has been discussed and examined with all the eyes of Argus, our marine, with its services, claims, discipline, privations, and hardships, has escaped that scrutinizing ordeal imposed on everything else by the growth of information, and the zeal for improvement. From an overweening delicacy on the part of the profession, the redress of grievances, the remedy of evils, with the suggestion of either alteration or improvement in the principle of discipline of the service, have been left almost entirely in the hands of public Boards, and the difficulties of professional subjects have deterred the pen of the uninitiated from the task. Hence it happens that, from the sphere of its action and services being remote, it may, with truth, be observed, that (unless in a period of war, when the public is

sometimes treated with the meagre notice of a naval victory in the Gazette) the mass, even of reading, intelligent Englishmen, is unacquainted with, or uninterested in the welfare or concerns of that force, on which our existence as a nation solely depends. In the absence of authentic information, the field is left open to conjecture, and fiction naturally steps in to aid the imagination. Even Dibdin, who unites often fine poetic feeling with a noble and devoted patriotism in his songs, repeatedly raises a blush for the nautical ignorance he betrays. The absurdities detailed in graver publications, as to the conduct and character of sailors, would be amusing, were it not for the false, and often unfavourable impressions they create of the service.

Of such a character and tendency is the extract we subjoin, entitled "LORD NELSON'S HUMANITY," which, unluckily for the profession, has gone the rounds, and been copied into almost every paper throughout the kingdom—a proof, at least, that professional subjects are still matter of general interest.

"Lord Nelson was loth to inflict punishment, and when he was obliged, as he termed it, 'to endure the torture of seeing men flogged,' he came out of his cabin with hurried steps, ran into the gangway, *made his bow to the marine-general*, and reading the Article of War the culprit had infringed, said '*Boatswain*, do your duty.' The lash was instantly applied, and, *consequently*, the sufferer exclaimed, 'Forgive me, *Admiral*, forgive me!'—he would look round *with wild anxiety*, and, as all his officers kept silence (when the *fellow really merited* his punishment,) he would say, 'What! none of you speak for him?—Avast! cast him off! *Jack*, in the day of battle remember me, and be a good fellow in future!'—A poor devil was about to be flogged: he was a landsman,

and few pitied him—his offence was drunkenness. As he was tying up, a *lovely* girl, contrary to all rules, rushed through the officers, and falling on her knees, clasped Nelson's hands, in which were the Articles of War: 'Pray forgive him, your honour, and he shall never offend again.'—'Your *face*,' said he, 'is a security for his good behaviour—let *him* go; the *fellow* cannot be bad who has such a *lovely creature* in his care.' The *man* rose to be a *lieutenant*; his name was William Pye."

Absurdities here crowd so thickly upon us, that it is impossible to fix the attention on any one in particular. We have an *Admiral* inspecting punishment, and a *General of marines* doing a *subaltern's* duty. In point of fact, there never is a General of marines on board; and in case of punishment, the Admiral is never present—his captain does the duty. The "hurried step" and "wild anxiety" well become the cool deliberate hero who, at Copenhagen, when in imminent danger and in the heat of action, calmly and deliberately sealed with wax his summons to the Danes to surrender, observing, "that a wafer might discover hurry or anxiety." And for whom is all this "anxiety?" For a "fellow who really merited punishment." The low vulgarity and gasconade of phrase, "Jack, in the day of battle remember me," is an insult to the memory of an accomplished gentleman and the brightest ornament of the profession. The narrative is equally false:—previous to punishment, the "ship's corporal" always orders the women below. Here a "lovely girl" rescues "a poor devil of a landsman, whose offence was drunkenness, and whom few pitied," from the lash, because Nelson who, as we observed, could not be present, fancied her face, and argued like a fool. To complete the fable, and give a theatrical termination to the farce, the drunken lands-

man leaves the gangway to ascend the quarter-deck, and becomes a lieutenant! Thrice lucky Mr. Pye!!! The late Tom Sheridan has a similarly brilliant conception in the comic song called "*Billy Taylor*." But Sheridan had imbibed more theatrical tact from his father; and by giving it an air of romance, completed the absurdity.—"Billy Taylor's" *sweet-heart* is made lieutenant* of the "*Thunder-Bomb*."

Sailors are thus unfortunate in more respects than one. Generally, when they sit for a portrait, the canvass is made to glow with all the characteristic traits of a bold, generous, reckless ruffian. This might be endured, because it is at once detected as a caricature;† but the indignity we feel most dis-

* "When her captain come to diskiver
The glorious action what she'd done,
Then he made her first leaftenant
Of the gallant *Thunder-Bomb*."

† To show that instances of this species of nautical jargon and murder of common sense are not unfrequently palmed on the public as the genuine effusions of our tars, we quote from a daily paper another very recent and elaborate anecdote, which, for confusion of ideas, absurdity, and ignorance, out-Herods all preceding specimens of rhodomontade:—

"An honest tar was heard to describe the dress of his wife thus—'On my return from the Cape, she was so *bamboozled* in all her *rigging*, that I hardly knew her *stem* from her *stern*; and as to her *midships*, that was lumbered up with a vengeance! Even her *studding-sails* were all *a-peak*;‡ her *clue-garnets* a-foul of her *reef-lackle*: and her *fore-sheet* so *lubberly belaid* to her *cat-head*, that, on *putting her about*, I soon found she *missed stays*, and away she went, bomb ashore, on the rocks of *Scilly*!'"

‡ What nonsense!

posed to resent, consists in mingling in the picture the maudlin mawkish attributes of the puling writer himself. The sailor becomes in such hands perfectly metamorphosed, so that his intimates would not recognize in the sketch their blunt, honest, warm-hearted acquaintance; acting ever on false sentiment, and aping the flippant nonsense of a French novelist, he is represented as a being at once averse to his duty, and wincing like a woman under punishment. Thus, in his feeling degraded, in his distress robbed of dignity, the British tar appears but a bully in war, and a mendicant in peace.

As a corrective for an evil so serious in its consequences, and to set Jack's character right in the opinion of his countrymen, a few original "Galley Stories," which we would fain presume are not destitute of the *vraisemblance*, are added, to serve as an illustration of his opinions of duty, motive, religion, men, and manners, ashore and afloat. However the tales may be disguised in professional allusions, or the vernacular of the fore-castle, they have each a clear, intelligible moral.

Possibly the chapters which will most require something to be said in their defence, will be imagined to be those relative to the "Naval Club-House." It is only doing justice to our motives, here to premise, generally, that the characters sketched are imaginary; and that nothing can be farther from our intention than to censure institutions of this nature. A club on liberal principles is, doubtless, advantageous, if not essential to the interests and well-being of the profession; more particularly in a period of peace. In the reminiscences of the past, and the collision of enlightened opinion, young emulation gleans from the harvest of

veteran experience, and learns to glow with patriot ardour. From personal observation, corroborated by the concurrent opinion of professional friends, we have, however, been led to infer, that there existed *some* reason to apprehend the system was defective, and the means substituted for the end.

Of the more serious papers, relative to tactics naval improvements, punishments, and discipline, it is only necessary to say here, that, though the result of long experience and constant employment, they are submitted with great deference, and even diffidence, to the service, in the present bright and promising day-spring of professional attainment.

For our review of the principal modern works from the pens of naval men, we, without anticipating what may be the opinion of the reader as to its justice on perusal, confidently calculate on its being favourably received by professional writers, who have hitherto had the hard fortune only to be criticised by "men of letters," or critics by profession, not one of whom ever took a helm in hand or saw a shot fired; and though it may appear an extraordinary waste of time, in the present day, when a critique on a quarto of 600 pages is prepared for publication in a shorter time than it would take to read one-tenth of it with attention, we can assure each writer noticed we have always read his work before presuming to pronounce any opinion.

An idea begins to gain ground amongst the veterans of the profession, that the *matériel* of the common sailor has of late years undergone a great alteration—that he is no longer the same gay, unsuspecting, artless being, whose minute garrulity, rambling episodes, and figurative phraseology, every cadence of which was marked by the oscillation of a long *queue* of hair reaching to his waist, never failed to detain a landsman's ear, and render him the hero of every group in

which he mingled ; in a word, they presume very generally that the spirit of the *tar* is fled with the *tail*.

To administer consolation to the sympathetic yearnings of these lovers of the fast-fading glories of the tar we have picked out a few relics of the genuine *antique*, y'clept *Eccentricities*. Having almost all come within the writer's knowledge and observation, they are presumed to be at least genuine specimens, which, like fossil organic remains, may serve to resuscitate to the fancy a race long since extinct. How far the Work may have redeemed these pledges must, however, be left to the reader to determine.

Cheltenham, Dec. 1825.

THE NAVAL SKETCH-BOOK.

FIRST DAY AFLOAT;

BY A MIDDY.

———Speak thou, boy ;
Perhaps thy childishness will move them more
Than our reason. SHAKESPEARE.

TWELVE years had scarcely slipped over my head, when, in the year 1800, I entered His Majesty's naval service, as mischievous as a whelp, and with as much of the devil in my disposition as any boy of equal age ; circumstances which, perhaps, more than anything else, had induced my friends to consider me peculiarly calculated for the service, although neither the youngest nor most stupid of the sons of my father.*

* There is, no doubt, some allusion here to naval biography. The repartee alluded to is said to have been made by an officer to the rough compliment of some naval Duke.

The ship to which I was destined was commanded by Captain —, who bore the character of a gentlemanly, good-natured fellow, which however was then deemed quite incompatible with the duties of a commander: an opinion, happily for both young and old placed under his control, not considered perfectly orthodox in the present day. On my arrival at Deal, I waited on him at his lodgings, and was agreeably surprised at the kindness of his reception.

After looking merely at the signatures of a large assortment of introductory letters, and putting my patience to the proof, by repeating the customary lecture on such occasions, his bell summoned the steward, a brawny, well-looking, woolly-headed black, to receive the order for putting me on board with all possible despatch; the captain adding at parting to the steward, "you'll tell the first-lieutenant to let one of the steadiest midshipmen show the young gentleman the lions."—The mandate was received by my sable conductor with an indistinct mutter, through tusks that shone, by contrast with his skin, like pearls,—every feature of his face, and agitation of his body, denoting the most perfect submissiveness and obedience. Agitation is always contagious, and I began to suspect, from the conduct of the black, that we were fast approaching the dread confines of the region of terror. My convictions were strengthened by the silence which was subsequently preserved. Having re-

paired to the "*Hoop and Griffin*," to ship my traps, we proceeded, accompanied by a porter, across the shingle to the beach, off which the barge was lying outside the surf at a grappling. The crew consisted of ten or eleven sun-burnt, rugged, long-tailed tars, under the charge of a youngster, who, in every respect but the air of authority he assumed, seemed 'my other self.' His complexion, it was evident, had not been exposed to sun or wind, and he wore gloves, which, like his face, were of a dazzling whiteness. The grappling was soon weighed, I was bundled in by the bowman, and, to use his expression, the barge was 'shoved alongside of the barks* in the twinkling of a bed-post.'

Although a mere boy, never shall I forget the overwhelming and indefinable impression made on my mind upon reaching this wonderful and stupendous floating structure. The immensity of the hull, height of the masts, and largeness of the sails, which had been loosened to dry, so far exceeded every anticipation I had formed, that I continued, unmindful of what was going on in the boat, to gaze on her in dumb amazement, until awakened from my stupor by the coxswain, who now gruffly exclaimed,—“Come, master! come! mount a’reevo, ’less you mean to be boat-keeper.”

The youngster, who had not opened his lips on the

* *Jack's* fancy phrase for a favourite ship.

passage, now turned round to give vent to a repartee, which, from its homeliness, served materially to humble him in my estimation.—“Give us none o’ your jaw, Mr. Jones,” said this young Triton, scampering up with the black close at his heels. I now seized the side-rope, and was assisted in my awkward attempt by the coxswain, who followed in my wake, no doubt looking out for a “slippery-bend.”

Being safely landed* on the quarter-deck of the frigate, I literally shrunk back through a feeling of intense admiration, approaching to awe, at the scene which presented itself; where nautical neatness, accurate arrangement, intricate machinery, and moving masses of men, completed the illusion, and overwhelmed the mind with the gigantic grandeur of the whole.

As I cautiously stepped on the deck, my eyes attracted by the alternate whiteness of the planks and polished ebony of the parallel caulking, my ears were assailed by sounds which seemed to threaten danger aloft, proceeding from the thunder-like claps of the shivering sails as they hung in the brails, and flapped their huge wings in the wind.

In this state of apprehension from undefined danger, and motionless as a statue, I felt myself pulled by the sleeve. The black had been enjoying my surprise, and

* “Landed on deck”—a nautical anomaly.

now motioned me to make my obeisance to a vulgar-looking, squat, round-shouldered man, whose obliquity of vision exposed every being he looked at to a sort of cross fire, from eyes which appeared to have a roving commission. A 'voice like a boatswain' had been a phrase with my father, and the association was revived by the Stentor-like tones of this strange looking person, who was dressed in a blue white-edged coat, which displayed here and there a few straggling anchor-buttons of different dies; to which was added a buff, soup-spotted vest, a pair of tarred nankeen trousers, and an old battered broad-brimmed leathern hat. This homely habit, with divers distinguishable daubings of pitch or white-wash on his back, naturally induced me to conclude he could be no other than the boatswain. I was soon undeceived, on hearing the steward deliver to him the captain's message relative to myself, which at once decided me as to his rank.

I am still at a loss to account for the apprehensions with which he inspired me, but I already felt myself retreating from a form so unprepossessing; possibly from the consciousness that I was a scape-grace, and that, as our fire-side circle had long since assured me, my offences were all discernible in my face. Already had sable Jack muttered in a half-terrified tone, aided by divers agitations and shiverings, resembling ague fits, the wishes of the captain relative to myself, when this modern Caliban,

pulling up his trousers with one hand, whilst with the other he boused forward the peak of his tarnished shirt-collar, swaggeringly exclaimed, "Well, youngster, here you are,—just like a young bear,—all your troubles before you!"—Often when a child I had been dubbed a cub by my mother, and it now for the first time flashed across my imagination, that I was fated in due course of time to become such a bear as that now before me.—"But never mind!" he continued,—“make a man o’ you, my boy!—born, of course, with a silver spoon in your mouth?—want to come in at the cabin windows, I suppose?—ever heard of the hawse-holes?—eh?—Got your traps in?—chest and bedding!—Well, get your hammock slung—rope-grummets, laniards, lashings, and nettles whipped,† you know!"—"Nettles, whips, and lashings;" thought I. The black's late trembling was no longer a mystery—it was now all as plain as a pike-staff—nothing but terror and torture!—"‘Cause," continued he, "none o’ your ‘midshipman’s rolls,’ you know!—we’ll have no greyhounds or ‘nippers’ in the nettings."‡

* The holes in the bows of the ship through which the cables pass.

† To bind twine round the ends of the geer appertaining to a hammock, so as to prevent them from fagging-out.

‡ Term applied to hammocks having a lean, or thin appearance, after having been lashed-up for stowage in the nettings upon deck.

And then leaving me, equally astonished by his volubility, and at a loss for the meaning of this unintelligible jargon, he, without waiting a reply, thundered through a speaking-trumpet, with which he had been previously thumping the head of a marine—"Turn the hands up, furl sails."

In an instant the frigate appeared a chaos afloat. Scarcely had he uttered the words before the command was repeated by the boatswain and his mates, who were piping and roaring down the hatchways*—"Tumble up, tumble up from below." Seamen in swarms were now flying up the ladders, shaking the ship to her centre, and making the decks answer like spring-boards to the clattering of four or five hundred feet.

The lower shrouds were instantly crowded *en masse*, not a soul daring to ascend until the word—"way aloft" was given; when, as if loosed by magic, they started, by hundreds together, up the rigging.

However beautiful, in a seaman's eye, the precision and rapidity of this manœuvre; in me it excited the most lively apprehension for the safety of the sailors. My nerves were on the rack as they ran out on the yards, on which they balanced their bodies, whilst their countless hands were busied with the most indescribable

* In well-regulated ships this practice is considered inconsistent with discipline. One voice, and one pipe, is as good as fifty; silence is the soul of subordination.

rapidity in gathering up the folds of the canvas. Every moment I expected they would "topple from the giddy height," and pitch headlong on deck as they "tossed up" the sails in their arms.

The bustle and bellowing below and aloft increased with the exertions of the men.—Here an officer was heard cheering the seamen, whilst others resorted to curses, to expedite them in their duty. "Bear a-hand, boys, bear a-hand!" was heard in several quarters of the ship, and an occasional "blast you!" startled all my school-taught notions of propriety; whilst the shrill tones of the "young gentlemen"* in the tops, pierced the ear with—"Lie-in, there—lie-in, you lubberly rascals! lie-in."

Amidst all this noise and bustle, I might have preserved something like self-possession, but for the continued recurrence of phrases, anomalous in their application, and often ominous and alarming in their signification. "See, sir," says an officer on the fore-castle, "you might shove your head through that earing."—That must be a thumper, thought I—"What are those *hands* about," says another, "that they don't *foot*-it down in the bunt?"—"Fore to'-sail yard, there!" cried a third—"Why don't you stop that 'Flemish horse'† up?"—

* The midshipmen are always thus designated, by both superiors and inferiors.

† A rope under the yard, on which the man at the extreme end of it stands to support himself in reefing or furling the topsail.

I had heard something of the "Horse Marines,"* and immediately concluded one of the Flanders breed of their cattle had broke loose from the yard where they had been at liberty.

My mind was already labouring under the most bewildering influence: but how was I horror-struck when I heard Bruno bellow out—"D—n those fellows' bl—ds on the main-topsail-yard,—why don't they tuck-in those 'dead-men'† out of sight!"—What a monster! thought I; he has been the cause of some accident, which has

* *Horse Marines*,—A shrewd conjecture may be hazarded as to the high antiquity and utility of a mounted force on board of our ships of war, by referring to the history of our navy, so far back as the time of Admiral Blake, who, strange to say, was rather a horse-sailor than a horse-marine, having, been appointed by Cromwell from a colonel of dragoons to the command of a fleet. The splendour of his subsequent career as an admiral, proved that his previous application to equestrian exercises on shore had not unfitted him for aquatic duties——

——"quantum mutatus ab illo

Hectore."—

How has the corps been falling into contempt since that gallant admiral's time! In Harry the Eighth's reign, the largest ship in his navy was entrusted to the management of the "*Master of Horse*" to the King—Sir Thomas Knyvett.

† Sailors designate by the term *Dead-men* the platted reef-points of the sails when carelessly hanging beneath the yard, when the sail is furled.

escaped general notice, and his object clearly is to avoid, by concealment, a coroner's inquest. Now, indeed, I began to wish myself at home,* although not for worlds would I have confessed it. In about a quarter of an hour the bustle was at an end, and comparative order restored. But what I had already witnessed continued still to exert a stupifying influence over my faculties. Leaning on the wheel, I was beginning to indulge in moody contemplation (none of the "young gentlemen" as yet having shown me the lions, though it must be confessed such a surfeit had I of one bear, that little curiosity remained for an introduction to any more savage animal of this menagerie afloat,) when a familiar whack on the shoulder, and the authoritative phrase, "Youngster! no lounging!" apprized me I was once more honoured by the lieutenant's notice, who, pointing below, briefly said, "You'll dine in the gun-room to-day;" an invitation I would fain have declined, through a well-founded apprehension that he would be of the party. The tone, however, was sufficiently imperative to convince me that Bruno's sovereign authority was not to be trifled with. I had no choice left—nor let the reader imagine, for a moment, that my compliance was not to

* We could have wished our young hero had not descended to an obvious plagiary of Irish pathos:—"I left my home, and it was a happy home."—*Vide Counsellor O'Connell's Speech.*

the full as hearty and gracious, as the invitation was attractive and polite.

Dinner being at last announced by beat of drum, down flew the officers, helter-skelter, to the gun-room, the start being decidedly in favour of the lieutenant of marines, a light-infantry-like figure of about fifteen-stone weight. The surgeon, however, who appeared to be the most civilized civilian* on board, struck with my forlorn situation, returned, and looking up the hatchway, beckoned me good-naturedly to follow him below. Encouraged by this kindness, I descended cautiously both the quarter and main deck ladders leading to the steerage, abaft which, in the gun-room, dinner was served up. Thither my guide and I groped our way in the dark, breaking our shins against the midshipmen's chests, which I have been since led to believe, from an intimate acquaintance with the tricks of these 'young gentlemen,' had been thus premeditatedly placed in the gangway for the annoyance of Bruno, or, as the law phrase has it, "to inflict on him some grievous bodily harm." Experience enabled my guide to tread, with comparative security, the dark

"Abyss,
And through the palpable obscure, find out
His uncouth way,"

* The surgeon, purser, and chaplain, are commonly designated by the appellation of civilians.

to a dismal dungeon-like looking place, flanked on each side by a row of miserably cramped cribs, called cabins. Overhead there was certainly what, by some poetic license, continued to be denominated a skylight ; but, as to any light afforded, it might as well have been under foot, most of the panes in its frame having been fractured, and unpainted patches of solid wood substituted for what had once been transparent glass.

The members of the mess were already seated : a smoky vapour arising from the steam of the dishes, which was unable to effect its escape, in consequence of the lowness of the decks, enveloped the busy group. At the head of the table, sat a pale, calculating, anxious-looking, middle-aged man, whose sole pretension to anything like uniform consisted in wearing a cross-anchor button on a plain blue coat. A short bull-headed black boy attended behind the president's chair, whom the reader has already recognized as the purser. At the foot sat the officer of marines, whose easy contented air and portly person formed a lively contrast with the meagre figure at the head, who appeared conjointly with him to rule the roast at table. He was supported by a private of his party, one pace in the rear ; a bolt upright, grim-looking *jolly*,* whose head and the beams above were perpetually in collision. His leathern false tail, as stiff and polished as a poker, oscillating to and fro, amidst clouds of pipeclay

* *Jolly*—a marine.

effecting its escape whenever he moved from all parts of his uniform, proved an irresistible source of mirth to most of the young urchins in attendance, but particularly Massa Pompey, despite of an occasional knock on his pate from the purser.

Bruno, the second, and third lieutenants, both young men of an agreeable exterior, the master, a broad North-Shields-man ; one of the " young gentlemen," (a venerable Mid, about forty), the surgeon and myself constituted the dinner party. The first lieutenant sat nearest the door, to be, as he termed it, " ready for a bolt," and evinced great impatience for his dinner. Perceiving the officer of marines loosening his sash to prepare for ground-tier stowage, he gruffly exclaimed, " d—n your belly-band soldier ! bear a-hand and bale out the soup—think every one an ' idler ' like yourself ? " This appellation I soon perceived, from his alacrity in cutting and hewing down everything edible within his reach, was altogether inapplicable to our good-humoured Vice.

Soup had scarcely been served, before the midshipman of the watch came running into the gun-room, to inform the first lieutenant the signal from the admiral's office had been made to unmoor. " Pass the ' messenger, ' " * says Bruno, " and when ' brought to, ' let me

* A small kind of cable, which, being brought to the capstern, and the cable by which the ship rides made fast to it, purchases the anchor.

know." The poor messenger (for I was not then aware that it was a rope) appeared to me to be brought up rather roughly, for upon the gentleman's acquainting the lieutenant, "there was an 'elbow' in the hawse," he opened a volley of abuse on both the midshipman and the master, for allowing "the ship to go the wrong way."*—Wrong way! Heavens! thought I, has [any-thing gone right?—"Here's the devil to pay, Mr. Soundings, and no pitch hot," said he to the master; then addressing the midshipman, he added in a more temperate tone, "Lash the cables and unsplice the lee-one—and when the bowlines are rove, turn the hands up clear hawse." In about ten minutes' time, agreeably to Bruno's direction, the hands were turned up. All but the 'idlers' left the gun-room, who now began to push about the bottle: I, too, was preparing to rise; when Bruno pulled me back in my chair, and exclaimed, "D—n all volunteering, youngster! 'tis a good dog does what he's told."

The hawse had been cleared, and the ship unmoored, before the arrival of the captain brought me upon deck. After having been received by all the officers, he gave

* When a ship is moored in a tidesway, and swings on the change of the tide in a contrary direction from that which she should, so as to keep her hawse clear, or cables from crossing, she is then said to have "gone the wrong way."

directions to weigh ; the capstern bars were immediately “ shipped, swifted-in,” and manned. A perpetual succession of figures, whirling in a circle to the ceaseless cry of the officers, “ Heave round, heave round, my lads !” at first dazzled my eyes, and soon rendered me giddy. The anchor being “ hove up,” and sail made on the ship, she gracefully yielded to the pressure of her canvass, and soon entered a sea, highly agitated by the opposition of the wind and tide.

As my giddiness increased, I clung to the railing of the lee gangway ; my sight began to fail, yet to complain I knew was useless : seasickness, like the toothache, excites little sympathy. One of the stay-sail sheets flapping about now swept my hat overboard ; and, as I stooped to trace its descent, a violent retching and deadly sickness overpowered me. Just then I heard a loud laugh, accompanied by a sneering compliment from the lieutenant, upon the youngster’s punctuality in “ casting up his accounts” so soon :—this insult totally unnerved me ; home—kindred—parents—flashed on my recollection ; and, hanging helplessly my bare head over the side, I abandoned myself to my grief, and wished I had never been born.

The object of this memoir of the first few hours afloat can hardly be misunderstood. It cannot fail to assist youth in balancing the account as to the inducements and discouragements to embrace the profession. It must

however, be a subject of congratulation to their parents, as well as of satisfaction to officers themselves, on the score of personal feeling, that, however just the picture here drawn, many desirable regulations have been introduced into the Navy since 1800, so as to soften down the asperities of command, and remove those stumbling-blocks which are too often wantonly flung in the path of enterprizing young men, on entering a profession, whose duties are at all times sufficiently laborious, responsible and arduous.

A MELEE.

CORNWALLIS'S RETREAT; WITH THE FIRST OF JUNE:

A GALLEY STORY.

THAT sailors are a remarkably plain, downright race, no man acquainted with their character will deny. Devoid of all guile, a seaman never seeks to disguise his object; though he may sometimes be found "veering and hauling" to get rid of some difficulty which he imagines lies in his way. His narrative resembles a ship's course in working to windward, which is fain to yield obliquely to the blast, in order to weather her object indirectly, and fetch her port in the end: for though in a conversational cruize he may make twenty digressions, and fly off in chase of every strange sail heaving in sight, no sooner has he "run-'em down," than he will "close-haul his wind," and resume his original course—as in the following sketch of Cornwallis's celebrated retreat.

“Come, Jem, spin us a yarn,” says one of the forecattlemen to another, one night as we were cruizing in company with the “Channel fleet” which were blockading Brest.—“Come, Jem, you’ve neither tipped us a stave, or spun us a twist this week.”—“Well, as it’s a fine moonlight night,” says Jem, “and no signs of reefing, and moreover, as that ’ere ‘jib-and-staysail Jack’* hasn’t charge o’ the deck, but a gemman, as can keep the ship in her station without worrying the watch—I doesn’t care if I do.

“Well, I believe I was telling you t’other night, there was three or four o’ us drafted from the *Brunswick*, seventy-four, into the *Billyruffint*—(the Ball-o-rope-yarns, you know)—a ship as seed more sarvice nor any other whatswam the seas. I did my duty in both ships alike—bowman o’ the barge, and second-captain o’ the foretop—and, though I says it that shouldn’t, could toss a bow-oar and haul-out a weather earing with any fellow in the fleet. Well, you see, the time I means, we belonged to a squadron of five sail o’ the line, two frigates

* A nick-name given by men-of-war’s-men to those officers, who, from either inexperience or an unnecessary display of the martinet, torment the men, when a ship is attached to a fleet, by perpetually “making and shortening sail” to keep her in her station.

† *Bellerophon*.—It is a curious coincidence, that this ship, which will be found in naval history to have been more frequently

and a brig, under old Billy blue,* as brave a fellow as ever wore a flag : and as we were running along the land one morn, close aboard the Penmarks, you see—to conitre, as they calls it, a French squadron as was skulking in Billile anchorage—down comes a galley-packet on the lower deck, to say as how the *Fee-aton* frigate had discovered more nor thirty sail of the enemies' fleet standing-out on a wind, with every stitch they could crack. Well, you know, before you could turn the quid in your mouth, there was a nitty fore and aft in the ship.

“ We'd three or four bullocks twixt the guns on the main deck, we'd got from a ship as either comed from Cawsand or Torbay ; and blow me if I don't think they nosed the French were in sight, for they tarded to a-bellowing like a bunch of boatswains. Well, just as we'd turned the hands-up make sail, one on 'em breaks from his birth (seeing as how it wasn't for the second-captain of the fore-top to be lagging astarn on the forecastle ladder): he runs aboard o' me tail o'nend, takes me clean under the counter with one of his horns, and heaves me from the waist half way up the weather fore rigging, over the heads of all the other topmen.”—“ Why, Jem, a send like that was enough to have started 'your starn-

engaged with the French than any other British man-of-war, should have been the ship on board of which Buonaparte took refuge after his flight from Waterloo.

* Admiral Cornwallis.

post," said one of the group which had assembled between the sick-bay and starboard side of the galley-grate. "It's as true as I am here," said Jem, "and I took such a liking to the beast for it, that a'ter he was killed, and cut-up in the coppers, and his hide hung-out on the spritsail-yard-arm, I gives a half-pint o' grog to the butcher to make a marlingspike out o' the very dientical horn what gave me the heave.

"Well, howsomever, we clapped on the canvass, and badgered along 'on a bowline': all night, as we stood at our quarters, we were trimming, tacking, manuvring, and taking ev'ry 'wantage o' the wind, what was weering and hawling just like the pull of a backstay-fall; but it oftner favoured the French—for at day-light, you see, they weathered our wake, coming up with us, 'hand over fist,' in three different divisions.

"Well, there was the Brunswick and we in the Ruffin* lagging together astarn—for it wasn't in the natur of neither to run from an enemy's fleet)—and, as they never larnt it from no one afore, no, not a leg would they willingly budge. Both on us started our water—cut our bower-anchors away—bundled o'er-board the boats from the booms—and did everything mortal could think on to shove 'em along.

"'Well,' says Sam Smith (as was one o' the Bruns-

* An abbreviation for Bellerophon.

wickers afore, and quartered with me in the top at the time),—‘Jem,’ says he, fixing his eye like a firret, and fetching a heave from his heart, as he looked at the ship as his brother was killed in—‘Jem,’ says Sam, ‘I’ve just been a-thinking the Barky* was born’d to be bang’d. —I’ll bet you,’ says he, ‘aye, six months’ pay to your plush† (for it happened that day I was ‘cook o’ the mess’)—‘she’s sarved-out as she was the *First o’ June*.’

“Aye, that was the day—and had more on ’em stuck to their birds like the *Brunswick*, there had been less breezes and bloody-noses at Sally-port-stairs.‡—I shall never forget it as long as I live—we’d been trying for three days afore to bring *Crappo* to box,§ but t’was only our weathermost ships (the *Ruffin* among ’em) what skrimaged at all on the first day; and as for the second

* *Barky*—sailors’ slang for a favourite ship.

† On board a man-of-war, the cooks of the messes have a perquisite of the overplus grog that may remain in the ‘kid’ or can, after the cup has gone round.

‡ It is a well-known fact, that many hard-fought battles took place here, between the boats’-crews of Lord Howe’s fleet, after the action of the first of June. When *Jack* cannot have fight in one way he will have it in another.

§ The reader will here perceive that *Jack*, in his usual circumlocutory way, has lost sight for awhile of Cornwallis’s retreat, to describe the part the *Brunswick* took in the battle of the *First of June* 1794.

day's work—why, the less we says of it the better. Then, you know, on the third and fourth, both flyers and fighters was humbugged with fogs—though the 31st, to be sure we might have brought 'em to a general scratch afore dark; but the Admiral wisely resar it for day-light—for *Black Dick*,* you see, was summet deep in discarnment.

“Howsomever, the first o' the month was fixed for the fray. About five in the morning, just as the fog clears up, there was the Ruffin (first as-usual), with the signal flying for the enemies' fleet in sight, nor'-west. There they was sure enough, about three or four points on the bow to leeward,—formed in a long line-o'-battle a-head upon the larboard tack—and over their heads there hangs a cloud as black as a hearse; as if, like the morning rainbow,† it comed from aloft to warn the poor devils of their doom. Well, we cracks on, like 'smoak and oakum,' till we brings 'em a-beam; when just as the bell strikes six, up goes the signal to 'bear-up-together a-breast'—then for the 'van to attack the enemies' van'—then for the 'centre the centre'—the 'rear the rear'—and for 'every ship to break the line,' and bang her bird. Four signals was made one a'ter t'other, when

* Nick-name given to Lord Howe in those days.

† “A rainbow in the morning
Is a sailor's warning.”

one might have served ; but the Admiral, you see, was determin'd *they* shou'dn't mistake him *again*.—I knows all about it, you see, for in the B. I was quartered on the poop at the signals.—Well, down we runs, three or four miles ; when the Admiral, both ways bent for a belly-full, makes the general signal for breakfast—and many's the brave fellow that never bolted another. Well, you know, 'twas no time to be nice for stowing away ground-tier grub—so you may suppose every man was at his gun in a crack ; and never mind, in closing with *Crappo*, if we didn't buy it with his raking broadsides. Howsomever, we 'was bent on the same ourselves, for just as we was passing the stern of our reg'lar anniversary in the line, and giving her a job for the glaziers abaft—her second astarn, thinking to cross our hawse and bang it tight into our bows, puts her helm a-port, just at the very moment we claps ours a starboard to luff under the lee of the *Shields**—so slap alongside of each other we comes as loving as a pair of pet devils. There was both of us rubbing together our bends, like a couple of lighters ; and so close we clung to our bird what we clawed like a cat, 'twas mortally impossible to haul-up one half of our lower deck ports—so, to shorten the matter, we blows 'em clean out with the bull-dogs, and sets to a-barking and biting like Britons. Well, the

* L'Achille.

ship what we grappled was called—(let's see, was't the lee—or the la,—though it must be the *lee* to be sure, 'kase she was to leeward of *we* all the while)—aye, I'm perfectly right, it *was* the lee—the lee-*Wengure* was her name—which signifies Wengence in English—and with a wengence, she fought to the last.

“ 'Twas exactly four bells* when we opened our fire in the *Brunswick*,—and at seven or so when the Captain (God bless him !) received his death-wound. If bravery is rewarded aloft, and the sarvices of a seaman is not overlooked, he's sure of a far better birth above nor ever he'd a'got below. But, bless your heart, he came from a boxing-breed ; for if the name of *Hervey* doesn't stand for fight in the telegraph-book, then there's no other word in the world what does. But, howsom-ever, the *Wengure* and *we*—there we was, for three or four hours, hugging each other like a couple of bears—blazing away like winking, and pouring in the peas, till both ships were tarned into reg'lar-built riddles. Three times she sot us a-fire with her wads, and twice she cleared the poop of part of the 29th foot—(for you see we'd then sogers aboard in lieu of marines) :—aye, and a fine fellow, too, Captain Jackson, as commanded the party, was killed alongside me.

* Ten o'clock in the forenoon.

“About four bells in the afternoon watch* ’way goes our mizen-mast, and shortly a’ter the Wengence’s fore and main-masts. We’d dropped, clinging to each other, to leeward of both lines, and the pair on us falling into the trough o’ the sea, the lower decks of both were afloat fore and aft, from the water rushing into the ports. Well, a terrible lurch breaks both ships adrift:—away goes, smack-smooth, our starboard-quarter gallery, spare and best-bower anchors. Many of our guns were disabled; and many’s the poor fellow what fell, afore she signified she’d struck;—but our boats were so shivered with shot, we hadn’t one as could swim what could board her—so she was claimed for awhile by another, what had little to do in the business. But it warn’t quite over with us yet—for, seeing our distress, down bears another eighty-four on us, with four or five hundred, men, cutlash in hand, in her rigging, besides what she’d got on her decks ready to board us. Howsomever, the biter was bit, for Captain Hervey coming up in the *Ramilies* at the time, to back his poor brother, ’twixt the *Ram* and the *Rion*† she was taken herself.

“Well—by this, we fell so far to leeward, we was reg’larly cut-off from our line—and in trying to get into it again, both the *Queen*, 98, and ourselves had to buffet

* Two o’clock in the afternoon.

† Orion.

through twelve of the enemy's ships. 'The *Queen* somehow, managed to manuver it—'sides the *Charlotte*, and a few others, ran down to support her. But as for the *Barky*—why, we as well might a-ried to have unshipped *St: Paul's*, or rigged a jury-mizen-mast out of the *Monument*, as keep her at all by the wind :—more-over, the carpenter came aft to the officers, and reg'larly reported 'twould soon be all *up* with us, for the ship would sartinly go down, if they didn't put her 'afore it,'—so we was obligated to 'bear up' at last—a step which the Admiral sartified himself; for seeing our condition, and the signal what we made of inability to continue the action, up goes our pennants aboard the *Charlotte*, to 'part company, and proceed for the nearest port.' But, mind ye, we'd finished our work first—for afore we lost sight of the lame ducks, as well as them as was flying, the *Wengeance* disdaining, after we leaves her, you see, to swim any longer, head-foremost goes down in the face of both fleets !—So there's an end o' June for you !—But, let's see,—where did I alter my course from *Billy's* retreat ?*—oh, aye,—where the *Brunswick* and *Ruffin* cut-away their bower anchors and boats.—Well, you know, the Admiral was detarmined we'd stick by each other—so, to kiver us to bad-sailing ships,† he changes our stations with the *Mars*

* He now returns to *Cornwallis's* retreat.

† The *Bellerophon* and *Brunswick*.

and *Triumph* what brought up the rear. At one time, the enemy's van thought to cut off the *Mars*, but they'd mistaken their man ; for old Billy, at once seeing their manœver, bears light-round up in the *Sovran*, and lets fly such a broadside among 'em as sends them all staggering astarn :—nor did they try it again in a hurry—for, you see, they was puzzled a bit at the *Fee-aton* a-head, what was all the time like another decoy-duck, 'letting fly her to'-gallant sheets,' firing guns, and making all sorts of false signals to deceive 'em. However, to make sure of his ships, old Billy again runs down in the *Sovran* to support the *Mars*—when hailing Sir Charly,* says he 'Don't fear, my friend—have one, have all. We'll stick,' says he, 'to each other like wax, nor won't go to Werdunt† for nothing. What say you, Sir Charly?' says he.—Well, he was as good as his word—for, by showing his pluck, and manœvering in the masterly way what he did, he saved his squadron, and escaped before dark the clutches of *Crappo*. The *Mars* and *Triumph* bore the brunt of the business ; but, you know, 'twas only their tarn ; and as one good tarn deserves another—'take a tarn with *that*' and 'tarn in,' for the watch is relieved."

* Sir Charles Cotton, then captain of the *Mars*.

† Verdun : French prison.

LEAVES FROM THE PRIVATE LOG OF A CAPTAIN.

Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ?

No ! it is a temple and a hecatomb !

A solemn sacrifice performed in state !

You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.

POPE.

PORTSMOUTH—December 21st, shortest-day ; thought it the longest—traps afloat, telegraphed for ~~stunk~~—‘Foul-weather flag up’—wind bound ashore—streets deserted, even of soldiers—marine-officers moored in barracks.—Noon—regular gales—great guns and small arms—“stood-off-and-on” Admiral’s office—dowsed swabs*—ditto gold-laced scrapert—shipped storm ditto—driven off the port—“bore up” for billiard-room—heard mids were there!—rounded to—hauled again to the wind—remembered Captain Rigour’s rebuke for shaking hands in the street with a youngster.—*Mem.* Impropropriety made an impression—altered

* Epaulets.

† Gold-laced cocked-hat.

course for *Crown**—arrived safe: pored over "printed instructions"—*Query*, Captain's companion.—5. p. m. Barometer fell—rose to dress for Admiral's dinner—cursed bore—dreadful dilemma—white pantaloons at the wash.—*Mem.* Wish pompous people were less particular—thought of sending excuse; changed mind—look like contempt.—*Query*, Contempt and disrespect synonymous terms.—Resolved to rig in Wellington blues.—*Mem.* Colour suitable to sex.—Swabs No 1 aboard; shipped No 2—looking too old to dazzle—ditto myself.—*Mem.* Physical causes:—protracted war, effects of the peace.—5°. 30'—Rigged, rough and ready—looked alternately at watch and weather—thought time unusually long ditto invitation—grand entertainment—*Query*, A misnomer.—Practised in glass asking Admiral's wife to wine—detected by sudden *entrée* of waiter.—"Glass of wine, did you say sir?" Took up the cue—"Yes, wine and water, if you please." *Mem.* Lock door when dress for the future.—Six on the stroke—suspense relieved—brother-officers meet—blaze of bullion—boyish commanders buzzing about like blue-bottle flies—modern Benbows as drowsy as drones.—Weigh in co. from *Crown*—cross over to Admiral's—6° 15', Sight of flag—salute ditto.—Reserved reception—Sir Stately as stiff as a steeple—quarter deck bows—official faces.—Fe-

* *The Inn.*

males aloof, moored on the "Mother-Bank."—Ankles in sight.—Running-rigging unrove—lower ditto reported want lifting—"gone in the service." Glances at galleoner—no go; not a marrying man.—Sir Stately standing—ditto captains.—*Query*, Official forms compatible with politeness.—*Mem.* Dignity, respect and chair-covers, equally preserved.—Novel conversation—state of weather.—*Mem.* Wished to have weathered the state.

Dinner announced.—Dreadful ceremony—awkward advances—squad under-weight for parlour—formidable force—ladies under lofty-sail.—Pride and prudery on opposite tacks.—Senior post-captain, post of honour,—convoys Admiral's lady below.—*Mem.* Commodore's of convoy heavy charge—daughter's independent of protection:—"risk the run."*—*Query*, Bales or ballast.—Private signal from female flag for galleoner to come within hail—signal *seen*, though not understood.—*Query*, Relative rank of Admirals' and Alderman's daughters.—Napkins unfurled—soup served out—demolished.—Awful pause—relieved by remove and clattering of plates.—Tedious forms of table—female flag on the fidgets.—Good things going into mouths: none coming out—taciturn talents of all.—Admiral aground for dignified diction—shored-up by pompous deportment.—Nauticals discussed at the foot—Admiral's conversa-

* A nautical phrase, signifying ships which run without convoy.

tion beginning to float.—Brief questions—quick replies —“honour of wine?”—*Query*, Pleasure.—Ladies libelling with looks.—Stupidity at high-water mark—tide turns at top of table—champaigne operates.—Flag forgetting the formals;—opens his fire to port—suddenly silenced by look from female flag—grey mare—*Mem.* “Too much familiarity breeds contempt.”—Cloth removed—happy release.—Random shots from galleoner levelled at ladies—regular rakers—hard hits—cut-up consequence—wound pride—“pomp and vanity antimatrimonial properties.”—“Proud girls like rusty guns, never go off”—“Remain on hands”—“Old-maids”—“Shoved on the shelf”—“Lap-dogs at last.”—Huffs—visible effects of anger—alternate York and Lancaster—wine declined.—Absence of Admiral, consequent embargo on decanters in port—port in decanters.—Nuts cracking—no jokes.—Dessert despatched—toast—silence resumed.—Somniferous symptoms apparent: gaping ’long the larboard line, ditto starboard.—Admiral’s top-lights beginning to blink—secretaries sealed;—roused by itinerant fidlers in the street striking-up “We’re a’ Nodding;” and “Home, sweet Home.”—*Mem.* Thought home more sweet than ever.—“Music hath charms.”—Bottle on the alert.—Female flag prepares to weigh.—Reeves running, and topgallant-studding-sail geer.—Motions observed by daughters—followed by ditto—fumble fingers of gloves—“heave short”—“cast to

port"—fill—make all possible sail—part co.—*Mem.* Satisfactory faces mutual.—“Squadron close round Admiral”—ditto released from conjugal restrictions.—Affected facetiousness—captains conversable—reserve resumed by flag.—Interesting interrogatories—novelties ; —“Sail well?”—“Weatherly ship?”—“Good sea-boat?”—“Well mann’d?”—“Many mids?”—Dignified duty performed.—Deplorable solemnity.—Silence again broken.—Commissioner starting subject of yacht-sailing—severe remarks upon proprietors aping men-of-war’s-men—folly of observing complimentary forms—farcical parade of “piping side,”* and peers wearing pendants—unanimous determination to douse them.—*Mem.* “So much for Buckingham,” *Shakspeare*. Discussion dropped—wine on the wane—“stoppers over all”—“glass of madeira?”—*Mem.* Signal for sailing—prepare to weigh—weigh—follow flag in succession to

* It is a well-known fact, the Proprietors of some of the private yachts now-a-days insist on having the same honours paid them as captains of men-of-war are accustomed to receive on board their respective ships : and there are, we regret to say, cases of officers, who, having accepted the command of these vessels, still submit, extraordinary to relate, to the degradation of being excluded from the chief cabin, when there are dinners given on board, though compelled on such occasions to take their meal apart with the steward.—This is insult with a vengeance !

drawing-room—rouse ladies from loungers—*Query*, Asleep.—Hoist in coffee—stow away tea—*Mem.* Scald despatched—signal squad “have permission to part company”—ditto prepares to trip and salute—dexterous finesse of female flag—detains galleoner—obvious preparations for pleasantry.—Squad salute and part co. for *Crown*—mystery unravelled upon arriving without—shouts of laughter within—music and amusements commence.—*Mem.* PLEASURES OF A PORT ADMIRAL'S DINNER. PROBLEM, Q E D.

NAVAL INVENTIONS.

AN observation has often been made, and it is to be regretted with too much truth, that in proportion to the period of years which have elapsed since England and America became, respectively, great maritime powers, fewer mechanical improvements have been made and adopted in our navy than in that of the comparatively infant state.

To acquire a knowledge of the cause to which this may-be attributed, it would be necessary, perhaps, to take into consideration the striking disparity between the Navies of England and America, and contrast the relative maritime resources of the two countries.

It must be obvious, that the capability of America, and the maritime resources she possesses for the maintenance of her existing navy, are much greater than those possessed by England to maintain the enormous force she feels it necessary to keep afloat. In this estimate must be included the excessive incidental expense of

constant repairs of all vessels in commission, or in "ordinary," with the weighty charge of dock-yards and naval stations, all mostly kept up, whether during peace or war, in different parts of Great Britain and our foreign possessions. Our naval force may be calculated at present, as between 120 and 130 sail of vessels of war in commission, which are to be provided with stations, repairs and equipments, even in time of peace; whilst the American force consists of one or two line-of-battle ships, and perhaps half-a-dozen frigates, which, though comparatively few, are sufficient for her wants. There is, besides, a stricter attention to economy throughout the civil service of the navy (though certainly no parsimony is ever observable on board in their armaments, equipments, or munitions of war). The American navy, therefore, acting seldom together, but detached, though maintained at less expense, not unfrequently startles by its unexpected appearance on stations, where it is matter of surprise to most, that with so small a force, she can spare from the protection of her trade vessels of war on detached services at so great a distance from her own shores. The whole mystery, however, may be explained in a word: it is more easy to equip with celerity and effect a squadron, than a fleet, and a single ship, than either. These, however, are not the only advantages which have proved so conducive to the improvement of her navy. A commander of an American man-of-war

is not so confined to restricted regulations or antiquated systems, that any improvement he may suggest, as the result of either practical experience or scientific research, will not be attentively considered and fairly put to the test. Instead of difficulties being thrown in his way by jealous artisans, or projecting underlings in dock-yards, if his plan or suggestion is approved by disinterested and competent judges, it is immediately adopted in his ship. Hitherto it has not been the case in the navy of England; although ingenuity has in some instances met its reward, it has not till very lately received from official sources considerable encouragement. Formerly, the difficulty under which a projector laboured was two-fold:—the prejudices in favour of old institutions, and of the existing state and condition of everything afloat, were to be combated and dispelled before it was safe to attempt to demonstrate the value of a proposed improvement.*

* It has been said, that *eleven* years elapsed before any of the public Boards could be prevailed on to even *look* at the ingenious and scientific plan of Captain Schanks (R. N.) for constructing vessels with "*sliding keels*."—By perseverance he, however, succeeded in obtaining so favourable a report from the Navy Board, that two vessels were ordered to be built at Deptford, of thirteen tons each, exactly similar in all respects in regard to dimensions;—one being formed on the old construction; and the other flat bottomed with sliding keels. "In 1790, a comparative trial took place, in presence of the Commissioners of the

The old school of seamen consisted, and still consists, of the most prejudiced beings in existence ; nothing novel, in their opinion, was or is either safe or available. They revered, with a species of idolatry, everything on the old plan, however tardy the process, or cumbrous the machinery ; whilst they recoiled like a rusty carronade at the very name of a novel invention, which affected either to lessen manual labour or promote despatch. The most obvious improvements were ungraciously acknowledged, and rarely, if ever, adopted by the Navy Board, who imagined they had already obtained the *acmé* of perfection in nautical knowledge ; and that improvement in seamanship, or in naval architecture, was impossible, subsequent to a certain fixed period, yclep'd "the days of Howe," and "the days of Duncan;" which was as constantly in their mouths as their tobacco (for in those days the honourable commissioners did not turn up their nose, as they do now, at the ruminating luxuries of a quid, as beneath anything but a topman or a waister.)

Navy, on the river Thames, each having the same quantity of sail ; and although the vessel formed on the old model had lee-boards, a greater quantity of ballast, and two river pilots on board, yet Capt. Schanks, with three sliding keels, beat the other, to the complete satisfaction of all present, one-half of the whole distance sailed."—There is, doubtless, a little exaggeration here as to the universality of the satisfaction evinced. The honourable commissioners, who resisted the improvement so long, could scarcely have participated in it.

In the early part of the French revolutionary war, *Mr. Maurice Robinson*, in the House of Commons, went at length into the subject "of the inferiority of our ships to those of the French in point of sailing, and detailed the fatal results which in consequence followed to our trade." On that occasion, Admiral Gardiner (one of the Lords of the Admiralty at the time) replied: "that the complaint against the Lords of the Admiralty, with respect to the construction of vessels, was not well-founded: it being not their *business* to attend to it, but the 'Surveyors of the Navy.' He however candidly admitted that the French ships in general outsailed us, or were on a better construction: and ours would be equally so, could some mode be adopted of procuring models upon a better plan. In France, premiums were held out to those who produced the best models for ships of the line; these were referred to the Academy of Sciences for their approbation and selection, and he was convinced, if also *premiums* were offered in this country, our naval architecture would essentially improve." The celebrated Mr. Henry Dundas (the late Lord Melville) next contended that "the reason of our remaining content with the imperfect construction of our vessels of war, was partly attributable to our confidence in the superior bravery of our officers and seamen, who, it was well known, cared little for the build* of their vessels,

* In this particular, Mr. D. was completely "out in his reck-

provided they had but room to fight; and partly to the culpable *neglect* shown to the *projects* of scientific men, which were too frequently *derided* and *contemned*."

Of the enemies of science and improvement, it is to be regretted too many formerly, and a few in later times, have even had the command of vessels in his Majesty's service, or held responsible situations on shore; and, as a natural consequence, the interests, and sometimes the honour of the service, have been sacrificed to a fatal prejudice, or that natural inertness of ill-informed minds, which is more than a match for the energy of improvement and vigour of invention, from the circumstance of its concealing its hostility under the covered way of a blunt honest dread of all innovation.

How often during the war have naval officers, (expressly for the purpose of guarding against evils which they considered almost pregnant with national disgrace) proposed improvements which have invariably met with official rejection, without any other reason assigned, than the mere cool formal objection, "than their adoption would be *contrary* to the *established regulations* of the service;" that is to say, contrary to the antiquated notions entertained by the old firm of Messrs. *Benbow*

oning"—for it is well known, captains of men-of-war have ever evinced the greatest anxiety about the "*sailing*" of their ships—and some have more strictly attended to their "*trim*" than even to their "*fighting-order*."

and Company. It may be argued, that some definite line ought to be drawn as to the encouragement of suggestions for improving the equipment of extensive establishments, were it only to act as a check on the capricious and experimental:—granted:—such an argument is not without its weight in the scale. But when the error of any established system is calmly exposed, or an appropriate and manifest improvement suggested and demonstrated; and when it is proved that its adoption must lead to the attainment of important and desirable results, would it not be more conducive to the interests of the service that the Navy Board* sanctioned such

* It would be injustice not to admit that, at present, a more liberal spirit prevails at the Navy Board, which, however, may not be unattributable to the example set by the Board of Admiralty on several recent occasions. The experiments lately tried, as to the qualities and superior requisites in the sailing of ships built by the rival architects, Professor Inman, Sir Robert Seppings, and Captain Hayes, redound much to the credit of both Boards, and cannot fail to throw most important lights on the art of ship-building.

As one of the results of the encouragement afforded to improvement recently suggested, we have to congratulate the service on the late appointment by the Lords Commissioners of a committee, consisting of that highly distinguished officer Sir Wm. Hoste, and others, to report upon an ingenious and very desirable improvement in the management of carronades in action. The result of this experiment, which originated with

suggestions, at least so far as to give them a trial, or refer them to practical and impartial men for their decision, rather than shelter themselves from the odium of a personal refusal by a tenacious adherence to formal regulations and unworthy prejudices, which have only tended to retard improvement and discourage ingenuity? Yet, notwithstanding the many difficulties with which naval officers had formerly to contend, previous to the introduction of their plans into the service, it has invariably happened that the most important improvements that have been made in the navy have not only been

Lieutenant Hallahan, who served many years under that enterprising officer Captain Usher, was as follows: Two eighteen-pound carronades were placed in separate launches, and fitted in the usual way for service. One of the carronades was fitted with Lieutenant Hallahan's spring. Each boat was supplied with twenty-five rounds of powder and shot: the carronade of Lieutenant Hallahan's invention, on the new construction, was worked by only three men, whilst that on the old principle was worked by eight men. Both carronades commenced firing at the same time, at a signal given by Sir Wm. Hoste. The gun on the new principle was fired thirteen rounds in the space of six minutes and twenty-six seconds: the gun on the old plan fired only eight rounds in the same time.—Could it have been so managed, it would have been desirable that the rest of the maritime world should not have been thus imprudently acquainted with a secret, which may hereafter militate materially against its inventors.—It can hardly be doubted that the invention will be generally adopted in our service.

introduced by naval officers, but frequently have been adopted on their own responsibility.

What avails any of those inventions which hitherto have emanated from the Navy Board* in point of impor-

*The principal are iron knees, round sterns, and diagonal decks, with others of minor consequence. The two latter originated with Sir Robert Seppings. If, however, the important improvements in naval architecture be traced to their inventors, it will be discovered that the profession owes much more to the ingenuity of naval officers, than to our shipwrights. In confirmation of this observation, it will be only necessary to add to the names already enumerated those lights of naval science, Captains (since Admirals) Schank, and Middleton (subsequently Lord Barham,) and Patton. The last, though certainly not the least in point of authority, most pertinently observes, in a letter to Sir Charles Middleton several years ago, that "Nothing has more tended to impede the extension of the knowledge of the theory or scientific part of naval architecture, among those professional men in this country who rise to fill the highest offices in that department, than the very contracted mode of their education in the King's yards, where they certainly learn to become excellent practical ship-builders, but have, in general, a very limited knowledge of the theory on which it is founded. As it is no part of their duty to form draughts to build from, it becomes a small part of their study. The consequence is, when they come to fill that department, where it is their duty, a want of skill to make *improvements* obliges them to copy the *errors* of their predecessors." With a view to remedy this evil, Captain Patton not only pointed out a system to "assist young persons in the attainment of this most useful art," but, we believe, was

tance, or practical utility, compared with those of Captains Pakenham, Phillips, Brown,* Burton, Truscott, and others! Previous to the introduction of Captain Truscott's "Force Pump," for obtaining fresh water from the hold without disturbing its stowage, the decks of a man-of-war, in consequence of the practice then resorted to of getting at her daily supply, bore a greater resemblance (pending the operation) to a wholesale cooperage than a battery, from the quantity of empty cases with which they were unavoidably lumbered. This frequently created the greatest confusion, by constantly impeding the performance of important evolutions; such as "making sail in chase," or clearing suddenly for action. How embarrassingly might a ship in those days have been situated, if, in this lumbered condition, she had been surprised by an enemy in a fog, and brought to close action before she could possibly have cleared for the encounter! Here, obviously, no one would have been to blame if the ship had struck to the enemy, and her loss would have been attributable solely to ignorance of this important improvement, which could hardly have originated with any other than an intelligent officer, who had practically experienced the inconvenience of the existing system. None but an ingenious seaman would have

the original promoter of the present institution, established expressly for this purpose at Portsmouth dock-yard.

* Inventor of the chain cable.

thought of constructing a temporary rudder out of a top-mast and its cap;* and it was reserved for an officer of experienced seamanship to appreciate value, and of superior mechanical ability to originate, mature, and com-

* By the following extract of a letter addressed to the "Society of Arts and Sciences," from the late Admiral Cornwallis, it will be seen how highly this invention of Captain Edward Pakenham was appreciated by that gallant and excellent seaman :—

"I do therefore certify that, on our getting on shore in his Majesty's ship the *Crown*, under my command, our rudder was unshipped and rendered totally useless, by having all the pintles broke short off; and, on our arrival in the Downs, we got the rudder up alongside the ship, and having the plan of Captain Pakenham's substitute for a rudder on board, I ordered the spare-cap to be fitted exactly similar to the plan; which, when done, we hung it, with great ease, and hove it close to the stern-post, by the top-chains and hawsers, fixed to the eye-bolts of the cap, and brought it forward. We found it answer extremely well: it had a very fair trial; for we were two days beating to windward, under close-reefed top-sails, and sometimes a heavy sea; and I have not the least doubt, had we lost our rudder, and had been obliged to have made use of Captain Pakenham's, it would have answered in every respect; and it is not only my opinion, but likewise the opinion of all my officers, that it would conduct a ship to any part of the world."

"WM. CORNWALLIS.

"*H. M. Ship Crown, Feb. 9th, 1789.*"

† Captain Phillips, R. N.

plete the invention for applying, as occasion might require, an increase of power to the capstern, as an invaluable and highly convenient substitute for manual labour.

It would be superfluous to dwell longer upon the numerous inventions introduced by naval officers, or the numbers which, though matured and completed, have been lost for a time to the service for want of patronage and proper encouragement, though they frequently find their way into the world subsequently with a new name, under the fostering genius of some naval mechanist at the dock-yard, to whom the invention had, in evil hour, been referred, to ascertain the value or eligibility of the unpatronized original.

We would suggest a mode for obviating the objection to the interference of interested parties, in the suppression of inventions, who feed their barren minds on the productions of others in the same way as, we are informed, the jobbing dramatists and melo-dramatists of the great theatres are accustomed to appropriate to their own tedious trash every novel incident or interesting situation from the works of unhappy aspirants to the dramatic art, whom these arbiters in taste condemn in the gross as destitute of a single redeeming beauty. Were competent persons selected from the many talented and experienced and unemployed officers, to act in the capacity of commissioners of inquiry into naval inventions, the consequence would be, that every projector would

feel confident of experiencing no undue influence or conflicting interest in the mind of his judges, and meeting with that proportion of fair investigation and encouragement which could not fail to stimulate invention and benefit the service.

NAVAL ANOMALIES.

AFFECTIONATE FRIENDS.

It is an old saying, that touching a man's pocket is the most efficacious and never-failing test of friendship. The adage has not escaped the observation of the "Navy Board." They have, however, drawn from this admitted truism a rather extraordinary inference. An instance will suffice.

On all occasions, when officers' accounts are not passed at the Navy Office, but particularly those of captains, pursers, and lieutenants in command, an impress takes place against their pay. The great hardship of this regulation is, that the defect may originate in the difficulty of settling a multiplicity of vouchers, or even through the fault or inattention of others in neglecting to make up their respective accounts, which thus forms

an insuperable barrier to passing those of their superior.

When this is signified officially from the Board, they uniformly accompany the intimation of his pay being stopped by subscribing themselves the unhappy man's "*affectionate friends.*"

This instance of kindly profession and unkind practice will, perhaps, remind the reader of an autograph now in the records of one of the kings of England, which, after designating a noble defaulter in allegiance by all his titles of honour, orders his immediate execution by cutting off the head of his "*trusty and well-beloved cousin.*"

"MORE YES THAN NO."

MAJOCCT.

It has been a custom in the service ever since we had a regular navy, for the sentinel on the gangways to challenge all boats approaching the ship at night. This is done first with a view to prevent surprise and ensure the vigilance of the watch, and next to ascertain the rank of the officer who may be coming alongside. This

latter object is effected in so strange a manner, and in language which to the uninitiated may appear to partake so closely of the nature of a secret cypher (if such a phrase be admissible,) that its notice may with strict propriety be introduced under the present head of Naval Anomalies. In the first instance the challenge thus comes from the sentinel, "Boat ahoy!"—if it be a captain, the answer will be "*Griper*," "*Growler*," or the name of the ship he commands: by this technicality his rank is immediately recognized, and preparation for his reception is made accordingly. If it be a lieutenant, the answer to the hail "Boat ahoy," will be "Holloa!"—The sentinel then says, "Coming here?"—the reply from the boat will be "Aye! aye!"—This at once denotes *his* rank. But, strange to say, in the case of a midshipman, his reply to the first challenge, "Boat ahoy," is uniformly, though most inexplicably, given in the negative, "*No, no!*"

All doubts, are, however, cleared by the answer to the second interrogatory, "Coming here?"—which is in the affirmative, "*Yes.*" It would be difficult to account for the necessity of this circumlocution, unless it be, that, in compliance with the regulations for securing to young gentlemen the benefit of vernacular instruction on board men-of-war, this mode of reply is enjoined as a practical exposition of that rule of English grammar, that two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative; otherwise, it would appear that a *Mid* is the only officer who is

privileged, possibly *virtute juventutis*, on these occasions to hang-out at first false colours, and afterwards to change his mind.

JACK A ZOOLOGIST.

WHETHER it arises from the general acquaintance which sailors, in their peregrinations round the globe, make with all created things, or that the liberties they are accustomed to take with human beings, when in want of hands, induces them to follow a similar system with respect of animals, it is certain they occasionally press into the service at least the names of some of the most unlikely creatures in the world.

The cat, though a sailor's greatest abhorrence if possessed of more tails than one, assists him more frequently in his nomenclature than any other domestic quadruped :—there is the “boat-swain's cat”—the “cat-heads”—the “cat-fall”—the “cat-harpings.” Thus, it will be seen, they indifferently make it a substantive, or an adjective ; but what will Lindley Murray think of a sailor's “parts of speech,” when he is told that they go still further and make it a verb ?—as in the phrase on board—“It's enough to make a *Dog Cat* !” In this ex-

traordinary liberty with language, the grammarian and philologist are not the only parties "sinned against;" there is a confusion of ideas that would have provoked a whole metaphysical chapter from Locke; it implies a violation of natural relations, and of the distinction of *genera*, that could not fail to startle Buffon and Linnæus, had they been alive.

But this is a trifle: they identify her with the wind, "catching every "cat's-paw" to claw-off a shore." Again: in stowing an anchor, they must "haul away the cat" before they can "hook the fish." In bringing up a ship in bad weather, they "stopper with the dog." It is quite a usual thing to talk of "handing-in the leech,"—"clapping on a lizard,"—"raising on a mouse,"—"seazing with a fox,"—with a variety of other beastly allusions.

JACK A STATESMAN.*

NOTWITHSTANDING all the simplicity for which we give Jack credit, he is not indifferent, whilst afloat, to

* It is to be hoped none of the seamen of St. Stephen's will imagine this compliment levelled at them.

what is going on ashore : and whenever he turns his thoughts on politics, he is a perfect wag in his way. What satire can be more pointed or delicate than his mode of ascertaining the rottenness of a ship's lower timbers, or detecting her unsoundness at bottom, by giving her what he terms a *Parliament heel*?* Who can be at a loss for his meaning ?"

WOODEN INTELLECTS.

THE native vagaries of genius are often irrational, and sometimes take an excursive flight beyond the bounds of probability : its partialities and prejudices are as often unaccountable—*ecce signum !*

The main-mast and bowsprit are nearly alike massive and heavy ; yet the latter is an established favourite with sailors, and is privileged to bear the brunt of many a good-humoured joke. In other words, the main-mast, though the greatest stick in the ship, is treated, with respect to its intellect or capabilities, with sovereign contempt : indeed, 'tis a proverb on board to say, as

* Heel—an obliquity, an undue inclination to one side.

† ———“ tepido dant oscula ligno.”—OVID.

deaf as the main-mast; whilst the first thing a sailor sets about in the *rigging-way* is to “*gammon* the bowsprit.”

MEUM AND TUUM.

THERE is a phrase in fashion amongst captains in the service which, on account of its anomalous nature, is entitled to notice in this place.

The navy, even before the Restoration, has, for other reasons than mere courtesy, we suppose, been designated “royal;” and the opinion had become rather prevalent amongst well-informed persons, but perhaps very erroneously, for aught we know, that the vessels composing it, with their equipments, were the property of the king.

It would, however, appear from the manner in which captains designate, not only the officers serving under them, but even the ship, and almost everything pertaining to it, that there can exist, at this day, no doubt as to the legal right of property being vested in themselves; or, in other words, that the commander ought to be considered in the double relation of “captain and owner.” Without attempting to account for the cause (which

might, with propriety, perhaps be traced to that brevity of phrase so peculiar to the service), it is remarkable that, in their conversations, the pronoun possessive most unceremoniously obtrudes itself, to the surprise of his Majesty's loyal and dutiful lieges, in the following expressions:—"my ship,"—"my barge,"—"my first lieutenant,"—"my surgeon,"—"my purser,"—"my people," &c.* It is, however, somewhat singular that, as if it arose from the dread of acknowledging for a moment a superior even in terms, this habit of professional brevity never betrays a captain to trip on the term "*my* master;" although he, addressing another captain, as to this class of officers on board of his ship, often lays a provoking though jocular emphasis on the words "*your* master, *your* master."†

* In a nautical journal recently published, the author, speaking of his Majesty's ship which he had had the honour to command, and extolling the exemplary conduct of her officers and crew, proceeds: "The singing and merriment which prevailed between decks plainly evinced the value *my* people placed on an evening of rest." Again: "Never, perhaps, was witnessed a finer scene than on the deck of *my* little ship, when all hope of life had left us:" an extraordinary instance of coolness, attributable, no doubt, to the temperature of a polar climate.

† A commissioned officer next in rank to a lieutenant, whose duty is of the most responsible nature, and upon whose judgment the captain principally relies for the navigation of the ship.

ONCE A CAPTAIN, ALWAYS A CAPTAIN.—
NEGATUR CONCLUSIO.

“Your reason, sir—your most exquisite reason?”

FROM a late regulation in the service, it would appear to a superficial observer, that the whole race of junior captains had been simultaneously guilty of some offence, for which they had been as generally degraded in rank. A distinction, rather invidious, is now made between those and post-captains, by a new mode of designation—the former being now recognized only under the term of Commanders. If this regulation be considered necessary *causa honoris*, or rather to mark the inferior rank of the junior captain, it may be fairly objected, that distinction had always been sufficiently strongly marked by that envied and enviable prænominal syllable which marked the superior rank of a *Post*-captain. By this regulation, the post-captain's rank remains, as to general acceptation, the same; whilst the captain, not post, is forced to descend, and discontinue the title he bore officially in the service. The difference in rank, too, was so important, and so generally understood, that no post-captain ever felt a jealousy at others, not post, being addressed by the title of captain. The well-known and highly prized honour of being made post* is also abolish-

* What young fellow, now in the service, will ever be able to

ed. In these regulations, it is true, no real rank is lost ; but all men, at least naval men, are not metaphysicians ; and sailors are least of all persons disposed to yield on points of honour. The mere interdiction of the use of an old title is, to men who have borne it for years, a concession of no mean importance ; and how, after all, are lieutenants in command of brigs or cutters to be distinguished from the class of officers next in rank ? Will not both be indifferently denominated Commanders ?

It is not unfair to infer that this step may be retraced, from recollecting the fate of a somewhat similar regulation in the army with respect to the uniform of subalterns. On the appointment of Sir Henry Dundas, as commander-in-chief of the forces, as if to render himself unpopular, almost the first regulation he adopted, with respect to the dress of this class of officers, was to deprive them of the bullion epaulette, and substitute instead a contemptible thing of *fringe*. It was soon discovered that these officers were no longer saluted, as they were wont to be, by foreign troops. His Royal Highness, with his characteristic good sense, on resuming the command of the army, restored them to the

express his delight or ecstasy in the same forcible mode of appealing to a sailor's feelings, as young Lieutenant Echo, contemplating his success with the fair, exclaims to Brilliant—
 “ Oh ! seas and skies ! I am so happy ! I am made *Post* ! ! !

enjoyment of those honours which had been forfeited by this silly regulation.

Innovation and changes, with respect to the symbols of value or rank, are productive, either in the service or our commercial relations, of inconveniences never contemplated. Before the late coinage (a measure which, in all instances but one, merits public gratitude,) the old English guinea had attained a preference and facility in circulation beyond that of any coin of any other realm : its value had been ascertained by the standard of every other coin, and its face familiarized as an old acquaintance in every country. The armorial bearings of our kings disappeared ; and an usurper, who founded his title on fable, rode into the field of gold, and robbed legitimacy of its ancient honours. A new sovereign assumed a sway over commerce, which was only tardily acquiesced in by strangers, from doubts as to its want of weight, and the trouble of ascertaining its relative value. The old English guinea had been, throughout the world, admitted to speak all languages—the sovereign spoke none.

NAVAL AUTHORS.

He travels and expatiates—as the bee
 From flower to flower, so he from land to land :
 The manners, customs, policy, of all
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans.
 He sucks intelligence in every clime,
 And spreads the honey of his deep research
 At his return—a rich repast for me.
 He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
 Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
 Discover countries—with a kindred heart
 Suffer his woes and share in his escape ;
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

COWPER.

IT must be a subject of congratulation with the profession at least, if not participated by the public, that in this age of increased and increasing thirst after knowledge, there are some splendid examples amongst our naval officers to prove they are not uninfluenced by the prevailing sentiment of improvement ; nor incompetent

coadjutors in the arduous task of developing truth, and—what, perhaps, is more valuable—endeavouring to dispel error.

The value of their co-operation is enhanced by comparisons with that of the officers of other maritime countries, whose writings savour so strongly, particularly French authors, of anything but grave, patient, and deliberate examination of appearances and facts. Many of the latter have a character of exaggeration, and an affectation of the marvellous in the *materiel* and style, which, however desirable in a work of fiction or romance, must ever prove an insuperable bar to obtaining precise and definite ideas on subjects of science, or drawing fair logical inferences from natural appearances.

It would be unfair, whilst on the subject of excellent composition generally, to pass unnoticed (though it be a naval despatch) a specimen which has been considered above all praise. To the scholar or seaman it is almost unnecessary to say we allude to the celebrated memoir of the battle of 'Trafalgar ;* a production which, though

* The annals of no country, ancient or modern, afford any production, in the nature of a military despatch, worthy of being placed in competition with the letter of Lord Collingwood, and Lord Hutchinson's admirable soul-stirring description of the Battle of Alexandria. To the credit of one of our universities, both productions have been accorded classic honours, and will be preserved amongst its literary treasures as heir-looms for the benefit of posterity.

composed in a moment of considerable anxiety, and under the pressure of the most serious responsibility, stands unrivalled for the modesty and moderation of its tone, whilst announcing the most signal victory, the homage of a brave spirit to vanquished valour in the foe, and the most affecting tribute of manly grief for his own and his country's loss, in the death of the immortal Nelson.

With reference to the subject of despatches, it is to be regretted that an action, the result of which occasioned such heartfelt satisfaction and triumph in patriotic spirits, should have been recorded (owing to Captain Sir Philip Broke being severely wounded) by any other pen than his own. There are few officers, probably, whose known literary attainments better qualified him to give in the language of a despatch, effect and interest to an action*

* A remarkable resemblance may be traced, between almost every material circumstance of this gallant action, and one fought between a Dutch and English frigate, in the reign of Charles the Second; the details of which, extracted from Campbell's Naval History, are subjoined. It will be seen, that in the circumstances of the engagement, being the consequences of a challenge, as to the scene of action, which, in both cases, was in sight of a crowd of spectators ashore, and more particularly as to the result of British valour, there is the most surprising coincidence. That author having premised that the date of this engagement was at a period pending a well-known negotiation for peace, between England and Holland, proceeds thus :—

so gallantly fought, and a triumph so heroically completed. However such a circumstance, together with its cause, may be deplored, an imperishable memorial to his

"The Dutch Admiral Evertz being in those seas" (the Mediterranean) "with his squadron, it happened that Captain De Witte, in a man-of-war called the *Schaerlaes*, which carried thirty-six pieces of cannon, and one hundred and forty men, met with Captain Harman, in the *Tyger*, a small English frigate, which had been careening at Tangier, and came with him into the harbour of Cadiz, where the Dutchmen also careened. The Spaniards, jesting with Captain De Witte, and telling him that he durst not fight the English captain, and that this made them so good friends ; Admiral Evertz heard it, and thereupon told De Witte, that he must, for the honour of his nation, challenge Captain Harman. He did so ; and his admiral lent him, that he might come off with glory, sixty mariuers and seventy soldiers. Captain Harman had but one hundred and eighty-four men in all : however, at a day's notice, he stood to sea, and fairly engaged the Dutch frigate in sight of the town. Their ships were within pistol-shot before either of them fired : and then Captain Harman's broadside brought the Dutchman's main-mast by the board, and killed and wounded him fourscore men. The English captain followed his advantage, entered the enemy's vessel with his resolute crew, and became master of the ship in an hour's time ; but she was quite disabled, and had one hundred and forty men in her killed and wounded. The English had only nine killed, and fifteen wounded, amongst whom was their brave captain, by a musket-shot, which went in at his left eye, and out between the ear and jaw-bone, of which wound he was well cured, and lived several years after."

fame exists in the gratitude of his country. His is the

“*Monumentum ære perennius.*”

Long may he need no other !

It would be difficult to say, whether the journals of Captain Parry have succeeded more in exciting curiosity and interest in the public mind, or in adding important acquisitions to the stock of nautical and geographical information, seconded as he has been by the graphic abilities of Captain Lyon, as well as by this officer's interesting volume, which might be aptly termed the “Sayings and Doings” of the Esquimaux. The details of the expedition are interesting, ample, and important: but, even in this fruit of knowledge, there is a canker; let it be attributed, however, to an inherent vice in the art and mystery of publishing, rather than to a deliberate intention in the captain of locking up these stores of information from the generality of readers.

The fact, however, is, that no officer, not a man of fortune, can afford to purchase books, indispensable for his professional information and improvement, at their present enormous cost. The worst is, the exorbitant price of £4. 14s. 6d. is justified on the grounds of the expense, labour, and pains bestowed on the drawings and surveys embodied in the work, when it is well known, that the surveys were contributed to it gratis, by officers sent out from the Admiralty for this express service; and that the drawings were executed by Captain Lyon, who

most handsomely (though about to publish a book himself) made them a present to Captain Parry.*

Whilst on the subject of surveys, it is unfortunately necessary to add, that the same objection as to price may be made to the late publication of Captain Smith, on *Sicilian Hydrography*, a work not destitute of interest or valuable information, and which has been the fruit of seven or eight years' labour. His surveys certainly reflect great credit on the skill he has displayed, and trouble expended in applying, on so large a scale, the improved principle of nautical surveying. The engravings of marine scenery, which accompany these charts, are remarkable for pictorial beauty, accuracy, and fidelity.

There can be but one opinion of the utility of this work, notwithstanding this surveyor appears to have travelled so far out of his way to attack the veracity of Homer, hitherto considered the most authentic early hydrographer, as well as geographer of antiquity. He has taken, perhaps, more pains than were necessary, after the information already possessed on the subject, to rob Scylla of its now merely poetical terrors. The extent of this officer's scepticism is such, that it is a matter of

* This remonstrance, we regret to learn from our friends, has been misunderstood as conveying a censure on Captain Parry and other authors, whose works are undoubtedly overpriced. Though no Book-makers by profession, we well know that the price of any publication rests entirely with the publisher.

surprise, from the sweeping manner in which he assails, as apocryphal, all remote testimony, he did not altogether contest the fact of Colas' being drowned in Charybdis. His readers, however, will be convinced, from the obvious scrupulosity of his research, that, before he could have acquiesced even in the truth of this historic fact, he would not have contented himself, despite of the ages since then elapsed, without at least "dragging" for the body.

Nor ought the journal of Captain Franklin be omitted when speaking of works whose style and observation beget in the reader a respect for the author and the profession to which he belongs. 'This work* is throughout

* There is a passage in this Narrative, page 7, which would lead the reader to the inference, that the Greenlanders "had fair complexions, rather handsome features, and a lively manner."

Captain Franklin was not aware, from his ignorance of their language, that the two individuals from whose appearance this inference is attempted to be drawn, as it was subsequently discovered (not by Captain Franklin, but by other intelligent officers,) were in fact the children of an European Moravian missionary. The subsequent details in this paragraph, would convey an impression rather unjust to the zeal and labour of the missionaries who have for many years been successfully employed in the dissemination of the Gospel on these inhospitable shores. Captain Franklin states, as a piece of interesting information, "The Commander of the vessel (the *Harmony*) gave

extremely interesting, although it bears obvious marks of its being a compilation by several hands. But who would not be interested by such a tale of woe ?

The contributions and exertions of Dr. Richardson and Mr. Back reflect great credit on their zeal and intrepidity ; but, without allowing the judgment to be prejudiced in the least by his sufferings and tragical end, it is impossible not to infer, from the details of this ill-fated expedition, that Mr. Hood was of all the intelligent young seamen of the day, most calculated, from the early promise he gave of habits of close investigation and uncommon vigour of mind, to excel in conducting to the interests of science. That part of the Narrative furnished by

me a translation of the Gospel of St. John in the Esquimaux language, printed by the Moravian Society in London." What would have been his surprise, if he had been made acquainted with the circumstance, that all the Gospels—in fact, the whole of the New Testament, with the exception of eighteen chapters of the Revelation of St. John—had been published in the Esquimaux language, previously at least to the year 1821, and that the version has since been completed ? His book was published in the middle of the year 1823. Taking into consideration the little acquaintance we have with this almost-unknown tongue, this not "*lex, sed, lingua non scripta,*" it is rather a remarkable circumstance, that, publishing in 1823, he should not have done more justice to the research and intelligence which characterized efforts, whose difficulties might have appalled any other than Christian missionaries.

him, although it must have been written on the spot, without opportunities of revisal or correction, by a man in the last stage of disease and famine, in a climate thirty or forty degrees below zero, is so justly deserving of praise, that there can be no doubt, had he lived, he would have realized the expectations of his most sanguine friends: "*Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*"

After all, the intense interest which this work excites is attributable to a feeling anything but creditable to, though inseparable from our nature: which derives a reflective pleasure from the positive pangs of others, and gloats itself in descriptions of hitherto unimagined and almost unimaginable horror and misery. An *auto-da-fé* in Spain, and a massacre of gladiators by savage beasts in ancient Rome, became popular exhibitions merely by the force of this principle; and we may safely infer, that Captain Franklin's Narrative would have excited comparatively little interest, had not so many of his companions perished in this disastrous expedition.

A large pamphlet has been published, under the fictitious signature of "*Scrutator*," on the "*Impracticability of effecting a North-West Passage for Ships.*" The able reasoning which this work displays, and the clear and luminous review which the author has taken of every antecedent narrative or commentator on the subject, places this *brochure* high above the level of ordinary scientific productions. The general inference

which he draws, and which is founded on scientific *data* now universally admitted, aided by his own practical observations, is such as we imagine has been frequently suspected by scientific men, but never before avowed, much less enforced and supported by arguments so able:—namely, that a North-West Passage he is convinced there is, “for *water* and *fish*, but not for *ships*.” The assumed signature of “*Scrutator*” could hardly be expected to baffle curiosity as to the real author of a pamphlet of so much merit. It is now generally attributed to Captain Peter Heywood, a highly scientific and experienced officer, who served as a midshipman with Captain Bligh in the *Bounty*.

The last work which has appeared on the subject of the “North-West Passage,” is that of Captain Lyon’s account of “An unsuccessful Attempt to reach Repulse Bay in His Majesty’s ship *Griper*.”

From the previous specimen this officer had given of his literary attainments, the profession was prepared to expect more from his pen than these pages have realized. Both the expedition and its Narrative are failures. The latter assumes rather the character of an apology for his return without having accomplished any of the objects with which he set out, than a plain statement of those facts to which he would attribute his want of success.

Indeed, it appears altogether extraordinary, that an officer who had so many opportunities of acquainting

himself with the qualities of a vessel* so ill-calculated to perform a service so important, should not have seen the propriety of pointing out to the proper quarter, defects so apparent to the nautical eye, previously to undertaking the expedition, rather than publicly making, upon his return home, these defects the main grounds of apology for its failure. Had he applied to the Admiralty for another vessel, in all probability, either a survey would have been held on the *Griper*, or a vessel more adapted to a polar sea would have been immediately fitted for the service. It is not improbable that, as a young officer, Captain Lyon might have been apprehensive that anything like reluctance would have operated with their Lordships to appoint another in his stead.

Of the execution of the work, it must be confessed, its details are often feeble, and little interesting to men accustomed to professional danger.—*P's*, and *My's*—good order, and bad luck—are recurring incessantly. The spirit of the story of the Orkney farm evaporates in a “wee bottle of whisky,” and, as might be anticipated, ends in a bottle of smoke. Our attention, however, is drawn by our author to graver details.—“The officers,” says he, “sat about wherever they could find

* Some idea may be formed of the fitness of this vessel for an “icy sea,” when Captain Lyon assures us, “that on many occasions, in strong gales, it took a quarter of an hour to get ‘the ship before the wind,’ after ‘the helm was put up,’ for the purpose of wearing.”—*Vide Narrative*, page 98.

shelter from the sea ; and the men lay down conversing with each other with the most perfect calmness ; each was at peace with his neighbour and all the world." Alas ! where were their neighbours ? where was that world ? All hopes of earthly friendship or feelings of enmity were fast fading from their view : the term " world " was one of unmixed endearment ; and to have discovered a friendly sail, or to have been boarded by an enemy, would have produced an agony of delight amongst all. But he continues : " And I am perfectly persuaded, that the resignation which was then shown to the will of the Almighty, was the means of obtaining his mercy. At about six P. M. the rudder, which had already received some very heavy blows, rose, and broke up the after lockers ; and this was the last severe shock which the ship received. We found by the well that she made no water, and by dark she struck no more. God was merciful to us, and the tide, almost *miraculously*, fell no lower."—Now, if at any previous period during the twenty-four hours, whilst in this perilous plight, the tide had fallen *no lower* (which we are entitled to presume, because no mention is made of it) than at this moment, where was the miracle in their preservation ? The whole is too much *à la Hohenlohe* ; and the tendency to indulge in preternatural and miraculous interposition, may be more effectually repressed, by referring them to the subjoined lines of Pope, than by any less orthodox reproof from humbler moralists :—

"Think we, like some weak *Prince*, the Eternal Cause
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea, new motions be imprest,
Oh, blameless *Bethel*! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For *Chartres*' head reserve the hanging wall?"

Essay on Man.

Amongst the candidates for literary fame in the navy, a conspicuous niche must be reserved for Captain Cochrane,* who, for personal zeal, and intrepid defiance of peril, fatigue, and privations, appalling to a man of ordinary nerve, may defy all rivalry. His journal possesses a lively interest which "chains inquisitive attention." He appears the hero of his own romance, though not without occasionally weakening our enthusiasm by minuteness of detail, or by an overweening egotism, venial perhaps only in a traveller so peculiarly circumstanced.

Taking into consideration the dangers which would have attended his pedestrian tour amongst the wretched and half-savage people of Asia, his plan was the only

* Since this paper went to press, accounts have been received from South America, announcing the death of this enterprising officer.

one which would have secured him—defenceless, on foot and alone—from insult, robbery, perhaps murder. Had he carried about him even the most frugal funds, he might be said to have borne his own death-warrant. Away, then, with the imputation of meanness, which less inquisitive and enterprising minds would throw on this lonely and gratuitous explorer of countries, whose mere names* are bugbears to snug effeminacy and exquisite refinement.

His reflections are often just, though sometimes common-place. With a candour which, if we should give credit to public opinion, is little characteristic of his countrymen, he fearlessly expresses his opinion on most subjects, whether in reprobation of the errors or plans of others, or in advocating the different speculative projects recommended in his work to British enterprise or mercantile capital. His sanguine spirit of speculation may be considered a natural bias—the vice of his race; yet to precisely this spirit, when felicitously directed, by accident or design, the world is indebted for some of the most splendid improvements and miraculous inventions.

Amongst other scientific works on professional subjects (besides the innumerable pamphlets† which have

* Siberia, Kamschatka, &c.

† Although the subject of this note cannot with propriety be classed under any of these heads, it is, on more accounts than

appeared since the peace,) Sir Henry Heathcote has recently published a treatise upon the cutting and setting one, unfit that the pamphlet, entitled "*An Address to the Officers of His Majesty's Navy, by an Old Naval Surgeon,*" should be permitted to pass without observation. Its object is to abolish altogether the promiscuous admission of females on board our ships-of-war in port. He certainly has taken strong ground, with respect to the moral objections he makes to this practice, from which, under other circumstances, we should feel no inclination to dislodge him; and describes with some truth, though often with obvious exaggeration, the demoralization and contagion imparted to crews under the present system.

He has not, however, though sacrificing to the cant, adopted the quackery, so frequent in the present day with professional and moral reformers; nor has he ran the risk of committing himself by proposing at once a specific for an evil, which all admit,—all deplore,—and for which wiser heads than his, have long since most anxiously sought a remedy in vain.

Taking into consideration the discipline observed on board a British man-of-war—the restricted opportunities of gratification which present themselves—the season of life at which sailors enter, so ill-suited to those long privations which might even disturb the frigid self-possession of an anchorite, we must say, that, until some man is found bold enough to propound, undisguisedly and ingenuously, a less exceptionable plan for gratifying natural propensities, with which experience teaches us it is vain to preach or parly, it would be wise, in a case like this, where the alternative would too possibly involve a more serious breach of morality, to recollect the homely but strictly applicable proverb—"Of two evils, choose the least."—*Sapienti verbum sat.*

of "staysails," putting his theory to the test of mathematical proof. However elaborate the diagrams, practical proofs must always be preferred on professional points; and, though the baronet is backed by Euclid, and assures his readers he is supported in his theory by the opinions of experienced officers, it is not too much here to assert, that the majority of both the new and old school will dispute the utility of staysails, in any shape, set "upon a wind," and few, it is presumed, will approve of the cut of Sir Henry's jib.

Lieutenant "Marshall's Biography," must be considered a work of considerable utility and great research, when it is recollected he pursues the history of each officer even to the *parent* stock. Many of his characters are authentic and well drawn: doubtless, he has derived considerable assistance from the contributions of others. We confess it appears singular there should be so obvious and close a resemblance in the style, and even language of Lieutenant M., in his biographical sketches, to that excellent periodical published many years ago, entitled "PUBLIC CHARACTERS."* Only that it is said there have been instances of two authors striking on the same idea, and expressing themselves alike, even in words, we should be almost disinclined to attribute to Lieutenant M. all the merit of biographical portraits, which, in all that is just and spirited, bear so striking a resemblance to a

* *Vide* also Naval Characters, drawn in "Naval Chronicle."

production published long prior to his, and which, therefore, might be uncharitably inferred to have been their original.

It is remarkable that, in his enumerations of claimants for honours, he has described more than one officer as having been knighted for his services, whose only claim to that distinction was their having stood proxy for a parent or relative, on the occasion of their being made "Knights of the Bath." Possibly this writer may have read the acrimonious definition given by Voltaire of Biography, and, through an excessive anxiety to avoid one error, fallen into another: "A new poison," says Voltaire, "has within these few years been invented in low literature—the art of outraging both the living and the dead, in alphabetical order." A work like this must be popular, for it is liberal of praise in the extreme—" *Laudantem Athenienses, Athenis laudari* ;"—besides,

" 'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print :

A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

Hence the Naval Biography will ensure itself, from this circumstance alone, a respectable sale and extensive list of subscribers.

In alluding to a work, published under the high sounding title of "The Naval History of Great Britain,"* an

* Another work, of a description "qualem detet esse soro-

apology is certainly due to the gentlemen of the profession for introducing the author's name amongst those of

rem," has just made its appearance—"A Naval History of Great Britain from the earliest Period, by Captain William Goldsmith, R. N." The first number only had been published when we saw it, and promised an arduous and extensive field of research.—*Query*, has this gentleman's promotion been very recent? Can this be the lieutenant of that name, who lately rendered himself so unpopular with the people of Cornwall, by the demolition of that Druidical monument of antiquity, the far-famed Rocking-stone in that county? If so, possibly he may expect to appease the indignation of the antiquary, by tracing in his works the triumphs of the British flag, achieved by "a Brute" (*vide* first number,) at a period *twelve centuries* before the existence of the Christian era. In every arduous attempt we cannot help feeling our interest strongly excited, or withhold our approbation; but, with all possible respect, we must still think that he would have expiated his offence in the eyes of that "*irritabile genus*" *antiquariorum* more effectually, if, instead of replacing this monument of our giant ancestors on its old site, as he has since done, he had applied himself to a task, perhaps, to a man of his reach of mind, and knowledge of remote history, less difficult; and, venturing only a little further in his researches than he intimates his intention to do in his unassuming title-page, pursued our naval superiority, through both profane and sacred history, up to the time of Noah. Could he but have proved, to the satisfaction of the antiquaries, the ark was one of our early "first-rates," and her commander a British commodore, he might, without the dread

officers of literary pretensions. A distinction to which, in either sense, he can have no possible title.

The work is of that book-making description which is the bane of literature—the cureless evil of a wide-spread thirst of information on every subject. He who looks into it for authentic details of many actions, in which the profession and the public are interested, will often find himself disappointed, or tantalized by a reference, in the true tact of a professed book-getter-up, to another work published by the same author—“*Naval Occurrences.*”

His description of single actions are often correct, though encumbered with spiritless details of number of men, and weight of metal.*

He, as may be supposed from being a landsman, is indebted entirely for his matter to log-books and despatches, though he affects to despise both. Whenever he ventures without pilotage, he flounders in errors and misconceptions, some of which have already brought down on him

of imputed sacrilege, have even constructed himself a chateau out of the venerated ruins of Tintern Abbey.

* From the affectation of hypercritical precision with which this gentleman handles pounds and pounders, after the avoirdupoise standard, it is singular that retribution should have followed so hard on the heels of his own offences, in instances where he has laid himself open to *correction*, relative to his false return of contrasted weights of metal; and that he should have incurred the censure of not having adjusted the critical balances with strict and “even-handed justice.”

the vengeance of those whose character he has ignorantly, we cannot suppose wantonly, assailed. His criticisms on the conduct of officers in action are presumptuous, and in bad taste, as coming from a man who has neither seen service or been brought up in the profession. In his hands a general engagement loses all its interest. The logs of the ships engaged are spliced together, or taken separately, so as to present a series of single actions between those at close quarters. The general results are overlooked, and the detail is meagre, spiritless, and unimposing. Let any one consult the account of the battle of the glorious "First of June,"* 1794, and he will see that we have not, in this instance, "set down aught in malice."

To decide the palm of good writing amongst men, whose styles as well as subjects of observation are so different, would be a task not unworthy the exercise of a sounder and more practised criticism. All have pleased those who have the interest of the navy at heart, because it is desirable that the profession should not abstain from entering the lists of authorship, where, in the present day, the successful and gigantic stride of talent of every description excites to honourable competition. Some have interested by the novelty of their detail, or the history of their privations and sufferings; but if the masterly manner in which important subjects have been

* See Mr. James's account of this action, page 102.

handled, the value of the materials of the work in a mercantile and political light, the depth of observation, the justness of views, with very few exceptions, throughout his journal, and the easy but nervous style in which he has clothed his thoughts, are genuine tests of talent—then we cannot hesitate to award to Captain Hall the wreath of good writing in this class, at the present day.

In describing the part individually taken by the *Brunswick* in this action, Mr. James says, volume the first, page 233, that “about a quarter past two, *p. m.*, the *Brunswick*’s main-mast was shot away by the *Vengeur*’s unremitting fire;” when, at page 234 and 235, in narrating a *subsequent* period of the severely contested encounter between this ship and her opponent, he, singular as it may appear, asserts that “both the fore and *main-masts* of the former (the *Brunswick*) had been shot through in several places: so had the bowsprit; and the former (meaning the fore and *main-masts*) were momentarily *expected to fall*;” although the reader, in the preceding pages, had already been informed that the *main-mast* of the *Brunswick* “fell at about a quarter before two.” Now the fact is, it was the mizen-mast of this ship that was then shot away. Such is the account of a naval historian, who loses no opportunity to call in question the authenticity of contemporary or an-

tedecedent naval chroniclers. Another instance will suffice to show, that Mr. James is not only in the habit of contradicting himself, as well as other recorded authorities; but that his total ignorance of the most common-place nautical phrases frequently betrays him into committing the most egregious blunders, as well as making the grossest and most obvious misstatements. Thus, in his account of Sir Robert Calder's well-known action, volume third, page 242, when describing the situation of the hostile fleets on the noon of the 23d and morning of the 24th of July, 1805 (the two successive days after the engagement,) he says, "at a few minutes past twelve, the combined fleet, formed in order of battle, bore up towards the British fleet, then about four leagues off in the east-south-east. Owing to the distance and extreme lightness of the breeze, it was not until ten minutes past three that the latter noticed the advance of the former. Immediately the British ships hoisted their colours, and hauled closer to the wind, awaiting the expected attack. At four, however, the ships of the combined fleet, with colours also hoisted, and being distant about three leagues from their opponents, hauled to the wind on the same tack as the latter, evidently declining, for the present" (inferring their intention subsequently to offer battle) "a renewal of the engagement. The British admiral then resumed his course to the north-east, until driven from it by a change of wind; which, commencing about midnight at north, became, about five on the morning of the

24th, north-north-east, and occasionally north-east. This change of wind," continues Mr. James "reversed" (excellent Mr. James!) "the situations of the two fleets: the *British were now to windward*" (bravo, sir!) "and might in all probability have renewed the action with the combined fleet. No attempt was made. Sir Robert, for reasons that will appear presently" (good again! they will indeed presently appear!) "continued with his prizes, under easy sail, *working* towards a British port, steering about south-east by east. The combined fleet steered the same course as the British till eight o'clock, then BORE-UP, and steered south-east by south" (mark! in a direction only two points more southerly,) "*obliquely* crossing the latter's *wake*."

Now if, according to Mr. James's account, the combined fleet, by a change of wind, became to *leeward* of the *British*, by what mode, short of Lapland witchery in the wind, could they (the enemy) possibly *bear-up* (as the naval historian asserts,) to cross, in a lateral direction, the wake of their opponents? Any one, in the least acquainted with nautical phraseology, must be aware, that no vessel can *bear-up* in the wind's eye; or, to be more explicit, pursue objects to windward of her, by any other practical mode than that of "*beating*." Indeed, upon the latter point, it might be presumed experience had taught Mr. James the *corrective* effect of this manœuvre. However, as far as it relates to the important particular of the reversed position of the hostile fleets, Mr. James,

as usual, is totally in error. The situations of the two fleets were *not*, at the period he stated, "*reversed*;" nor did the wind materially change, even to suit his convenience, till many hours *after* the combined fleet had ultimately *bore-up*, with the intention of parting amicably with the British. Mr. James asserts that the enemy "*bore-up*;"—if this phrase is not misapplied, it must necessarily follow that, in order to have accomplished this nautical evolution, the combined fleets must have been to *windward* instead of to *leeward* of the British, as Mr. James so erroneously affirms.

Without tediously detaining the reader with noticing further the redundant absurdities of this historian, it will be more elucidative of his pretensions and consistency to refer at once to his unassuming preface, in which he apologizes for having prudently acquiesced in the maxim "that truth is not always to be spoken."—Any such apology from him was totally unnecessary. The more closely his work is scrutinized, the more thoroughly will the reader be convinced that, in mercy to his aberrations from fact, and uncandid inferences, Mr. James should have rejected this Jesuitical maxim as the motto of an history, disfigured by disingenuous misrepresentations, and calculated to tarnish laurels won by valour, and rewarded by national gratitude.

From the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of some works now out of print, we have been obliged to omit in the first edition, our observations on several naval authors; amongst others, Captain Beaver on "Africa;" and Captain Beaufort on "Caramania;" as well as Captain Brenton, whose naval history we did not presume to touch upon, through a sincere desire to redeem, with respect to this very voluminous work, the pledge we then gave in our preface, that we had never presumed to give any opinion, until we had first attentively *read* the book reviewed.

This compiler of the "Naval Annals of Great Britain" has, in the preface, added his suffrage to those of most other historians who have recorded contemporaneous history, and acknowledged, in terms of regret, the "difficulty of writing on living characters and recent events." The reception his book has experienced proves the existence of another difficulty, which we fear he has yet to acknowledge—that of pleasing those whom he had intended to praise; and to that difficulty may be attributed the well-known unpopularity of his work. With, we believe, a sincere desire to be impartial throughout, the generally-laudatory strain he adopts, in speaking of most officers' services, cannot but offend many, and has probably checked the appetite for praise so cheap.

Whilst assuring his readers that, "in speaking of his superiors, he has been as studious to avoid flattery as presumption," he appears peculiarly unhappy in the

selection of characters he has attacked, as well as in the choice of those whom he has undertaken to defend. The latter, perhaps, may be attributed to personal friendship, or exuberant good feeling; but the former has betrayed him into what the service generally consider, an unwarrantable reflection on the conduct and character of one of the bravest and best men in the profession. We say unwarrantable, and feel justified in applying the term in its fullest extent, as the author has since found it necessary to publish, in the preface to his third volume, a formal retraction. Having perused it with attention, all we can collect from it is, that this officer appears desirous, by availing himself of a little sophistry, to represent that the passages which appeared in the first volume, conveying, certainly in one of them, an insinuation of censure, are capable of a different and exculpatory meaning. Perhaps this will prove a lesson for ever, to men who have the hardihood to wield the pen, never to temporize. The details of the situations of the British fleet and squadron, and that of the French admiral, is a clear, intelligible painting, and must be read by every officer and seaman with interest. We have a narration of events* of which the author was an eye-witness, and a summary of opinions, consequently

* A refutation of this statement subsequently appeared in a pamphlet published by the officer whose conduct the historian had attempted to arraign.

formed on no slight grounds. He should, therefore, have either made his retraction with good faith, and not unbound the wound which he felt he could not heal; or, being convinced of the truth of his statements, he should have resolutely refused, whether out of consideration of personal respect to a popular officer, or even deference to the prevalent opinion of the profession, to compromise his integrity as an historian.

The best historians may be liable to error; and though the inaccuracies of Captain Brenton are not so numerous as those of his contemporary, yet, coming with the weight of authority naturally attached to the production of an officer, a seaman, and a man of superior pretensions, they are more pregnant with mischief, and, consequently, the more unpardonable.

This writer appears to imagine that a history, like a novel, is nothing without a hero; and, in accordance with the proverb, that "one volunteer is worth two pressed men," Lord St. Vincent's offer to "*enter* for the bounty" was irresistible; particularly as his Lordship supplied him with a well-stocked *porte-feuille* of matter—"no matter what"—and contributed two portraits of himself; to which, as if the pencil's efforts had failed, the historian has added a third from his own more flattering pen.

To use a nautical figure, he has split on St. Vincent's rock—St. Vincent is the theme of his perpetual panegyric.

Although indisposed to detract from the merits of a departed hero, or in any way curtail his praise of its "fair proportions," we cannot acquiesce in the exclusive commendation which the author has bestowed on that distinguished admiral; as though he alone were the "*principlum et fons*" of the present effectiveness and discipline of the service. The changes are so eternally rung, not only on his valorous deeds, but political views, and his virtues antithetically opposed to the vices of Napoleon, that the reader, doubtless, must suppose he is dipping into "MARSHAL'S BIOGRAPHY," instead of wading through "Brenton's Naval History."

In speaking of that late prominent actor on the theatre of Europe, he has ill sustained the dignity of the historian, and descended to unworthy insults and opprobrious epithets, which not even Sir Sidney Smith, the only naval officer who ever personally encountered Buonaparte, and whose hostility was whetted by circumstances of aggravation peculiar to himself, would have used in the intoxication of victory, or the unguarded hurry of a despatch. The premeditated application to the deceased ruler of France of the terms—"the Perfidious Corsican"—"the Insolent Napoleon"—"the Tyrant!" and similar terms, we thought had been reserved for the worst *Times* of newspaper virulence. But, perhaps, as the author has been shrewdly suspected of Whiggism, he has made his *amende* by descending to the personal abuse of the idol of that party, in hopes of being mistaken for a Tory—a task so much the less

worth his pains, as the general rule, that an historian, above all men, should be uninfluenced by party-spirit, seems to be unnecessarily violated in the present singular period of our political history ; when it is almost impossible to say how a man's interest may be affected by his private sentiments, or to determine whether the Government itself be Whig or Tory.

The details of single actions which terminate successfully, are intelligibly told, and do credit to the powers of the writer. This is exemplified in the narration of the celebrated action between *La Blanche* and *La Pique*. In many of his practical suggestions, however, we cannot concur ; but particularly in those which relate to the capture of the *Laurel* by the *Cannonniere*,* in the East Indies. Speaking of that action, and the honourable acquittal of Captain Woolcombe, he observes : “ In his mode of fighting, he (Captain W.) appears to have adhered to the old English maxim of firing at the tier of guns. In a case of that sort (he continues,) where the opponent was of so much greater force, perhaps it would have been better to have directed the whole fire at the main-mast *head* ;—that fallen, the ship might have become an easy prey to the *Laurel*.” It would have been certainly a *desideratum* to have dismasted the enemy ; but as to the calculation upon the probability of its gaining or losing Captain W. a laurel, his object was more likely to be accomplished, certainly, by

* French frigate of far superior force.

directing his fire at the fore-mast.—Any seaman will see the reason for this suggestion.

• In describing general actions, the writer appears to have fallen into a too prevalent opinion, which has, perhaps more than anything else, disfigured, and rendered often unintelligible to any but nautical men, the detail of a general battle. Nothing can be less satisfactory than extracts from logs, or the isolated statements of individuals too actively engaged on circumscribed duty, to be capable of taking anything like a general view or observation of a grand sea-fight. What is thus gained in authenticity, is lost in clearness. Circumstantiality and minute detail often circumscribes, without presenting a true or lively picture of the soul-stirring scene; and any person who has read the description of the battle of the Nile, drawn up by the Chaplain of the *Swiftsure*, will derive more satisfaction from that clear, connected narrative, than from more encumbered details; proving, that in this and other instances, the sacrifice of minute authenticity may be amply compensated by vigour and interest.

Surely the author, who has on other occasions displayed powers of description of which we have rarely met a parallel, ought not to have declined the task of giving a clear, connected, and correct description of Howe's memorable engagement, or wrapped himself up in the naked details of logs, accompanying them, *en passant*, with critical strictures and suggestions as to what ought to be done, rather than connectedly detailing what was done on

that day. Many, however, of these remarks are valuable and judicious.

From a work so voluminous as this, our readers cannot expect extracts in support of our observations. A perusal of the volumes will amply repay them in amusement and information, although the classification of events, under the heads of stations, has been censured as tending to chronological confusion.

With all his defects, Captain Brenton is undoubtedly a writer of a superior order: had his judgment kept pace with his literary taste, it might have been said, that the field he occupies offered no encouragement to rivalry. His observations on the judiciousness of a more general distribution of medals in meritorious cases, and particularly in that of the battle of Trafalgar, are full of proper feeling, and in unison with the wishes of those most devoted to the service, though we cannot acquiesce, to the full extent, in the inferences he has drawn. His descriptive powers, as we have before said, are exemplified with great effect in many passages; but he has exceeded himself in that of the distressing account of the loss of the *Athénienne*.

Notwithstanding the tone with which he closes his preface, we in candour must admit, that his history of the period he embraces is decidedly the best extant, although he modestly confesses that, not without dread of the "storms of censure and the attacks of malevolence," "he commits his book to the mercy of his brother sailors and the public."

We have just* had forwarded to us a copy of a little pamphlet entitled, "*Popularity of the Royal Naval Service*," by a Naval Officer. Its chief object is, to defend admirals and captains in the navy from aspersions thrown on them by the Edinburgh Reviewer, Mr. Hume, and Sir Francis Burdett. Though this be a much narrower ground than we have taken up, embracing, as we have, the service generally, it is well suited to the size of the pamphlet, and the style betrays the sensible and practised writer. As we are so far members engaged in an Holy Alliance, we cannot but recommend these pages to the perusal of persons seeking information on subjects generally ill understood, and often malignantly misrepresented by canting philanthropists. We must regret that to a very agreeable style, the writer has not (possibly through inattention in his early days to an essential, though unfashionable part of education) added that logical acumen, which would have enabled him to seize many points, that have escaped even his zeal for the character and popularity of the service.

The title of his book is certainly unhappy, as the arrangement in the title-page evinces, which consists of almost every topic usually commented on, as proofs of the unpopularity of the service, viz. "Discipline," "Cruelty and Oppression," "Flogging," "Summary Conviction," "Delay of Punishments," "Ward-room Courts-Martial," &c.; and taking into consideration the

* Upon sending this sheet to press.

title of the pamphlet and the cause advocated, we must confess that most of what we find in page 59 is candid to a fault. Perhaps it was hardly possible, that the similarity of our objects should not lead this officer into an adoption of similar topics; but we confess his arguments are often so precisely, and his language sometimes so closely, our own, that we suspect he had read the first edition of the "Naval Sketch Book" with as much interest and attention as any of our brother officers, who have kindly acknowledged by letter our anonymous labours. The passage in page 17 will strike every one as remarkable, and the observations and even quotations follow nearly in the order they appear in our defence of the "Service."—"Yet," (says the writer) "at that disastrous period, when, it is acknowledged on all sides, naval discipline was less lenient than at present,* amidst all the excitements of the mutiny, including the death of two of the delegates shot by order of Admiral Colpoys, not a word in the public documents, not a single complaint, was made against this very system of discipline, now denounced as so shocking and oppressive; and it is on record, that when all the delegates met in council to state the whole of the grievances of the fleet, no such thought as that of accusing their officers of oppression was admitted among them."—The same may be said of the following extracts. "But where is the proof of the shockingly disgusting nature

* *Vide* N. S. B., Vol. II. page 7.

of this punishment in the eyes of the seamen, and the degradation presumed to ensue? Is it to be found in the fact of their having adopted the same punishment among themselves in the great mutiny, or in their not having *objected* to it in their list of grievances!"—Again, pp. 34 and 35:—"And what, we may here ask, when they" (the Reformists) "talk of abolishing flogging as a punishment at sea, have all the talents of philanthropy of so many ages discovered as a substitute for severe bodily pain on the land?—Bread and water diet, solitary confinement, and the tread-mill!"—"Solitary confinement, with bread and water diet, may be productive of striking effects, but it is to be doubted whether many of the seamen would be thankful for such a commutation of punishment; and it would be absolutely impossible to procure in a ship that kind of *desolate silence*,* which is the most powerful engine of penitence on shore."—But the slightest perusal of the pamphlet will suffice to show that it is not *amour propre* alone which has dictated these observations.—The article "Naval Discipline" abounds with just remarks; and the observations both preceding and following the passage in page 10, "Tenderness for individuals is not infrequently cruelty to society on an extensive scale," are a staggering broadside.

* *Vide* N. S. B., Vol. II. pages 12 and 13.

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

“List, ye landsmen, unto me.”

As the object of these pages has never for a moment been disguised, we feel ourselves imperatively called on to rescue the profession, and the character of the service, from the lubberly and libellous attack of a writer in a popular magazine, who, in order, as it were, to give point to his ignorant assumption, and effect to a malignant hatred of the navy (to which it is evident he could have never belonged,) has announced himself, most imposingly, under the dread title of a “*Man-of-war's-man*.”—Possibly the poison may not have been unaccompanied, in the minds of many of his readers, by its antidote, from recollecting how frequently they have been tormented, either in the purlieus of St. Giles's, or amongst the more credulous simpletons who throng our villages on market-days by an impudent mendicant race, who plunder the public under the assumed garb and ill-initiated phrase of the seaman, without possessing a single genuine claim to the sympathy of his countrymen afloat, or the gratitude of those on shore.

It, however, frequently happens, that when any of these impostors come in contact with a seaman, he immediately becomes, as the saying is, "mute as a mackerel;" because the very phraseology which he assumes to excite the commiseration of the stranger, and which too often passes current with the novice as the vernacular of the thorough-bred tar, instantly becomes the means of betraying him, and detecting the entire imposition.

It would be almost unfair to draw the parallel further, out of respect to the individual, who can, perhaps, plead pinching cold, or the dread of starvation, in extenuation of his offence. In another respect he has also the advantage, because he only degrades himself, whilst the literary pretender libels his protector, and would fain calumniate his superiors.

To review and analyze at length the *matériel* of this writer, who has, for above *four* years, edified the public by his recondite labours, would be a task little likely to recommend these pages to the reader,—each chapter being merely a tissue of dull dialogue, inconsistent narrative, nautical misnomers, and gross absurdities. A few observations on his phraseology, seamanship, and notions of discipline, will suffice to prove this is not mere assertion,

The writer takes every opportunity to inform his readers, that Captain *Switchem*, of the *Tottumfog*, as his name would infer, was a strict and severe disciplinarian; and therefore, as if by way of preserving consistency in the delineation of his character, he allows

him, during the chase of an enemy, to commence a dialogue more free-and-easy and familiar than ever was adopted on the deck of a *privateer*. An instance or two will suffice. To catch the landsman's eye, the absurdities are marked in *italics* :—

Captain *Switchem* (after looking at the chase through his glass)—“ A *trim boat, beyond a doubt* (mere cockney patter in Chelsea Reach.)—But, come, let us bustle—Ettercap, d'ye hear, boy : jump and tell *Master Marlin* I want him.”

Boatswain.—“ Here I am, sir,” cried the boatswain, coming aft.

Captain S.—“ O, *Master Marlin*, pipe up the idlers directly, and get the engine filled without delay—I'm going to wet the courses.”

Now, what officer would designate a blustering Boatswain by the familiar appellation of *Master* ? Ludicrous !—Indeed, a novice might naturally suppose the boatswain was suddenly promoted, and stepped into the shoes of Mr. *Soundings*.*—The Boatswain, too, in preference to the senior Lieutenant, or officer of the watch, is the first person to be consulted about “ wetting the courses”—Why not first made to wet his whistle ?—An improbable, silly dialogue ensues between “ *Master Marlin*,” his mate, and the “ Idlers,” upon the propriety, forsooth, of obeying the order of the Captain ; when, after many d—ns and difficulties on the part of

* A familiar epithet for the Master.

the boatswain's-mate—(would a disciplinarian tolerate all this?) we are informed that “the engine was at length filled, and set a-going;” Bird (the boatswain's mate) “directing the pipe in person.”—“It was worked, however,” (he continues) “so ineffectually, and with so many interruptions, *caused by a scanty supply of water.*”—(Strange, too! none alongside?—“All the seas gang dry,” as the old Scotch song says)—“as not only to make him lose all patience, but to *storm*, and *bawl*, and swear like a madman, to the *infinite amusement* of the few officers who were *on-lookers.*”—Glorious discipline, truly, not to say anything of the absolute impossibility of such a scene of *infinite amusement* having ever occurred on board of any of his Majesty's ships, always excepting the *Tottumfog*. Indeed, a total fog of absurdities may be said to be here thickening in every line. We have a boatswain's-mate adopting all the embellished blackguardism of a Billingsgate fish-fag whilst in the execution of his duty on board a British man-of-war, commanded, too, by a “strict and severe disciplinarian,” permitted to “*storm* and *bawl*, like a madman, to the *infinite amusement* of his officers.” Those who have seen service, can only be amused with such palpable nonsense on paper.

When informed by the signal-man “that the vessel on his quarter had hoisted the private signal,” this strict disciplinarian replies, “Has she indeed, *Jerry*? Let me see: hand me the glass. Aye, so she has, *my fine fellow.*” Again, he says to the Boatswain, “Pipe; make

sail directly, *Master Marlin*, there's a *good fellow*—there's a *good fellow*." These endearing appellations remind one rather of the "*Tom and Jerry*" trash at the Adelphi, than the tone of a tyrant.

So much for his discipline. Now for his seamanship; and here, from the hardihood which he has displayed in entering into the munitiæ of the service, possibly, the general reader may imagine that he courts, if not defies criticism. One glance of the practised eye detects all this meretricious daubing. To wit—"Tacking" the *Tottumfog*. The word of command as given by her first lieutenant, we literally transcribe—"Helm's alee," says he, when, "the boatswain's pipe gave its usual thrill, which was instantly followed by "*Square the main top-sail-yard*—Fore-castle there, shift over the jib-sheet—man the fore and *main* braces—*Haul-of-all*."—"These orders," we are told, "were all *executed* in far less time than they can possibly be *enumerated*."—Doubtless the *Tottumfog* worked like a top; but as we cannot stop to admire her celerity in "*staying*," which of course was increased by *squaring*,* instead of swinging the *main-yard*, and "*hauling-of-all*," after the novel mode of manning the "*main-braces*." We shall merely cite one more example (particularly as *seamanship* is said to be on the wane) for the *benefit* of the "service" and sailors in general.

After Captain *Switchem* makes every preparation for

* Tacking or coming about.

a heavy gale of wind, and that the *Tottumfog* is driven to the *painful* necessity of taking in her tattered main-topsail; the writer informs us that "rolling-tackles, and preventer *sheets* and braces, were *next* clapped on the yards—the storm-trysail, main-staysail, and *storm-jib* got up and set. The yards were lowered to the cap—top-gallant masts sent down—topmasts *struck*, and jib-boom *hauled-in*," &c.

Passing over the folly of clapping on *preventer-sheets* after the sail was furled, a seaman would ask this mock "man-of-wars-man" where he could have picked up the phrase "*storm jib*," as applied to the jib of a square-rigged vessel. The probability is, that he had heard something about a storm-jib while on his way to London in a "Leith smack," and of course concluded that vessels square-rigged, as well as "fore-and-aft" rigged, set a storm-jib in bad weather.

But even admitting the *Tottumfog* (the "*Nonsuch*" would have been a more applicable name) sported a storm-jib upon a pinch, how could she possibly have *set* it with her "*topmasts struck*," and (to use so lubberly a phrase) "*her jib-boom hauled in*?"* Downright

* These chapters abound with the following phrases: "*Hoisting* up the ports," for hauling up the ports—"unreef-*ing* the topsails," for letting out reefs—"studden sails *above* and *below*," for studding sails 'low and aloft—"foremast-sails," for head-sails—"hoisting-on the mast-ropes," for swaying-on the mast-ropes—"rearing-up a grating," for seizing-up a grating.

nonsense! And yet such contemptible stuff—such flagrant and bare-faced effrontery, has been suffered to appear periodically for public perusal, for now five years and upwards! Oh, most gullible Mr. Bull! His incidents, if possible, are more clumsily contrived, and are in utter defiance (to say nothing of common-sense) of all consistency. A man of war is supposed to be in chase of an enemy, and at the same moment falls in with a cruizer: when, instead of both carrying all possible sail in pursuit of the foe, the senior officer, regardless of duty, which might eventually subject him to the possible imputation of cowardice, “*heaves to*,” solely for the purpose of communing in person with his junior on the *propriety* of attacking the chase; as if he had not a signal-book or a “*jerry*” on board to telegraph his orders!

This incident will suffice to show that the “man-of-war’s-man” has reason to be proud of his talents at “getting-up” a farce; but he appears ambitious of higher praise, and tries his hand at a tragedy and a procession.

An unfortunate black boy is killed by a fall from aloft, whilst practising with others “at-furling the fore-top-gallant-sail;” and we just make an extract from the ninth chapter, which most fortunately and appropri-

ing—“*get a trial of soundings*,” for a cast of the lead—“*steady*,” when steering by the wind; besides a variety of misnomers, too numerous to collect in a note.

ately has for its motto (and the reader will think, it's *moral* too) the classical quotation,

"Say, shall I sing of a war-ship's *humbugging*?"

"Next morning," however, we are informed that, "immediately after *divisions* had been *appointed* for the *funeral* (which proved to be a matter of infinite brevity and great simplicity,) Captain Switchem appeared on deck in a *mourning-scarf* and sword, *followed* by his officers and Mr. Fudgeforit, who carried a *splendidly-bound* prayer-book under his arm; and, all hands being summoned on the lee gangway, he immediately commenced operations by *prefacing* the service of the dead with a few pithy, and rather *sarcastic* observations on the heedlessness, stupidity, and other bright qualities of the living; he doffed his hat, followed by all hands, opened the prayer-book, and began the church-service in a tone of voice at once grave and dignified, concluding the ceremony with committing the body to the deep; and the service finishing with infinite decorum, Captain S. shutting the prayer-book, and handing it to the bowing secretary."—Let no man after this call in question the amazing powers and capabilities—the operative mechanics would say, of the steam-engine—no, we mean, of "human invention;" for, since Adam, there never was a few descriptive lines put together, so totally the offspring of imagination, or so completely at variance with fact. "*Divisions* appointed for the *funeral*!" Absurd! The "*Captain in a mourning-scarf*

and sword!"—a mere chimera of the heated imagination! What next? Why, a sermon!—one is as likely as the other. We have but one more instance on record of a captain in the navy ever performing the duty of an undertaker, who appears to have confined his zeal to merely preparing, as a present, a *coffin* somewhat prematurely for a wounded Hero. This, to be sure, was a startling compliment to the living; but we question whether being decked out in the sable insignia of an hired undertaker was intended by Captain Switchem as a compliment to the dead.

But the full exercise of his descriptive powers was reserved, and worthily, for a scene which was to hold up the service (if the pen of a recreant could have done the unworthy office) to reprobation and contempt. The whole passage is worthy of being transcribed at length: but even our zeal for the service is appalled by the dread of being tedious.

"A poor ship's-barber is detected in being drunk, under suspicion, not altogether realized, that he had purloined the liquor from the officer of the watch. The unhappy creature, however, is seized up to a grating to receive his punishment, and the captain is exhibited as "displaying his teeth with a prominence that could only be *exceeded by an angry cur*; he smiled, or rather *exultingly grinned*, over this unfortunate lover of alcohol, with what appeared to our hero to be the *ferocity of a fiend*.—"Boatswain's-mate," he exclaimed, "where's Bird? Aye! here, Bird, take your station, sir, and

stand by to *bang* that rascal soundly. Hand me the articles of war—quick, quick!"—"Off hats!" bawled the first lieutenant. The captain proceeds to read the article affecting the culprit, and exclaims, 'Dy'e hear that, you drunken, thieving blackguard? Sergeant, attend to your *glass*, and mind me, you see it *stiffly* run out; and you, Bird, mind what I say, I'll have no feints nor shuffling—do your duty, and do it well, or God pity you!'"—What a text for Mr. Hume, Mr. Grey Bennet, or any other enemy of the service! But what follows out-herods Herod. "Tom Bird is of the same feather as his captain.—A succession of shrieks follows his first lash.—'One,' sung the sergeant of marines, and turned his *quarter-minute glass*.* Bird then threads the tail of the cat through his fingers, makes them spin round his head, and, to give effect to the lash, wheels round on his heel whilst he inflicts a second, which is echoed by the fearful yells of the barber.—'Two!' cried the sergeant, as cool as a cucumber, again turning his *glass*.

"But enough of this, (continues the 'Man-of-war's-man;') for true it is, that though we are anxious to be *impartial* historians, we confess we shrink with horror

* *Quarter-minute glass!* The probability is, that, during the composition of this gross and infamous fabrication, the writer had swallowed so many "*stiff glasses*" himself, that he confounded the word *flog* with *log*, forgetting that it was when "*heaving the log*," and during that process alone, that the *quarter* or *half minute-glass*" was ever made use of at sea.

from this *Thurtell-like guzzling in blood.*"—We fearlessly pronounce the whole picture a disgraceful, degrading FALSEHOOD, and libel upon the profession.

During twenty-six years of service, in constant employment, we never saw an officer "grin his teeth" on such an occasion, which is always considered a most painful and distressing duty; or ever heard of, much less saw, a "*glass*" produced to prolong a delinquent's suffering, or *oh jam satis!* Such a description could only have proceeded from a man who is a secret enemy to the service he affects to eulogize. We agree with him, that had it any existence but in his own invention, it would be a "cool cowardly, contemptible waste of human blood;" though we are fain to believe that no man in the service could ever have glutted himself, even in imagination, with the "*feast of blood*" he describes, except this *saidisant* "MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN."

SUPERSTITION OF SEAMEN.

WHETHER it arises from a consciousness of the danger to which sailors know their lives are constantly exposed, or the frequent opportunities they have for calm and serious reflection in the lonely mid-watch, surrounded by the most elevating and spirit-stirring scenes in nature, they have, in general, a due sense of the importance of religion, and the existence of a future state. It is no less true, that this sentiment is too often found to be strongly tinged with its not unfrequent concomitant, superstition. They implicitly believe in omens, mermaids, the flying Dutchman, evil spirits, the appearance of the ghosts of the departed, and the pranks of malicious spirits and goblins. They familiarly talk of frightful sounds and preternatural noises coming up from the deep, all having an import of fearful warning, and occasionally portending accidents, or the death of a mess-mate. The simple and uneducated mind of the sailor seizes on the supposition of some preternatural occurrence in all such cases, as the easiest way accounting for these appearances, which a better-informed mind would endeavour to unravel by the application of philosophical

principles, or a close examination of the facts—comparing them with the usual operations of nature in such situations. But these are efforts to which a tar is unequal : his creed, therefore, is easily made up, and hence certain shores, islands, and even latitudes, known to the naturalist as abounding in marine animals, which produce strange sounds when approached or surprised on the surface of the water or basking ashore, are accounted by sailors ominous, and fearful of approach.*

* The instinct power of marine animals, in anticipating the approach of bad weather, has been well authenticated. The following relation, taken from a work entitled "*Voyages to the East-Indies*, by John Splinter Stavorinus, Rear-Admiral in the service of the States'-General," &c., will serve as an example :—

"On passing the island of St. Paul's, in the North Indian Ocean, and about six o'clock in the evening, there arose a sound, just like the groaning of a man, out of the sea near the ship's side. When I first heard it, I thought that some one of the crew had been hurt between the decks, and I sent the officer of the watch down to see what was the matter. The men, however, who were on deck, told me that they had heard this noise, arising, as it were, from out of the water, several times before ; and I then perceived it to be as they said : for, going on the outside of the 'main chains,' I plainly heard it ten or twelve times repeated. It seemed to recede proportionably as the ship advanced, and, lessening by degrees, died away at the stern. About seven o'clock, the gunner, who came to make a report of some matters relating to his department, informed me, that on one of his India voyages he had met with the same occur-

A seaman, too, as devoutly as any methodist, believes in the efficacy of a *call*;* with this difference, that the latter imagines it will prove the means of preserving him from perishing finally in fire; the sailor, that, if the legend of his mother and grand-dam be true, it will avert a similar fate by water. Of witches such is his dread, that a horse-shoe, always toe-up, is nailed to the fore part of the fore mast, as a specific against those unhallowed hags. Is the superstition of a Laplander more silly?

Valuable as a fair wind is to a sailor, he would sooner lose it, and run the chance of its chopping about, and detaining him for weeks in harbour, than voluntarily sail on a Friday. Should he be compelled, from circumstances, to sail on that ill-starred day to school-boys and sailors, he will not fail to attribute to that circumstance every the minutest failure, or most serious accident, which subsequently occurs throughout the voyage.

For some animals they entertain a singular predilection, and that a dreadful storm had succeeded, which forced them to hand all their sails, and drive at the mercy of the winds and waves for four-and-twenty hours. When he told me this, there was not the least appearance of any storm; yet, before four o'clock next morning, we were scudding under bare poles, in a violent tempest, and the sea running mountains high."

* We are afraid sense has been here sacrificed to sound, if the "*Morning Post*" is authority on so delicate a subject. In the advertisements which so frequently appear in that paper, offering these charmed articles for sale at extravagant prices, they are spelt *calls*.—**PRINTER'S DEVIL.**

tion ; whilst for whole classes of their fellow creatures, even those whom they permit to plunder them with impunity as a matter of business, they entertain in this respect a comparative horror. No sailor would hesitate to throw a Jew rather than a cat overboard, perhaps without being aware of the high authority which sanctions such a line of distinction. He may think, with his holiness of Rome and general councils, that, in promoting the cause of the extirpation of heretics, he "is doing God service ;" whilst he dreads that the offence against the brute creation will be visited by the consequent and inevitable penalties of sickness, scurvy, hard weather, masts struck by lightning, or vessels miraculously escaping during chase.

Their suspicions are not confined to beasts, as allies of the great enemy of man ; even the birds which soar aloft come in for their share, possibly from his considering them as liege subjects of the "prince of the power of the air," (as a great authority calls Satan,) and therefore bound to do his dark behests on the viewless winds. Their appearance at sea is almost always thought a sinister occurrence. Some are considered the harbingers of a tempest and storm ; others, like "*Mother Carey's chickens*," the active agents of the foul fiend, already bent on their destruction. With reference to these calumniated little creatures, they often gravely tell at night-fall a story, which fails not to make the circle round the galley-fire smaller by degrees as it proceeds—but whether through intense attention or apprehen-

sion, it luckily is unnecessary to determine:—as “how the *Tiger East-India-man*, outerbound, had one continued gale without intermission, till they got to the ‘Cape,’ by which time they were almost a wreck: that off the ‘Cape of Good Hope,’ in particular, they were nearly foundered: that in the height of this gale were seen a number of ominous birds screaming about in the lightning’s blaze, and some of them of monstrous shape and size: that among the passengers was a woman called ‘*Mother Carey*,’ who always seemed to smile when she looked up to these foul-weather birds, upon which they concluded she was a witch: that she had conjured them up from the ‘Red Sea,’ and that they never would have a prosperous voyage while she remained on board: and, finally, that as they were just debating about it, she sprang overboard and went down in a flame; when the birds (ever after called ‘*Mother Carey’s chickens*’) vanished in a moment, and left the *Tiger* to pursue her voyage in peace!”

A VOICE FROM THE DEEP.

A GALLEY STORY.

"I said it was a story of a ghost—

What then?" * * *

* * * * *

"All nations have believed that from the dead
A visitant at interval appears."

LORD BYRON.

"WHAT say you, boys, a caulk or a yarn?" says one of the 'quarter-gunners,' addressing indiscriminately the watch one night, as soon as they were mustered. "Oh, let's have a yarn, as we've eight hours in," replied one of the topmen. "Bob Bowers will spin us a twist;" and away to the galley a group of eight or ten instantly repaired.

"Well, boys!" says Bowers, "let's see, what'll you have!—one of the *Lee Virginney's*, or the saucy *Gee's*?*—Come, I'll give you a saucy *Gee*."

"Well, you see, when I sarved in the *Go-along Gee*

* *Jack's* fancy-names for favourite ships: the *Gee*—the *Glenmore*.

—Captain D***, he was killed at 'Trafflygar, aboard the *Mars*, seventy-four,—aye, and as fine a fellow as ever shipped a swab,* or fell on a deck.—'There warn't a better man aboard from stem to stern. He knew a seaman's duty, and more he never ax'd; and not like half your capering skippers, what expect impossibilities. It went against his grain to seize a grating-up, and he never flogged a man he didn't wince as if he felt the lash himself!—and as for starting,—blow me if he didn't break the boatswain by a court-martial for rope's-ending Tom Cox, the captain o' the fore-top in Plymouth-Sound.—And yet he wasn't a man what courted cocularity;† for once deserve it, you were sure to buy it; but do your duty like a man, and, d—n it, he'd sink or swim with you!

"He never could abide to hear a man abused: let's see, was't to the first or second leestenant he says—no, 'twas the second—and blow me, too, if I doesn't think 'twas the third—it *was* the third, kase I remember, now, he'd never a civil word for no one. Well, howsomever, you see, says the skipper, mocking the leestenant, in a sneering manner, one morn, who'd just sung-out, 'You sir!' you know, to one o' the topmen,—'You sir, I mean,' says the skipper, looking straight in the leef-

* Epaulette.

† This is no far-fetched Malapropism; the man who made use of this expression was subsequently killed, as boatswain of a line-of-battle ship.

tenant's face,—‘ pray, sir,’ says he, ‘ how do *you* like to be *you* *sir'd* yourself ?’

“ Well, the leestenant shams deafness, you know ; but I’m blowed but he hard every word on’t—for never a dolphin a-dying tarned more colours nor he did at the time ! But avast there a bit—I’m yawing about in my course. Howsomever you know, ’tis but due to the dead, and no more nor his memory desarves : so here’s try again—small helm bo—steady—ey-a.—Well, you know, the *Go-along-Gee* was one o’ your flash Irish cruisers—the first o’ your fir-built frigates—and a hell of a clipper she was ! Give her a foot o’ the sheet, and she’d go like a witch—but somehow o’ nother, she’d bag on a bowline to leeward.* Well, there was a crack set o’ ships at the time on the station. Let’s see, there was the *Lee Revolushoneer*—(the flyer, you know)—then there was the fighting *Feeby*—the dashing *Dry’d*, and one or two more o’ your flash-uns ; but the *Gee* took the shine on ’em all in reefing and furling.

“ Well, there was always a cruiser or two from the station, as went with the West-Ingee convoy, as far as Madery or so—to protect ’em, you know, from the French privateers, and to bring back a pipe of the stuff for the admiral :—aye, and I take it the old boy must

* A judicious remark, though couched in a homely phrase for it is now proved that fir-built ships, from the difference of their specific gravity, by no means “ hold so good a wind” as our oak “ men-of-war.”

have boused up his jib stay pretty often, for many's the pipe we shipped in the *Gee* for him.

"Howsomever, you see, we were ordered to sail with one of these thund'ring convoys, the largest as ever was gothered together in cove—nigh-hand a hundred and eighty or ninety sail. Let's see, there was the *Polly-infamous*,* sixty-four, was our commodore you know; and 'sides we in the *Gee*, there was a ship *Cravatte*,† and an 'eighteen-gun-brig.' Well, we sailed with the convoy from cove on St. Patrick's day, with a staggr'ing breeze at east-north-east. *We* was stationed astarn, to jog-up the dull-uns, and to 'touch 'em up in the bunt' with the buntin.

"Well, a'ter we runs out of one o' your reg'lar east-erly gales, what has more lives nor a cat, and going for ever like a blacksmith's bellows, till it blows itself out, we meets with the tail of a westerly hurricane (one o' your sneezers, you know.) Four or five of our head-most and lee-wardmost ships, what tasted the thick on it first, was taken aback; two was dismasted clean by the board: but the *Go-along-Gee* was as snug as a duck in a ditch, never straining as much as a rope-yarn aloft, and as tight as a bottle below.

"Well, howsomever, we weathers out like a Mudian. We lost nothing nor the Corporal of marines, as was washed overboard out o' the lee-mizen chains. Well, a'ter the wind and sea gets down, the Commodore closes

* Polephemus.

† Corvette.

the convoy, and sends shipwrights aboard such ships as needed 'em most. Well, at last we gets into your regular trades, with wind just enough for a gentleman's yatch, or to ruffle the frill of a lady's flounce: and on one o' those nights as the convoy, you know, was cracking-on every thing low-and-aloft, looking just like a forest afloat—we keeping our station astarn on 'em all—top-sails low'r'd on the cap—the sea as smooth as Poll Patter-son's tongue, and the moon as bright as her eye—shoals of beneties playing under the bows; what should I hear but a voice as was hailing the ship! Well, I never says nothing till I looks well around (for you see I'd the starboard cat head* at the time;) so I waits till I hears it again—when sky-larking Dick, who'd the lar-board look-out, sneaks over and says, 'Bob, I say, Bob-bo, did you never hear nothing just now?' Well, he scarcely axes the question, when we hears hailing again—'Aboard the G—e, ahoy—a—.' There was nothing, you know, in sight within hail (for the starn-most ships of the convoy were more nor two miles a-head)—so I'm d—d if Dick and myself wasn't puzzled a bit, for we warn't just then in old Badgerbag's† track. Well, we looks broad on the bows, and over the bows, and every where round we could look; when the voice now, nearing us fast, and hailing again, we

* Look-out, forward.

† A name given by *Jack* to Neptune, when playing tricks on travellers upon first crossing the Line.

sees something as white as a sheet on the water ! Well, I looks at Dick, and Dick looks at me—neither of us never saying nothing, you know, at the time—when looking again, by the light of the moon, ‘I’m d—d,’ says I ‘if it is’nt the corporal’s ghost !’—‘I’m d—d if it is’nt,’ says Dick, and aft he flies to make the report. Well, I felt summut or so queerish a bit (though I says nothing to no one, you know,) for ‘twas only a fortnight afore the Corporal and I had a bit of a breeze ‘bout taking my pot off the fire. Well, says the voice, ‘Will you heave us a rope ? I don’t want a boat !’ was the cry. ‘D—n it, ghost or no ghost,’ says I, ‘I’ll give you a rope, if it’s even to hang you ;’ so flying, you see, to the chains,* I takes up a coil in my fist, and heaves it handsomely into his hands. There, I was, as mum as monk, till he fixes himself in the bight of a bowling-knot ; when, looking down on his phiz, says I, just quietly over my breath, ‘Is *that* Corporal Crag?’ says I.—‘Corporal Hell!’ says he, ‘why don’t you haul up?’—‘Well, I sings out for some-un to lend us a fist (for Dick was afeard to come forward again—and I’m blow’d but the Leefstenant himself was as shy as the rest o’ the watch.) So I sings out again for assistance : for there was the unfortunate fellow towing alongside

* An external projection affixed to the side of a ship to give spread to the lower or standing rigging (the shrouds,) to which the latter are set up or secured.

like a hide* what was softning in soak.—‘Will no one lend us a hand?’ says I, ‘or shall I reg’larly turn the Jolly† adrift?’ Well, this puts two o’ the topmen, you see, on their pluck, for both on ’em claps on the rope, and rouses clean into the chains—Now what do you think?”—“Why the Corporal’s ghost to be sure,” says one of the group.—“No, nor the sign of a ghost—nor a ghost’s mate’s minister’s mate—nor nothing that looked like a lubberly lobster,‡ dead or alive; but as fine a young fellow as ever I seed in my days. For, you see, the whole on it is this:—’twas no more nor a chap of an apprentice, whose master had started§ him that morn; and rather nor stand it again, he takes to his fins and swims like a fish to the *Gee*—mind! the *starnmost* ship of the convoy! though his own was one of the headmost; aye, and running the risk not to fetch us, you know, nor another chance to look to for his life.|| And why?—why? becase the ship had a *name*—to be sure! she *was* the *Gee*!!!”

* That part of a ship’s rigging most liable to be chafed or rubbed is usually preserved by pieces of hide being securely sewn around it. Men-of-war have continually, at sea, hides towing overboard in soak.

† Jolly—familiar appellation for a royal marine.

‡ *Jack’s* slang for a marine, or soldier in any shape.

§ Beating with a rope’s-end.

|| The author served on board this ship at the period above alluded to.

TAX ON COMMISSIONS.

“He paid too dear for his whistle.”*

DR. FRANKLIN.

At a time when every exertion is making to take off the fetters which the improvidence and ignorance of

* A whistle was formerly part of an officer's accoutrements in action. In order to render this motto at all illustrative or intelligible, it will be necessary to go back in our naval history as far as the time of Henry the Eighth, at least; by reference to which it will be found, that the *whistle* was neither the plaything of children, nor the humble official distinction of the hoarse boatswain and his mates. In the desperate action fought by Thomas and Edward Howard, sons of the Earl of Surrey (which last was afterwards Lord Admiral of England,) with the celebrated Scotch captain of a letter-of-marque, Andrew Breton—granted to him against the ships of Portugal in consequence of the murder of his father, and detention of his ships, by the Portuguese; Rapine relates, “that Breton, though grievously wounded, cheered his men on with his whistle even to his last breath.” Though falsely described by King Henry as a pirate, in his instructions to the Howards, that prince dismissed the prisoners. The King of Scotland demand-

former rulers and parliaments had imposed on industry and enterprise, it seems rather extraordinary that the attention of the Admiralty has not been drawn to the subject of a tax payable on officers' commissions. This tax, whilst its amount to the public is, if not contemptible, certainly inconsiderable, proves a great hardship upon officers, more especially when appointed to a ship from half-pay. On every commission issued, or appointment made out by the Admiralty, there is a separate duty or tax payable by the officer so appointed. Fortunately, it is not required from midshipmen on their being "turned over" from one ship of war to another, or it might often prove the means of confining a spirited youth to a guard-ship for life. As it affects commissioned officers, however, it is sufficiently injurious and inconvenient in its consequences. Even a midshipman, on being appointed lieutenant, is compelled to part

ed reparation for the outrage in vain, and it became a cause of quarrel between the two nations. It is about this period that we hear, for the first time, of a *whistle* being used in the navy but it appears to have been then suspended at the breast of the Lord High Admiral: for, in addition to his other insignia, the gallant Sir Edward Howard actually wore a golden one when he engaged the French galleys near Brest. Since that period, silver has been substituted for the more precious metal: and this shrill ancient instrument of authority has fallen in rank in proportion to its depreciation in value, and has descended from the neck of a Commander-in-chief to that of the Boat-swain.

with his money as the price of a commission, already, perhaps, dearly purchased with his blood. In this way a gallant young Mid may feel himself necessitated, according to the rules of the service, to pay a fee for having the awkwardness to come in contact with a "two-and-thirty-pounder," and lose a leg or an arm. The payment in this case is a guinea: in some instances the appointment may be made out to a "ship in ordinary," merely to give him rank; in due course he is appointed to a vessel on service; his former payment of the tax avails him nothing, and he is obliged once more to pay a guinea. It sometimes happens, that, through accident, unfitness, the dry-rot, or other cause, the officer may, in a couple of months, be shifted into four or five other ships; and he is of course obliged, on each occasion, to pay half the tax, as it were to make him feel, more sensibly, the inconvenience of being shifted about from ship to ship. This tax, too, falls most heavily on those whose emoluments are less considerable; namely, Lieutenants, who are always shifting about, whilst the Commander or Captain remains stationary, and seldom incurs the duty. If the change happens to be made from half to full pay, the difficulty is not so great; as the agents, even if they be of the tribe of Levi, feel less reluctance to open their purses and defray the charge, in expectation of increased commission and agency. An attempt is made to render the superior officers' commissions equally prolific as a subject of taxation: a commander paying two guineas, a captain more, and so on up to an ad-

miral. These fees may, perhaps, not be considered quite so onerous or objectionable. It is, however, obvious that, taking into consideration the low rate of pay, and their more frequent liability to be removed from one ship to another, a very considerable portion of the tax falls upon the Lieutenants. From the attention which has been paid to the improvement of the regulations of the service, it appears reasonable to imagine that the subject may have hitherto escaped the attention of the Admiralty ; and that the mere suggestion may induce their Lordships to recommend the discontinuance of a tax, so unequally pressing on the younger branches of the profession.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

"Oh, flesh ! flesh ! how art thou fishified !"

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is, perhaps, no part of our colonies—especially taking into consideration that it is the nearest home—so little known, both as respects its internal state or its commercial importance, as the island of Newfoundland. Though extending three hundred miles in length, and nearly the same in breadth, covered with wood, abounding in noble harbours, intersected by navigable streams, and possessing a soil (contrasting it with its present state) capable of a much higher degree of cultivation in the interior of the country, which is every where diversified with picturesque scenery—this island may yet be pronounced to be, for the most part, uninhabited;* a fact which is altogether unaccountable, and almost incredible in an age like this, when the tide of emigration may be said (to use a nautical expression)

* The whole interior of this island, which is larger than all Ireland, is almost unknown to the colonists. Its extremely scanty population consists of the red or native Indians.

to have set in so strongly, for many years past, to the westward. This disposition, it must be regretted, has become almost uncontrollable of late in British subjects; nor can it be repressed, either by the warnings recorded in the public prints, or the private journals of intelligent travellers, detailing the distresses and misery of hordes of our countrymen, upon their first landing in the United States, in consequence of want of employment; nor by the tragic narratives of the melancholy dupery and aggravated sufferings, through pestilence and famine, of crowds of deluded and innocent adventurers, swept, with their little families, into untimely graves on the naked and inhospitable Mosquito shore, to feed the rapacity of unblushingly-avowed and newspaper-puffing Poyais-loan-*per-centage* agents, and the still more cruel cupidity of a calculating coward, at once the fell scourge of his credulous countrymen, and foul stain on the military character.

Without affecting to submit a syllable, in the way of advice, to those whose official duty it is to take such important questions into consideration, we must still be of opinion that there is in this colony, from advantages already enumerated, a fairer field to deploy with success that portion of our population which we are, now-a-days, so much in the habit of alleging to be redundant at home than in others which have been selected by the colonists themselves, or by those who catered for their immediate comforts or probable future prosperity. It has been objected, by some persons not altogether unacquainted

with this island, that it is over-stocked already, for its means of maintaining a population. Nothing is more fallacious: hitherto the fishery has been the only mode resorted to for the purpose of obtaining a livelihood; agriculture, mining, and other avocations, are never thought of.

FIRES AT SAINT JOHN'S.

"Diverso interea miscentur mania luctu ;

* * * *

———— : Sigea igni freta lata relucet,

Exoritur clamorque virum, clangorque tubarum."

VIRGIL.

For some years past the governor* and a small squadron have uniformly wintered at Saint John's contrary to

* By a recent regulation this colony is placed under a civil governor, although the present is also an officer of the navy. We perceive by the official Gazettes he has lately appointed some of the merchants and medical practitioners of St. John's to be important situations in "the household," and that the *aides-de-camp* in waiting are to rank with Colonels of militia. We cannot help thinking this anxiety to decide the rank of persons of their profession and occupation altogether superfluous; for although they may be at present in very good odour at court, former Governors were observed to turn up their noses at their pretensions, as if they could found no title to "rank," but in a sense peculiar to themselves.

former practice. During the first three years which succeeded this new arrangement, this capital was at different times discovered to be on fire. Upon two of these occasions, one-third of its opposite extremes was literally burnt to the ground: indeed, for three years successively, upon the close of the fishery for the season, or rather upon the return of the *Paddies** into port, an annual fire was as regularly looked for as the coming of the frost; nor is it unworthy of remark, that whilst every provision was made, on the part of the inhabitants, to guard against the severity of the one, few took the slightest precaution to prevent a recurrence of the other,† notwithstanding the direful calamities with which they had been so frequently visited. If the governor suggested any precautionary expedient for the prevention of fire, or, in the event of its occurring, issued orders calculated, as he thought, to avert the inevitable destruction of property that must in such cases be expected to ensue, he was sure to be attacked through the medium of the radical press and anonymous pamphlets; if not opposed by the "grand jury," or even a grand

* An endearing appellation by which the fishermen of this country are designated, the majority of whom are Irish.

† From localities peculiar to this place, built as the town is, entirely of wood, the vast quantities of oil, either in store or exposed in open air, rendering in vats in every direction, perhaps there is no set of people so liable (to use their own phraseology) to be "frost-burnt" as the Fishmonger's Company of St. John's.

deputation from the commercial community, on the subject of this presumed encroachment on civil rights.*

The first fire which occurred during this period at Saint John's, happened at the least dangerous season of the year. About the end of the month of August, at midnight, a flame was first discovered by the vigilance of the look-out from the flag-ship. The alarm-

* At the moment this work goes to press, we have learned that, at the close of the sessions before last, in consequence of charges made in presenting a petition from Saint John's, by a gentleman who plumes himself rather upon the honours he derives from the corporate body of Aberdeen, than the kindness of his friends in the little burgh of Montrose, who first fostered his senatorial fortunes and arithmetical talents, he was called on to retract certain unworthy and dishonourable insinuations relative to the late governor of Newfoundland. To the first application through the medium of a polite note, no answer was received; but a personal application having been made, the dignity of the criminal—or, more properly speaking, criminatory judge—felt it convenient to relax, rather than brave the honest resentment of an injured officer, “confessed the case,” backed out and apologized. But here, as in most cases of ~~illeged~~ alleged slander, the calumny had been disseminated widely: it had reached the seat of his government, and the mischief was consummated; whilst the apology, through the unpresuming spirit and honourable forbearance of the gallant admiral, was accepted without any stipulation that it should be made public. With truth, says Falstaff, that wiseacre in proverb, “the better part of valour is discretion.” The gallant admiral is accounted one of the first shots in the service.

gun was instantly fired, the report of which echoing among the surrounding hills at so silent an hour of the night, was truly appalling, more particularly as its cause could not be misunderstood. The affrighted inhabitants, suddenly roused from deep sleep, issued forth in dismay from their dwellings at the well-known clang of the fire-bell. Women with children in their arms, and many with helpless infants at the breast, were seen flying in every direction, *en chemise*, for refuge to their more fortunate friends, situated at a distance from the fire—which rapidly spread amongst streets consisting entirely of wooden houses—or to the church, the constant asylum on each of those calamitous occasions. Every aid that could possibly be spared consistent with the safety of the squadron, was instantly sent to the scene of devastation. Parties were despatched provided with buckets, hatchets, hawsers, and every auxiliary implement that the experienced could devise for subduing the fire, with the exception of engines, as, from the proximity of the men-of-war, which lay to leeward of the flames, it became necessary to employ them in playing upon the rigging, until the ships were in readiness to slip from their moorings, and haul out of reach of the fast-falling flakes, which showered constantly round them.

Being amongst the first of those officers who proceeded on shore, with a view to tranquillize the tumult of the people, we were surprised to witness, amid this scene of horror and destruction, such a manifestation of opposite

feeling. They who were insured,* were philosophically passive, and submitted to their fate without a murmur; whilst, on the contrary, those uninsured, were either too irresolute, or too furious in their conduct to be practically useful. The rich, awaiting the inevitable destruction of their property, were almost frantic with despair; whilst the poor (particularly the *Paddies*) were delighted beyond measure at the prospect of plunder which presented itself, and the favourable opportunity now afforded them to retaliate past favours upon their employers.

The Military were not less quick in their movements than the Navy, and were admirably arranged in line to facilitate the necessary supply of water. Indeed, both services displayed, at every risk, the greatest possible coolness and courage in their exertions to extinguish the flame; although (unaccountable to relate) the authority for this prompt and active interference was not only questioned, by those whose property our men were actually endeavouring to preserve, but was even vociferously disputed by one or two democratical demagogues, who literally exhausted the Billingsgate vocabulary of abuse, in exciting the lower orders to riot with the troops.— But even in more civilized countries, similar calamitous occurrences afford ample opportunities for the develop-

* It is whispered amongst the better-informed of this island, that some of the mercantile community have most opportunely escaped bankruptcy, by what might almost be termed a providential conflagration.

ment of vicious and virtuous principles. As the fire commenced in the north-east, in which point was also the wind now increasing in violence with the flames, it communicated rapidly from building to building, and store to store. Wet blankets and carpets were extended along the tops and sides of the houses, to render the wooden material of which they were constructed less liable to take fire ; but as every effort was found to be ineffectual to subdue the flame, an expedient was suggested by a captain in the navy—(who, it is to be remarked, by way of parenthesis, evinced the temper of a saint under showers of abuse, which rained thick and threefold upon both him and his abhorred expedient.) There was no time for idle parley or consultation : the necessity for making a breach in the street, by levelling one or two of the houses contiguous to the fire, so as to cut off the communication, was sufficiently apparent ; but how to put into execution so prompt a mode of accomplishing this desirable object, was a question of considerable solicitude. It was proposed by a military officer to blow up, with a few barrels of powder, some of the intervening houses, as the most effectual expedient ; but this was rejected, notwithstanding the celerity of the process, as appearing to savour too strongly of the belligerent principle.

The axe and the saw were now resorted to. The principal upright beams which supported these buildings were sawn through at the base : but these firm fabrics were found to be too strongly constructed to be

felled by ordinary means. At this perilous period, with the presence of mind so truly characteristic of the tar, a seaman taking the end of a hawser in his hand, ascended by a ladder the top of the dwelling about to be, as he termed it, "dowsed," and succeeded in securing it sufficiently firm round the house. An hundred hands now hastily grappled the rope : the hawser, however, it was now thought, was likely to give-way before the house, and it became necessary to attach a second. This was soon accomplished : but the "miracle" of making a breach in this modern Jericho was reserved, as of old, for the clergy ; for just then the well-known shrill voice of the priest was heard vociferating from the crowd, "Follow me, boys—follow father Fitzgerald !" when a phalanx of fishermen flocked round their pastor : their numbers and exertions increasing, until (to use the humorous expression of the priest) "every mother's son of them" clapt on both hawsers, and with a hearty hurrah hurled the building to the ground.

The praiseworthy exertions of the priest thus produced effects doubtless considered miraculous by his flock ;* useful they were, certainly, not only as the

* The power of the priests here is fully as great over the lower orders of the people, who are principally papists, as it is in other countries ; but there is a more pacific disposition, and less persecuting feeling, on their part, towards those who entertain a different creed. Indeed, the persons most prone in this colony to religious differences are of that sect so appro-

means of preventing the further destruction of property, but, in all probability, of saving more souls in this world than ever he was likely to do in the next.

The fire, in consequence of the breach being effected, was subdued by degrees, or spent itself, owing to this precaution, for want of fuel. No lives were lost; but much valuable property, insured and uninsured, perished by the flames, or was plundered by the *Paddies*.*

propriately denominated "Dissenters." *En passant*, it would be unpardonable here to pass unnoticed the singular difference in the state of society in this Island and that of Ireland, to which it bears, in a religious point of view, a strong resemblance. Though the vast majority of its population are Roman Catholics, no rivalry nor discontent prevails, although the government and all official situations are filled by Protestants. The Roman Catholic Bishop entertains and is entertained by the governor and official persons, not excepting the officers of both army and navy; and, unlike the policy pursued at public dinners in Ireland, no controverted topics of religion are ever discussed, or political toasts introduced, which could be construed into the slightest attempt to foment disunion or embroil religious professors.

* On other occasions, it was notorious that a considerable part of the property plundered was secreted and carried away in boats, called "*jack-asses*," to the outports; in consequence of which, the then governor (Sir Charles Hamilton) ordered, that in all cases of fire a guard should be rowed by the boats of the men-of-war in the harbour: a judicious precaution, which, however unpalatable to those active marauders, was productive of beneficial results in protecting property so circumstanced.

COURTS OF JUDICATURE.

"'Tis an ill wind," says the proverb, "that blows nobody good;" so it has ever been a bad fire at Saint John's that did not bring abundance of business to the gentlemen of the bar. As surely as ever sharks followed ships whose crews have been afflicted with contagion, so surely, in all cases of conflagrations, followed a train of actions for assaults, batteries, trespasses, indictments for misdemeanors, and other offences, though rarely for robberies; possibly, because the confusion which prevailed on such occasions, and the extent to which depredations of the latter nature were carried, rendered individual detection extremely difficult; and, even when detected, justice was often defrauded of its victim, in consequence of the too general impunity with which offences of every kind are committed in this singular state of society.*

The judicature of this country is vested in the chief justice; who, whilst personally presiding over the "supreme court" in the capital, is assisted in the administration of justice in the distant districts by the

* It is ludicrous to observe how, in the opinion of the colonists here, the mother country already begins to retrograde in civilization. It is not unusual with the supreme judges to condemn the "*Paddies*," in heinous cases, to a re-transportation to their native shore.—Alas! Poor Ireland!

naval officers* employed on the station, who periodically visit the out-ports in his Majesty's ships for that purpose: a duty which excites no less apprehension from the dangers incident to so intricate a navigation, despite of all weathers at fixed and stated intervals, than from the difficulties and serious responsibilities attached to the due performance of a task equally onerous and novel to mere naval commanders.

For if, on the one hand, it requires considerable nautical ability to navigate a ship on this coast, from the uncertainty of the currents, frequency of the fogs, and the little dependence which can be placed on the *lead*; it, on the other, demands the exercise of a naturally sound judgment, and a more than ordinarily discriminative faculty in a naval officer, to be able to wend his way through the devious intricacies of fraud, and avoid those rocks and quicksands, too often interposed between the judge and the attainment of an equitable adjudication, by the partiality of official pilots (frequently

* For several years these officers had not only to perform judicial, but divine duties: nor was it uncommon for a captain to marry a couple in the morning—pronounce judgment upon a legal question in the afternoon—christen a child in the evening—and put to sea at midnight. This latter practice, though bold, is, in case the moon is up, proved by experience to be safe and judicious on this coast, from the general prevalence of fogs in the day-time, which are remarked to be less dense and frequent in moonlight nights.

in cases in which they themselves are concerned,) or the craft or perjury of interested witnesses.

The derobed gentlemen of the "long-robe"* (who, by-the-bye, practise only in the supreme court) constantly dabble, like Caleb Quotem, in various avocations—notary, attorney,† advocate, and even auctioneer: and more than one jack-a-napes‡ has been known to be committed for flagrant breaches of decorum and disrespect to the bench.

The cases and decisions cited by those gentlemen "learned in the law," from reports of proceedings in the King's Bench, and other courts at home, are not often more relevant than those classical quotations with which their pleadings are interlarded, to the astonishment of the litigious multitude and secret delight of the imperturbable gravity of the judge.

* These gentlemen as yet have not assumed the dignity of the gown.

† According to a French witty authority, an "attorney is a *cat* that settles differences between *mice*." Had he seen this colony, he would probably have defined him a shark, that decides disputes between fish.

‡ Query, Jack Dawe?—Any persons having resided in St. John's, must have often witnessed the insolent pertinacity of this chatterer, and few are unacquainted with the mishaps of a bird of this feather, both in a trial at Exeter and in the "Common Pleas."

JUDGES.—BENBOW ON THE BENCH,

*“Gnoscius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna
Castigatque, auditque dolos, subigitque futuri.”*

THE surrogates,* who may be considered as judges of assizes, are never, as in England, accompanied in their progress by the bar. One beneficial consequence is the necessary result: namely, business is quickly despatched—legal formalities being for the most part judiciously dispensed with by these judicial Daniels.

The prevarication of witnesses and evasive habits of the *Paddies*, frequently put the temper of the bench to the severest test, particularly if the luckless Surrogate happens, as is sometimes the case, to have scarcely closed his eyes whilst preparing himself for the toils of the succeeding day; painfully pursuing, in the midnight gloom of his cabin, principles and cases through the hitherto unfathomed and chartless tomes of “Blackstone’s Commentaries,” and “Burn’s Justice,” which, in all probability, were but a few days before served-out, like other slops, from His Majesty’s stores.”†

It will be here pertinent to state the case of a worthy and gallant officer, who acknowledged that he felt him-

* By a late act of Parliament, naval officers no longer perform this duty.

† *Query*, Drawn by the captain or the boatswain.

self almost equally embarrassed, in his lucubrations over Blackstone and Burn, as he on other occasions had once felt when applying himself for information to that manual of dowagers and puzzle to the sex, "*Buchan's Domestic Medicine*:" being, in both cases, equally at a loss to classify the evil or select the remedy.

The constitution of these courts of surrogate is in itself deserving of notice. In the town next in importance to the capital, *Placentia*, a late sheriff was, as the London radical phrase runs, an operative* fisherman, and the principal magistrate a killer of men and a curer of cod.† The court-house had undergone a singular, though here not unfrequent, metamorphosis, having been a wooden storehouse for cured fish. Upon this store it was the bowman of the boat's duty, on reaching the beach, to hoist a spare ship's ensign, as a signal for holding a court. Shortly after followed the captain's or lieutenant's coxswain, laden with a cloak-bag filled with books; the surrogate officer closed the train, attended by two of the resident magistrates, a couple of midshipmen, the captain's clerk as registrar of the court, and a few fishermen of the place as criers and tipstaves. On arriving near the court-house, he is met by a crowd of litigants and their friends, who are generally sincere in

* *Vide* Queen Caroline's Addresses.

† It is, from what has been said, unnecessary to explain that he was a compound of those well-known intimates of the fell '*Romeo*' and frantic '*Hamlet*,'—apothecary and fishmonger.

their demonstrations of personal respect and gratification at his arrival, since they are much more likely to obtain redress or justice at the hands of any stranger than from their own magistrates, who are often either plaintiffs or defendants themselves, and do not hesitate to influence their brother magistrates, or even sit upon the bench pending the decisions of their own cases. Petitions are crowded on "his honour, and his right honourable lordship." Proclamation is made for opening the court: the naval officer takes his seat aloft, arranging his gold-laced hat on one side of him on the bench, and his side-arms, as the sword of justice, on the other. The stores of Themis are ostentatiously spread before the court, to whose voluminous contents it is more than doubtful that either judge, magistrate, sheriff, or any individual in court could possibly make a pertinent reference.

Upon one of those occasions, an unfortunate fisherman endeavoured to recover an overcharge made by a medical magistrate for the accouchement of the poor man's wife. There appeared to be much difficulty in sifting the case to the bottom; the judge, for perspicuity sake, putting his questions through the medium of nautical phraseology; sometimes in very undignified English, and frequently through an interpretation into Irish. The witness appearing resolutely determined to be dull of comprehension, the judge forgot all his assumed official dignity, and with great warmth exclaimed, "I tell you what it is, young fellow, I'll bring you up with a round turn directly"—(not of course, that he meant to hang

him)—“Answer me directly, sir,” adding in an under tone, “D—n the fellow ! he claps a stopper over all our proceedings.” The witness still continuing to prevaricate, the judge rose in a menacing attitude, and said, “I have had enough of your traverse sailing, and if you don’t answer that plain question, by G—d, I’ll give you three dozen directly !”—All necessity for an interpreter now vanished ; the witness answered explicitly—truth was elicited, and justice administered.

COLONIAL PRESS.

“Scribimus indocti doctique.”

HORACE.

THAT the appetite for news, which is so characteristic of Englishmen at home, has lost none of its keenness from their migration across the Atlantic, may be fairly inferred from the well-known fact, that there were at one time no less than four newspapers established in the small town of Saint John’s (Newfoundland,) the resident population of which does not exceed eight thousand persons ; a fact which seems difficult to be accounted for, as, through above five if not six months of the year, the editorial tribe must draw entirely from their own necessarily circumscribed and stinted wells of in-

formation, being frequently altogether excluded from intercourse with Europe from November to April.

As, in the case of animal aliment, the smaller the supply of food for the mind, the greater the eagerness of the people of Saint John's to procure it, the higher the value set on it, and the greater the gratification with which it appears to be devoured; all is grist that comes to mill pending this period of estrangement from the mother country, during which the severity of the climate enforces the observance of a species of mental "non-intercourse act."

The contributors to these ephemeral productions are as liberal as they are multifarious. The discussions on philosophical and physical subjects daily fill whole columns, and are furnished in gross by the disciples of Galen and Paracelsus. However large the bolus, the piscatory public gulp it down with a zest: the editors gladly open their columns to matter so generally interesting; and nothing, save prescriptions, is proscribed: a merciful regulation for the profession itself, lest the probability of a fee should become problematical!

It is a fact, that a controversy continued for six months, discussing the existence or non-existence of a disease which had already swept away the fairest part of the rising generation; some denominating it scarlet fever, others scarlatina.

"Strange that difference should be

'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!"

The subtle enemy of the future hope of propagation, however, finally defeated every effort of these polemic controvertists to detect either its appropriate name or distinctive essence. The disease died a natural death, by the anticipated decease or miraculous recovery of all the suffering innocents, without elucidating any new light on this anxiously-mooted question ; and the controversy was swept away by the first thaw, in all probability to be revived with renovated ardour at the setting in of the next frost.

All subjects connected with the naval or military professions were carefully abstained from by gentlemen in either service, although constant contributors on almost every other topic ; a moderation originating, perhaps, in the dread entertained of opening afresh the flood-gates of abuse and personality, which the radical press (for even here are radicals !) always felt itself privileged to direct against every officer who had the spirit to maintain opinions, which might be construed as militating against the majesty of the mob. The affectation which pervaded the contributions of these modern military literati displayed how very independently they had formed their style of the admired principles of composition which have given so great a *gusto* to the works of those writing, fighting characters of antiquity, Xenophon and Cæsar. The materials of these compositions are, for the most part, such as might be expected ; but it would puzzle a conjuror to tell what could have determined the several contributors in their extraordinary

selection of literary *aliases*, or *nommes de guerre*. The most ordinary were, "Mercator, Piscator, Viator, Benbow, Bobstay," and even "Boreas," which were indifferently affixed to epigrams, elegies, political squibs, tales of love, and satirical poetry.

These important persons have long since become so well acquainted with their value, as correspondents in a place so destitute of news, that they completely lord it over the unhappy editor; frequently sacrificing, to their amusement or pique, the interest of his establishment, in right of their gratuitous contributions. For never yet, we believe, has the daily press in this country stooped to the disgrace of buying or enumerating the labours of any individual (the editor albeit always excepted).

All the evils which are held by some to follow in Great Britain from the influence and exertion of an unpaid magistracy,* are in reality felt at Newfoundland, from the want of that responsibility attached to stipendiaries, in the republic of newspaper literature.

Notwithstanding that newspapers in this colony are saleable without being subject to any duty, it would appear that the profits, arising from that of even the most extensive circulation, are no more than competent to the maintenance of a family. In the instance alluded to, the various departments of exertion left no individual,

* The writer wishes it to be understood, that it is not intended here to attempt to arbitrate between the advocates and opposers of a system which has set at variance so many wise heads, in both houses of Parliament.

young or old, male or female, unoccupied. The father took the literary lead, and wrote to the leading article; the son-in-law (an half-pay purser in the navy) sometimes sported a quiet quill on a little quackery in political economy; the mother, not having much pretensions to letters except in type (for she could assist as compositor at a pinch,) collected and arranged little receipts for preserves, pickling, and pretty progeny; whilst the daughters, who were spinsters, professing total ignorance of the mystery of the latter composition, confined their talents to aiding in the composition of type, and correcting the press, which usually went on during the hour of tea, when every avowed contributor considered himself a privileged guest.

Humble as it was, this might be considered the only thing resembling the literary *soirée* of a well-known retired actress,* and active proprietress; at which, now-a-days, the company are treated with a sight of the lions on a Sunday evening, previous to their public production in the ensuing week. Maugre all the bustle of the scene, the blunders to be corrected, and the brogue of the ladies (for all residents speak almost equally discordant in either an Irish or Devonshire accent,) the scene was interesting enough to collect many of their contributors, to dissipate the *ennui* particular to a place so circumscribed as to society, by correcting the errors of the press in their own contributions; of which, we

* Of London.

shall close this article by subjoining extracts, grave and gay, leaving the reader to pronounce on their comparative merits. Though the specimens are possibly none of the best that might have been selected, they are not altogether destitute of point; and some of them, of the gravest character, may, notwithstanding, be said to contain ample matter for mirth and laughter.

RECREATIONS IN RHYME,

BY THE

LIEGES OF ST. JOHN'S.

"For the Newfoundland Royal Gazette."

"Mr. Editor :

"Sir,—If you think the following reflections, caused by the late destructive fire, worthy a place in your interesting paper, you will oblige, by your insertion,

"AUGUSTUS."

———"And morn came on, by softest silence led :
The moon† was ris'n—she left the noon-day sun

* A misnomer—read *Radical Gazette*

† This contributor was strongly suspected of lunacy.

To other climes ; while here each twinkling star
 Roll'd in its orb, in midnight beauty blush'd.
 The hour was sacred—silence all around !
 But, lo ! the hour of rest and quiet fled !
 The heavens alone had peace, and dying men
 Once more were rous'd from sleep by cannons' roar,
 With cries of fire ! and by the toll of bells.
 The awful grandeur burst, and to the winds
 Gave thickest clouds of heated, rolling smoke :
 The flames flew wildly up, as if Despair
 Had urged them, and on revenge were bent ;
 Like that which chainless maniacs display,
 Of fiery justice from th' eternal throne.

* * * * *

Will *this* remind us of a future hour,
 As morning stars of the coming day,
 Or evening suns of the approaching night ?
 Whose pomp shall burst, and whose loud trump shall
 sound,

While nature sleeps in dust ; and few shall be
 To tell when sprang the fire the world involves.
 Then none shall *quench* the *flaming skies* and *world*,
 But yield submission to the angel call,
 And fly to judgment, where all works must stand
The god-like untried test of spirit fire.

" *Newfoundland*, 1819.

" *AUGUSTUS.*"

" VERBUM STULTIS.

" Ye manglers of rhyme,
 And ye murd'ers of prose,
 If you had your deserts
 You'd get pull'd by the nose.

" Do you think that the public
 Have nothing to do
 But to read the d——d stuff
 That is written by you ?

" I wish that the devil,
 Who, I'm sure, is your patron,
 Had the friend and Sir Knight,
 With the doctors and matron."

INVOCATION.

Extracted from a Poem entitled " NEWFOUNDLAND."

" The land I sing, where fish and oil abound,
 And od'rous flakes the public streets surround ;*
 Where five long months the driving snows assail,
 And ice keeps off the packet and the mail ;
 Where *perfume* rises with the rising sun ;

* This writer might have concisely described the aspect of this coast in two words, as—in winter, it is covered with flakes of snow—in summer, with flakes of fish.

Where half-starv'd pigs and puppies run
 In quest of fish ; and when it's on the fork,
 Ye *whangers* !* judge how savory is the pork !"

And then, in allusion to the marriages made by naval
 and military officers amongst the fair colonists—

"Hook'd like a cod-fish, as a beaver caught,
 They curse the snares their *lovely* partners wrought.
 Retreat is vain, their fate for ever seal'd,
 And vanquish'd man to woman yields the field :
 Bows to a yoke his better sense despises ;
 Sinks into *nothing*, and a whanger rises."

"ADVICE TO A FLIRT.

"No longer this flirting, dear Fan,
 This 'working a traverse' won't do ;
 Plain sailing's a far better plan,
 For a girl so anxious to woo.

"Away, then, with 'humming and hawing ;'
 Steer steady and straight after me ;
 They never gain ground who are 'yawing,'
 But often are brought by the *Lee*.'†

"Then hark unto honest advice,
 And veer not about with the wind ;
 Just tell me I'm not fit to 'splice,'
 Or decidedly not to your mind.

* Slang of the colony for fish-curers.

† Nautical phrase ; also the fair lady's name.

" So settle my fate—for I feel
I'm sure to be 'taken aback ;'
If so, I'll 'come round on my heel,'
And 'stand on the opposite tack,'

" BEN BOBSTAY."

The two following are curious specimens of the "grave and gay"—we suspect the writer of the first to have been more of a ship-builder than qualified to "build the lofty rhyme."

" THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR'S GRAVE.

" No recording stone discloses
Where the shipwreck'd tar reposes—
No grass grows o'er a sailor's grave,
Whose pale corse, cover'd by the wave,
In sea-weed shrouded lies !

" No weeping kindred o'er his bier
Shed affliction's grieving tear ;
Yet weep they when they hear the tale ;
That, in December's boist'rous gale,
The lov'd one's lost at sea !

" Do friends his death-bed then surround ?
Ah ! no—he hears not, save the sound
Of sea-bird's scream—or voice of wo,
As each poor shipmate sinks below
The ocean's briny billow !

" It heeds not where death meets the brave,
 Whether on land or stormy wave :
 His bosom shrinks it at the blast ;
 He gives one sigh to joys long past—
 And sinks, resign'd to rest !"

" *St. John's, 25th January, 1819.*"

A rare and happy specimen of quaint verse !

"FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

" The magi of the present day,
 Try some to wound, others slay.
 Stop, vain, foolish, scribbling man,
 That 'temptest more than do ye can.
 Scurr'lous ! as unavailing,
 Seems the whole of your writing.
 As *Christians* conduct yourselves.
 Not like *tartarian* elves.
 Oh, shame ! thus a lady fair to lash,
 In plumage deck'd cuts no common dash.
 Have mercy, LITERATI !
 On this *our* community,
 Else ' *Whangers*' will have at ye,
Maid, Matron, anon you'll see
 Ye censure undeservedly ;
 Yet mercy still showeth thee.

'T appears in you a disease,
For you *cut-up* whom *ye* please,
Careless of your *ranc'rous* prong
Is saucy 'OLD GO-ALONG.' "

" *St. John's, 25th January, 1819.*"

"A RAKING BROADSIDE AT PARTING.

" Farewell to this cod-fishing coast,
Its prevalent fogs and its frost !
Adieu to a people who boast
Of a breed unaccountably crost.

" Farewell to each marrying maid,
Each marital match-making mother :
Adieu to the plots ye have laid
To trick me by threats from a brother.

" Farewell to each mountain and moor,
Each desolate barren and bog ;
Adieu to the dogs, who endure
The devil's-own '*life of a dog.*'

" Farewell to the stench of each stage,*
The odours of oil in the '*vat ;*'
Adieu to the radical rage,
And the system of plundering *Pat.*

* Fish-stage.

“ Farewell to eternal misnomers,
 And things by young misses misnam'd ;
 Adieu to the priests of St. Omer's—
 May their flocks, and their fields, be reclaim'd!

“ Farewell to the ‘ 49th Act :’*
 The Sessions, and ‘ Surrogate Court :’
 Adieu to the judges—in fact,
 God help the poor *Paddies* in port !

“ H. M. S. * * * * *

“ D. I. O.”

St. John's, 21st December, 1819.

* The 49th Act of Parliament—“ An act for establishing
 Courts of Judicature in the island of Newfoundland.”

NAVAL CLUB-HOUSE.

"STRENUA NOS EXARCET INERTIA."

A WET DAY.

**"The politicians, in a nook apart,
Discussed the world, and settled all the spheres ;
The wits watched every loop-hole for their art,
To introduce a bon-mot head and ears."**

LORD BYRON.

A FLOCK of wild geese, in their migratory flight, is not more indicative of bad weather than a crowded assemblage at the club. The daily avocations and destinies of its members appear entirely to be governed by the state of the atmosphere: for whether Flag-officer, Post-captain, Commander, or "Physician of the fleet," they all seem to be under the same barometrical influence.

When the weather is fair, the club is deserted for the street; and when foul, the street, but more particularly the residence of each individual, is deserted for the club. The more dreary the day, the more thronged the assem-

blage of the dismal within, to dissipate, if possible, the gloom without. Stimulated by so powerful a motive, neither the dampness nor the severity of the weather deter from their enforced attendance at this Hôtel de la Marine, the old, the bilious, and even the hypochondriacal; which latter, by-the-bye, have increased in a proportionate ratio to the prolongation of a peace so generally deplored, not more in the maritime than it would appear in the mercantile world* at the present day.

It was on such a day that I visited the club, to ascertain the existence of the many advantages promised me from brother officers by becoming a member. Just as I had entered the hall, I was familiarly accosted by an old shipmate, who, after congratulating me on my "luck, for having under my lee such an anchorage," kindly offered his services to show me the conveniences of the establishment, and "point out to me its comforts."—"Here you are," says he, bringing me over to the window and looking at the curtains,—"*See!* brail-up as close as you like,"—And then, taking hold of the tassel of the window-blind, which, (suited the action to the

* This belligerent anxiety on the part of our merchants appears to be fast abating, in proportion as they begin to feel the beneficial effects of the repeal of restrictive duties, and the adoption by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Huskisson of more liberal regulations as to our commercial intercourse with other nations.

word) he quickly pulled down with evident satisfaction, exclaimed,—“Shut the sun out like shot”—“down foresail in a crack”—“every comfort you see”—“cheap chop in a jiffy”—“best pint o’ wine”—“port it ourselves”—“pay no waiters”—“besides, my boy,” he continued, “you’ve a chap in livery behind your chair during dinner.”—When, having nearly run out his reckoning, he looked round inquisitively ; a chronometer clock catching his eye, he pointed to it with exultation (possibly arising from a fellow-feeling with so many of the club, who repaired there solely to kill old Time,) and exclaimed, “Aye ! and dam’me ! you can *make* it twelve o’clock when *you like* !”—Happily illustrative, thought I, of the enviable delights of this establishment ! Ascending with him up stairs, at one of the tables, we observed a pair of old Post-captains, who, from their sickly aspect, were evidently much nearer their grave than their Flag, poring over the last number of the Navy-list, and betraying a peculiar satisfaction in their looks as the elder struck his pen through the names of their seniors, who had died since its publication. “Well,” said the veteran, as he concluded the agreeable task of blotting so many brother officers out from the list of the living, “thank God ! there are five more within these three months have resigned their flags in our favour !” We quickly brushed by a group whose attention was directed to an amicable dispute between two juvenile Commanders, who, like “prophets of the past,” were fighting afresh battles formerly fought shy : the youngest of

whom was cutting up the conduct of Calder with the greatest severity.—“D—n it,” said he, “I was not there myself,” but I know it’s the opinion of many he ought to have been *Bing’d*.”—“But you know,” replied the other, “he fought in a fog, and could not see how others conducted themselves: besides, there was a political *ruse* practised by the Admiralty, in withholding from the public a part of his despatch.”—“Despatch!” cried the other, “despatch him to the devil;” and turning on his heel, abruptly quitted the room.

The report of heavy artillery on the lower-deck induced several to make a simultaneous movement down stairs, where an M. P. distinguishable for his tact in thinking with the Tories and still voting with the *Whigs*, was blazing away in a loud invective against the newspaper reporters for giving his last-night’s speech so incorrectly, or, as some perhaps thought, (if we may judge by the interchange of significant winks,) lending him “a grace beyond the reach of art”—(i. e. his own.)—“D—n the blundering blockheads! I said a devilish good thing last night, and there is not a word of it here.”—“A’weel, what was’t, Sir Jacob?—let’s ken?” said a prying, peak-nosed, interrogative Caledonian.—“Why! what you never heard t’other side Tweed, I’ll answer for it. You’re aware what was the subject of the debate?—Seppings’ plan, you know—deserves no credit for it—Danes had it before us—d—d good for those fond o’ turning tail, to be sure.”—“Weel, but Sir Jacob, your weet—your weet?”—

—“Why, I told them the discussion on round sterns* was only fit for the Parliament of the Round-heads.” Ha, ha, ha!—he, he, he!—“Vera weel, Sir Jacob: can you spare us a frank the day?” The request was no sooner complied with, but the wily Scot, perceiving the Baronet was in the vein, plied him with an application to allow him to set his name down as a subscriber to “that admirable national institution” Saint Andrew’s Charity School. The result proved Sandy had not mistaken his man, who, however, qualified the concession as he departed, by observing, “I should never have contributed sixpence, if I did not think too well of your countrymen to suppose they suffered the *saints* to put in their oar.” The honourable Baronet had no sooner hastily left the apartment, to support in his place at *St. Stephen’s* the interests of the fishermen of the Thames and Medway, in a disputed right of fishery in the inland sea, near Havaat, from which they were attempted to be excluded, than reserve almost immediately closed every mouth, which but a moment before had been so communicative. Several prepared to cut their cables, and avoided the dreaded company of *enmi*, which now was observed making all sail on the squadron, but were deterred by the continuance of the rain: whilst a sickly-looking K.C.B., evidently labouring under the influence of hypochondriacal affection, through disease of the liver, kept pacing the room, precisely to the ex-

* See remarks at page 179.

tent of twelve paces, occasionally pressing his hand on his right side, or stopping short to apply his finger to ascertain the state of his pulse. Alternately examining his tongue before the mirror, or inspecting the quicksilver in the barometer, he despondingly addressed a gentleman, who had stood long "fast bound in chains of silence," intent on the pattering rain without, which bid fair to prevent him keeping an engagement to dinner.—"A disagreeable afternoon, sir—a bile-making day;—cursed indigestible weather—glass falls—gall rises;—can't understand it at all.—Hale a' fellow, as any, afloat—never sick in the war—nothing but pain since the peace.*—I see how 'twill be—nothing for it but to 'bear-up' for Blue-pill at last." A lively young sprig of fashion at this moment entered the door (the "*Courier*" in hand.) "Well, just as I thought!—here's the whole account!"—"What! what is it?" cried several voices together. "Why, only one o' your Polar lights regularly dows'd."—"Really!"—"Ay, and I'm curs'd, if we sha'n't have the whole star-gazing crew wheeled up, papers and all, by a barrow together, to

* Whether in the present day, or the æra of Domitian, moralists appear to think precisely alike of the enervating influence and political danger resulting from a long peace. The hypochondriacal captain seems to have compared notes with that severe satirist Juvenal, who roundly denounces it as the scourge of human nature :—

"Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala : Sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem."

Sat. vi. 292.

the Admiralty." The "*Courier*" was now eagerly grasped at by hands enough to threaten its being torn to pieces before the curiosity of any one could be gratified, whilst the voluble officer continued :—"What the deuce is the use of the thing after all ?—What have they ever done, but christen capes and headlands after heads of departments, and islands after lay-lords ?—shouldn't wonder if they name them after lying-in ladies next!" To a grave gentleman, who was bold enough to take up the defence of the expedition, a pragmatieal elderly quiz by the fire addressed the oft-quoted and triumphant query, "*cui bono* ?"—"Bones, oh ! I'll bet," said our lively friend, "a hundred to fifty, they'll leave them there yet."—"But," rejoined the grave gentleman, "you will confess they have contributed essentially to the progress of science by their valuable discoveries."—"Aye ; but who can read it ? Don't all their mineralogy and geology end in an apology for the price of their books ?" (a laugh.) "I tell you it's all a job, sir." The tides of wit and argument appearing to run nearly as strong against the expedition, as those which it had experienced off Repulse Bay and the Frozen Straits, the grave apologist of our enterprizing navigator resigned the unequal contest, sarcastically observing at parting, "Well, gentlemen, it gives me pleasure to perceive you can be unanimous on *any* subject ;" a sneer which a young wag of a commander, more remarkable for his good-humour than the choice of his metaphors, followed up by exclaiming, "Haul off, Harry ! your fire can never hurt 'em—every one knows you were late at

Solomon's Levee." The laugh which accompanied this sally, convinced its author this was the moment to retire with *éclat* from "the sharp encounter of keen wits." He quickly disappeared, leaving his antagonist to unravel, as fast as his limited capacity would permit, the humorous connexion, thus traced, between himself and the first sage of antiquity.

In an appendix containing the principles and practice of constructing ships as invented and introduced by Sir Robert Seppings, surveyor of his Majesty's Navy, by John Knowles, F. R. S., &c. &c. &c., the author, after enumerating the many advantages attending circular sterns, says, that by this construction, "the danger arising from being *pooped* is considerably diminished, if not wholly prevented." In the teeth of this assertion, which implies, that ships with circular sterns are considered to be the safest for scudding, we ask, how does it happen that the attention of our naval architects, who patronize this plan, has never been directed to flush-built vessels, a class which are, more than any other liable to accidents from being *pooped*? Yet these are the only vessels in his Majesty's service on which this experiment has not been tried. There can be no question, as far as strength goes, the square stern must yield to the circular: but there are other points equally as important, to be taken into consideration, more particularly as to the policy of their introduction. Subsequently to committing

these observations to paper, the following note appeared in the supplementary part of Admiral Ekins' elaborate work on "*Naval Battles*."

In allusion to a letter from Sir Robert Seppings to Lord Viscount Melville, on the advantage of circular sterns, the Admiral quaintly observes, that "Sir Robert has quoted the opinion of an eminent *French engineer*, Monsieur Charles Dupin, who is in great admiration of them. It may, therefore, be fair to quote (adds the Admiral) another Frenchman upon the same. "A captain in the French naval service, greatly distinguished for skill and gallantry in defending his frigate in a single action early in the revolutionary war, very lately, at Paris, on meeting with a British officer of rank and distinction, expressed his astonishment that *we* who had hitherto beat them, and chased and drove them over the seas in every direction, should be the *first* to teach them, by these new circular sterns, the *best mode* of *arming* their ships for *defence* in future."—(December 1823.) We are aware that, among some of the first officers in the service, a difference of opinion exists on the propriety of circular sterns being introduced in our navy; and that many who formerly derided them, have lately become converts in favour of their adoption. It is, however, to be hoped, that those shipwrights who have hitherto only turned their attention to increasing the strength of our ships' sterns, both in point of architecture and artillery, will now provide means to make their bows, as a battery equally as formidable.

COAST BLOCKADE.

"Smuggling, though a real offence, is owing to the laws themselves; for the higher the duties, the greater is the advantage, and, consequently, the temptation; which temptation is increased by the facility of perpetration, when the circumference that is guarded is of great extent, and the merchandise prohibited small in bulk."—*Beccaria*.

IN the present state of our excise laws and prohibitory duties, there is perhaps no part of our naval service which more demands the attention of the Government of the country, or is more an object of its interest, than the "Coast Blockade" for the prevention of smuggling, or that improved system of naval guard originating in the preventive service.

The system has been matured by degrees, and though acquiring instruction by repeated defeat, and strengthening the rigours of its discipline so as to meet every possible case of meditated fraud by fresh caution, increased watchfulness, and unabating exertion, it has been, and continues to be, we regret to say, too successfully opposed by the sagacity, skill, resolution, and daring intrepidity of the smugglers; more particularly on

our southern and eastern coast, where the difficulties are such as might induce less desperate men to conclude the chance of landing contraband goods was altogether hopeless.

The regulations of this service combine a system of both reward and punishment. A proportion of the goods taken being divided amongst the men, with the certainty of a better rating in cases of exemplary conduct and personal alacrity, proves a strong stimulus to the performance of their arduous duty. Superadded to the ordinary inducements to enter in this service, by one of its regulations, seamen in the enjoyment of pensions are entitled to retain those pensions after entering the "Coast Blockade," although, had these seamen, instead of entering this service, re-entered on board other men-of-war, the payment of their pensions would have ceased pending the period of renewed service.* Nor are the terrors of an inquisitorial system of discipline wanting, to enforce the due observance of the most rigid regulations.

The watch in day-time is stationed either on the margin of the tide, or on headlands commanding an extensive prospect; at night the men are extended along the coast within hail of each other, and invariably on

* In the case of sailors who have served on board ships of war re-entering for the "Coast Blockade" service, their time for entitling them to pensions, or their increase, if they already have pensions, goes on, and is calculated at the Navy-office in the same way as if they re-entered on board of any other king's ship.

the verge of the sea as it rises or falls. When on duty, all intercourse, or even ordinary communication, with either stranger or acquaintance, is strictly forbidden:— even when off duty, the men are interdicted from all communication with the neighbouring inhabitants, and more particularly from ever entering a public-house. No severity of weather is allowed as a pretext for seeking a temporary shelter, or retreating from the line of water-mark guard: a duty whose hardship is increased by the regulation that each man has six hours out and six hours in, twice in every twenty-four, besides other claims of duty on his time. A departure from any of these regulations is visited by degradation, discharge, or, in cases of flagrant breach of duty, transportation on board the frigate on the station, where the offence is punishable under the articles of war.

In this brief expression of a conviction, that the service is as well calculated as anything can be to effect, what most consider to be impossible, it is not to be inferred that we deem the “Coast Blockade” the legitimate occupation of naval officers; nor yet imagine it will ever, as some suppose, essentially serve as a nursery for seamen. To prove that it is not ever likely to be a popular service, amongst even naval men, we need only appeal to their general disinclination to the service, from an apprehension, that accepting an appointment in it may be a bar to their future employment afloat. That it will fail as a nursery for seamen may be inferred, as well from their being principally employ-

ed on shore, as from the fact that able seamen or petty officers of men-of-war rarely enter. The roll is thus filled for the most part (if by "Blue Jackets") by waisters from discharged crews, or, which is more frequent, by unskilled though hardy Irish landmen, whose estrangement from the sentiments, habits, and religion of those placed under their *surveillance*, seems to point them out as peculiarly adapted for a service, whose basis consists in an invidious watchfulness over others, and an hostile segregation from their fellow-men.

The spring-tide of knowledge and improvement has recently risen so much above the high-water mark of past ages, that the political theories on which we fondly bottomed our national prosperity, are hourly sweeping like sand from beneath our feet. This is an age of revolutions ; but they are happily effected by the winning influence of reason, and the bloodless effort of mind. The darling doctrines of monopolies in commerce, export bounties, and restrictive duties on importation, formerly the mounds of our maritime policy, are remorselessly levelled by an enlightened Legislature ; and the President of the "Board of Trade," at the moment we write, proposes a change in our navigation laws, which erst, even to have hinted at, would have produced his impeachment ; and, from the prevailing liberality of commercial men, there is no doubt the generous experiment will be fairly tried. The same authority has prophesied the inevitable downfall of contraband trade, by the intended removal of excessive import duties on

those articles which produce the greatest profit to the smuggler. Predictions emanating from such men not unfrequently surprise the public by the unexpected rapidity of their fulfilment.

Before the service, as well as the objections to it, become mere matter of history, we may be pardoned for attempting to describe the dangers incident to this service when on duty afloat, by what, we regret to say, is too authentic in most of its particulars to be denominated

A TALE.

It was late in the afternoon of a gloomy day in the latter part of November, when, in consequence of a signal made that a suspicious sail was seen off the coast, as if waiting for the flowing of the tide in the dark, Lieutenant —— had given orders to man his favourite galley, and proceed in quest of the stranger. The crew had been carefully, though to appearance hastily, selected from those inured to service, and bearing a character for intrepidity, some of whom had been the partners of an enterprise which was ever uppermost in his mind, when, amongst the first to board the American frigate *Chesapeake*, as a young midshipman, he was stretched on the deck by the stroke of a cutlass on the head. The strokesman of the boat, whose brawny arms had borne him on that memorable day to the cockpit of the *Shannon*, as soon as the Americans had deserted their deck,

and fled for safety below, as he now shipped the rudder, looked wistfully in the wind's eye. The glance was not unobserved ; but the lieutenant, apprehensive that it might be accompanied by some remonstrance (a liberty which *Jack* considered himself exclusively privileged to take,) quietly motioned him to go forward, in order to hoist the main-sail. The boat being shoved off the beach, after pitching twice in the surf, rose triumphantly over the third sea, which had now exhausted itself. In a moment the sail was hoisted ; she instantly gathered way, and stood-off in a lateral direction from the shore. The men seated themselves regularly on the thwarts, and the strokesman, after reeving the main-sheet through the fair-leader abaft, sat with it in his hand in such a position on the after-thwart, that, though his face was turned to windward, his eye would occasionally meet that of his commander. As the light-boat lay down to the wind, and became steady in her course towards the chase, the crew had time to look around them. The strokesman's eye was alternately turned from that part of the heavens, where he had vainly sought for any encouraging appearances amidst the portentous indications of a wild wintry sky, to the beach ; where, in a lonely romantic gorge, skirted with verdure and leafless underwood, between two gray beetling cliffs, was discovered the compact white-wooden station-house of the party, with its signal-post and miniature glacis descending almost to high-water mark. His look betrayed unusual emotion, in one of his years and service, pos-

sibly occasioned by the intrusive officiousness of the remembrance, that there were garnered up the source of his best affections—his wife and innocent little prattlers, whom, through some unaccountable presentiment, he foreboded he should never see more. A tear might have glazed the veteran's eye at the moment; for, as if unwilling to be longer a witness of the struggle between tenderness and duty, the lieutenant addressed him in a tone of evidently assumed ease, and inquired if the arm-chest had been kept dry? Receiving an answer in the affirmative, and having ascertained that each man had his cutlass beside him, he proceeded to examine the priming of his pistols, which he finally placed in his waistbelt, and wrapped himself in a cloak which had been spread for him in the stern-sheets abaft. Taking advantage of the first heavy swell, he rose in the boat to catch a glimpse of the strange sail in the offing, which was discovered broad on the lee-bow. Having directed the attention of the bowman to her position, both resumed their seats, and the lieutenant shaped his course so as to board her on the quarter. Not a word, as yet, had escaped the lips of any of his men, who sat cowering in a bending attitude, with elevated shoulders and arms crossed, fearful of changing the position of a limb, lest it should occasion any alteration in the boat's trim. Thus aided by every effort of art, and impelled by a light breeze, the galley soon gained rapidly on the chase; which, perceiving that the boat from the shore was evidently about to pursue her, bore round-up, making all

the sail she could carry before the wind. The bowman, just then looking under the foot of the lug, pronounced her to be a large lugger, which he had before seen on the station, under similarly suspicious circumstances. The lieutenant, putting up the helm, instantly edged into her wake, and followed precisely her track. A short period, however, sufficed to show that the chase, from the quantity of sail she was enabled to carry, had decidedly the advantage ; and the wind continuing to freshen as the tide set in, she rapidly distanced her pursuer. In half-an-hour she was hull down ; the haze of evening growing every moment thicker, she became almost imperceptible to the view. The men now involuntarily turned their eyes, which had hitherto been strained on the chase, to the stern of the galley ; the appeal was unnecessary—the lieutenant was already occupied in council with the coxswain ; his trusty favourite hesitated not to dissuade him, in terms respectful, yet decisive, from continuing so unequal a chase ; more particularly as there was no chance, in the dark, of communicating by signal, either with the shore or any cruizer which might be then off the station. A heavy swell had now set in from the same point in which the wind had continued all day. The sun had set with every indication of stormy weather ; a pale yellow streak of light over the land, partly reflected on the east, formed the only contrast to the general murky gloom of the horizon ; across which the gull, and other sea-fowl, hastily fled the approach of the gale, already indicated

by the swift drifting of the scud, which overtook them in their flight, and suddenly enveloped all in darkness, without the intervention of twilight. They had got so far to leeward, that to return with the lug was impossible. The sail had already been lowered, the mast struck, and the boat brought head to wind ; when the crew, shipping their oars, bent their broad shoulders to pull her through the heavy sea, which flung itself in sheets of spray over the bows, and drenched every man on board. It was soon found that oars were unavailing to contend against the force of a sea like this, in which it was scarcely possible so small and delicate a bark should live much longer. The waves were rolling from the main with aggravated violence, and the united strength of the men could barely keep her head to wind ; who, perceiving there was no longer the slightest prospect of making any progress, or the wind moderating, sullenly contented themselves with hanging on their oars. Apprehension soon put an end to all subordination. Remonstrances on the impossibility of successfully persevering in their present course, were now muttered by every seaman, except the coxswain, whose features betrayed, notwithstanding, no less anxiety than the rest. A heavy sea, which now struck the larboard bow, making, in consequence of its being impossible for the crew to keep the boat's head on, a rapid accumulation of water every minute, soon decided the reluctant lieutenant to run (though at the obvious hazard of her destruction) the boat ashore in the first situation which

might offer a chance of saving the lives of his brave companions. "Lay in your oars, my lads," cried he; "step the short mast—close-reef the storm-lug: we must run all hazards, and beach the galley under canvass." Whilst executing this order, the bowman sung out, "a sail close aboard, sir; if she don't keep her luff, she'll run us right down."—"Luff, luff!" exclaimed aloud every man in the boat. The lugger's course, however, remaining unaltered, there could be now no doubt that she had seen them first, and peceiving her to be a king's boat, her object was to run clean over the galley, by taking her right abeam. Destruction appeared inevitable in their helpless condition. A shriek of despair, mingled with execrations, succeeded as she neared the galley, when the lieutenant rose in the boat, levelled his pistol at the steersman, and fired: the hand which grasped the tiller relaxed its hold, and the miscreant his life. The lugger instantly broached-to, passing to the windward of the boat.—"Out oars, my lads," said the lieutenant, "we'll board the villains."—"Aye, aye, sir," exclaimed several voices, with an alacrity which might be taken for the surest earnest of meditated revenge. The oars were again manned, the boat in the mean time pitching bows under, and shipping green seas fore-and-aft. Before she had got way on her, two of the weather oars snapt short in the rowelocks, and her intention to board being suspected by the smuggler, she had no sooner paid-off, so as to get the wind again abaft the beam, than shaping a course edging in for the land,

she quickly dropped the galley astern. Having run so far to leeward in the former chase, no one was now able to decide on what part of the shore an attempt to land might be practicable : all was darkness around ; and although, from two or three flashes, discernible at an elevation considerably above the sea, and which appeared to be signals made from the heights to assist the desperate outlaws they had just encountered, there was no doubt they could be at no great distance from the land, still to follow her was to brave unseen dangers. The men were clamorous to hoist the lug and give chase ; a sentiment in which the unpresuming coxswain concurred, as he observed, " that capture or no capture, they were more likely to find a smooth by following the lugger, which clearly was herself making for the beach." A heavy lurch, which nearly swamped the boat, soon created unanimity. The lug was hoisted at all hazards, and the lieutenant putting the helm-up, she flew with inconceivable velocity in the lugger's wake, though not without imminent danger of being pooped by every successive sea. The roaring of the surf was now distinctly heard : and soon the whole scene was lighted-up by its luminous appearance. The bowman, alarmed, now vociferated, " Breakers-a-head !—hard-down, sir, hard-down !" Before the word was repeated she had entered the frightfully agitated element.—" Down with the sail, or we're lost !" exclaimed the crew.—" Hold-on ! hold-on everything !" cried the veteran, " 'tis our only chance to beach her." The surf now reared itself in

boiling masses higher than the mast, and as it fell, thundering on the shore, the wild din burst on the affrighted ears of the seamen like successive salvos of heavy artillery. An enormous sea, striking her on the quarter, swept her broadside to the surf, washing out the lieutenant, with one of the crew: and the next, bursting with wilder fury, turned her bottom-upwards, burying beneath her the seven unhappy seamen in one common grave.

JACK'S ECCENTRICITIES.

BRITISH BULL-DOGS.

To prove the sort of stuff our tars are made of has been well compared to the toughest of all materials—"heart of oak,"—it is only necessary to mention a well-attested anecdote of the conduct of the *Barfleur's* ship's company, on the occasion of Sir Robert Calder's declining to renew his engagement with Villeneuve. As soon as it was discernible that such was the intention of the Admiral, from the circumstance of the course of the British fleet continuing unchanged under easy sail, whilst Villeneuve "bore-up" in a contrary direction an unusual bustle was observable on the fore-castle of the *Barfleur*.

The risible muscles of her gallant commander (Sir George Martin) were destined to be put to the proof by the following address from the "chief-boatswain's mate," who now stood before him as spokesman of the crew, assembled aft in a body: "Please, sir, axes your pardon, but the 'ship's company' bid me say, they wished

as how you'd command o' the fleet, sir; 'kase, sir, it looks (hope no offence, sir,) as if the Admiral was inclined to tarn tail on the enemy—mean no harm, sir—but we're all on us old *Triumphs**—never did the like afore, and it's very hard for old hands to take to a new trade."

The smile, which had been excited by the comic manner in which this veteran deputation had opened its mission, had, before the conclusion of this honest appeal, yielded to an expression more of "sorrow than of anger." The captain was, as in duty bound, obliged, however, to suppress his feelings, and dismiss them with a slight rebuke.

THE NONDESCRIPT—A SEA BULL.

AN Irishman, who served on board a man-of-war in the capacity of a waister,† was selected by one of the officers to haul in a towline, of considerable length, that was towing over the tafferail,‡—After rowing-in forty or fifty fathoms, which had put his patience severely to

* Most of the *Barfleur's* ship's company were composed of the crew of the *Triumph*, which had distinguished herself in Duncan's gallant action, and Cornwallis's no less celebrated retreat.

† Landsmen.

‡ Pronounced taffel.

proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, "By my soul, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow!"—"it's a good week's work for any five in the ship!"—"bad luck to the arm or leg, it'll lave me at last!"—"what! more of it yet!—och, murder! the sa's mighty deep, to be sure!" When, after continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labour, he stopped suddenly short, and addressing the officer of the watch, exclaimed, "Bad manners to me, sir, if I don't think somebody's *cut off the other end of it!*"

DOUBLE-DEALING.

THE tenets of Methodism were introduced, for the first time, about the middle of the French revolutionary war, on board of a ninety-eight gun-ship, to the family of *Neptune*.

The principal preacher was an officer of distinguished merit in the service, and certainly on the "*first of June*" proved himself, if possible, more of a seaman than a saint.

He, however, conceived that, as a corollary to his own conversion, it became his duty, as long as he had any control over people in this world, to prepare them for the next, and therefore not only established on board religious "preparatory schools," but also distributed to

the ship's company a variety of tracts and pious "experiences." Several, from interested motives, affected to be converted; sang psalms* and spiritual songs with vociferous piety; sported the language of Canaan as their vernacular; were enrolled as class-brothers, and band-brothers, and acted so admirably the part of "*Cantwell*," as to have procured from the spiritual patron many promises and engagements—which were never kept, owing, perhaps, to the difficulties which the Admiral (notwithstanding the high opinion entertained of the solvency of the Bank of faith) would have had to encounter, in discharging claims at once so pressing and multifarious.

This system, however, of unblushing cant and hypocrisy continued for a considerable period, until the Ad-

* Possibly the officer here alluded to might have formed his practice upon a precedent as old as the period of Cromwell and good Queen Bess. An elegant and ingenious writer says, "Psalms were practised by the Puritans in the reign of Elizabeth; for Shakspeare notices the Puritan of his day singing psalms to hornpipes, and more particularly during the Protectorate of Cromwell, on the same plan of accommodating them to popular tunes and jigs, which one of them said 'were too good for the devil.' Psalms were now sung at Lord Mayors' dinners and city feasts; soldiers sang them on their march and at parade; and few houses, which had windows fronting the streets, but had their evening psalms; for a story has come down to us, to record that the hypocritical brotherhood did not always care to sing, unless they were heard!"

miral's flag was struck, when all doubts were set aside as to the deception being mutual. Scarcely had he shoved off from the ship in his barge, before the principal creditor of the aforesaid bank, and loudest songster in this floating Zion, whose zeal had been so often applauded, and piety pointed out as a pattern to less presuming converts by his patron, jumped down on the lower-deck, exclaiming aloud, "D—n the psalm-singing old son of a b—! there he goes,—bl—t him! I *did* think to've sung him out of a 'gunner's warrant,' but it wou'dn't gee!"

NO-WAY NICE ; OR, NAUTICAL NUPTIALS.

"There swims no goose so gray, but, soon or late,
"She finds some honest gander for her mate."

POPE.

Sailors are generally supposed to be the most straightforward people in the world ; though, perhaps, in either shaping a petition or soliciting a personal favour, there are no set of men who resort to such round-about means to accomplish their purpose.

A seaman, whose ship was on the point of sailing from Spithead, was extremely solicitous to obtain permission to go on shore, for the purpose of leading to the altar one of the chaste syrens of *Sallyport*.

Jack, during the time the ship's company were at

dinner, was seen dodging about the decks, "backing and filling," for a favourable opportunity to make his simple appeal to the sterner feelings of the first lieutenant. He at length, however, appeared to have "screwed-up his courage to the sticking place," and made an effort to go aft, with a countenance strongly indicating a conviction of the hopelessness of such an application, on the point of sailing; or, which is the more probable, from a latent qualm of conscience, as to the real propriety of his indulging further the plan he had so eagerly and innocently projected, to insure his happiness for life.

In his approach to the lieutenant, he bore more the appearance of a criminal leading out to execution, than of an anxious bridegroom on the eve of the consummation of all his eager wishes. But he felt it was now too late to retract, so he proceeded to open the business, with an awkward inflection of the body, and a twist of his shoulders, as a token of profound respect.

As yet a word had not escaped him, and it appeared still problematical whether, without encouragement, his timidity would not compel him to carry his secret with him to the grave.

His head hung down, and, except that now and then he stole an anxious furtive glance at the lieutenant, to help him out at guessing how the "wind lay," his eyes were intently fixed on the buckle of his hat-band, which he alternately twiddled with the fore-finger and thumb of both hands, whilst, in a suppliant tone, he hesitatingly began, "Please, sir, I've a bit of a favour to ax."

—"Well, my man, what is it?" replied the lieutenant.

—"I know," rejoined *Jack*, "it's more almost nor a man can expect:—ship under orders for sea—single anchor—and the likes of that 'ere, sir: though, to be sure, it's only once in a way—perhaps never have to ax the sim'lar again. Just—grant permission, i' you please, sir,"—alternately shifting his legs as he jerked out his words; when the lieutenant, betraying a little impatience, pettishly exclaimed, "Well, why the d—l don't you say what you want?"—"Once give the word, sir," says *Jack*—"soon clinch the concern!"—"Concern!" ejaculated the lieutenant, "why, what concerns you now?"—"Axes your pardon, sir—nothing more nor to settle a small matter 'twixt *Sal* and myself—give you my word, sir—won't break my liberty—be off to my time, sir—'sides the-e-e girl, you see, sir—"—"The girl be d—d!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "you don't mean to say, you want to be spliced to that bare-faced hussey that was aboard?"—"Yes, i' you please, sir; the strands are unlaid."—"Unlaid!" said the lieutenant; "you deserve to have the cat laid on your back for being such an infernal fool. Can you offer," continued he, in a somewhat more pacified tone, "the least plausible reason for even *thinking* of marrying so common a strumpet?"—"Yes, sir," said *Jack*, replying more properly than hitherto, and with an air of self-satisfaction, indicating hopes of carrying conviction as well as his point, "yes, sir; 'kase whenever the

ship comes into port, and *she's aboard of another, I can always shove alongside and claim her as my own !*"

SYNONYMOUS TERMS.

By way of inducing our tars to volunteer for the late Algerine expedition, Government granted them a liberal bounty, equivalent to two months' pay, which was officially termed by the Admiralty "*gratuitous money.*" The application of this phrase, however, unintentionally by *Jack*, was *razéed* into one perhaps equally as apt, for whenever the pay clerks visited the ships at Sheerness, for the purpose of distributing this boon, the general cry among the crews was, "Way aft there, boys, for your *gratitude* money." Every officer imagined there was more *vraisemblance* in the term applied by *Jack* than by his master.

SWINDLING THE SHARKS ; OR, JACK A LEG.

THE habits of a sailor are so totally at variance with those of a landsman, that in most instances he not only imagines he must pay more dearly for his enjoyments than others, but thinks himself lucky if, in the first jovial night's cruize ashore, he happens to baffle the Phi-

listines and Amazons, and even reserves for himself a single shot in the locker.

An unsuspecting tar of this complexion was observed a short time since, at two p. m., reeling out of one of the unhallowed purlieus of Drury Lane. He had no sooner brought up in smooth water, than, choosing a snug birth, as he supposed out of observation, between two buttresses of the piazza, he began overhauling his traps, first turning out the pockets of his trowsers; both were alike empty, which induced him to turn his quid, and ruminate for a moment. His 'bacco-box, and jacket, and waist-coat pockets underwent a similarly fruitless survey; the very lining of his hat was rummaged—still no effects! Here one might have read in his rueful countenance the full conviction that he was hard-up on a lee shore, and breakers a-head. As a last hope, he proceeded doubtfully to unknöt the black Barcelona from around his neck, which he shook carelessly between finger and thumb, until he discovered a flimsy **Five** fall on the kirb-stone.

Poor Jeffry, the sailor, when left by his captain to starve on a desolate island, never felt more lively joy at perceiving a vessel bear-up to his rescue, than did our hardy tar at discovering those well-known white figures on a black ground, which announced it to be a genuine *Henry Hase* for FIVE POUNDS. Delight brightened every feature, and his past despondency appeared to be succeeded by comparative content, notwithstanding that it was but a few hours since he had ten times the sum; so, thrusting it in his 'bacco-box, from which he took a

refresher, he slapped his thigh exultingly, and muttered to himself, with a good humoured laugh, "D—n the lubberly pirates ! I've done 'em-for once."

LOST AND FOUND.*

WHILST the *Active* was employed in the last war up the Mediterranean, an officer was sent on board a merchantman upon the disagreeable duty of impressment. The seaman selected, dexterously enough, pleaded his incapacity to serve in a man-of-war. Resorting to railery in the first instance, he endeavoured, as sailors say, to come "cripple-gate" over the lieutenant, and thus opened his fire :—" I suppose you'll get me a ' cook's-warrant ' if I enter ? What else is a fellow, without the use of both arms, fit for ?—Soon glad to get rid o' me, I guess." The lieutenant, as alive to his motives as himself, disdained all parley, and ordered at once his bed and baggage into the boat. *Jack* now solemnly declaring he was a "cripple from his cradle, and that both captain and mate could sartify the same, being unable to lift his hand to his head, much more go aloft ; moreover, he was an American born."

* This anecdote has, in part, previously appeared in print.—Being then furnished by the author, he feels justified in introducing it here as original.

In the lieutenant's mind, his logic was less sound than his arm—so shipped he was. Upon examination by the surgeon, the lieutenant's opinion was corroborated : still the arm pronounced to be sound hung motionless by his side, though the captain (the present Sir James Gordon) often, in a tone of jocularly so peculiarly his own, and so winning in a superior, reminded him of his good luck to falling-in with a ship whose surgeon was so particularly skilful in fishing sprung spars. No amendment was however observable.

The *Active* continued two years on the Mediterranean station, and though subjected to a secret and strict watch, both night and day, J—'s faithful arm never betrayed the slightest muscular motion. Being suspected to be an excellent seaman, he was plied with every inducement and argument to desist from an unprofitable and unavailing imposture. He still appealed to his helplessness as a full title to his discharge, and though appointed to the most degrading duties, as sweeper and scavenger, his infirmity continued inflexible to the last.

In an engagement with an enemy's squadron, his captain had stationed him on the quarter-deck so as to be under his own eye. During the heat of the action he never lost sight of his darling object, preserving the most perfect presence of mind, recollecting that if he had "one hand for the king, the other was for himself;" for though fighting like a lion, it was observed that one arm only was employed at the gun-tackle-fall. His gallant commander, now falling, severely wounded ; that

important secret, which neither artifice, encouragement, threats, disgrace, nor even the din of battle could induce him to reveal, the generous feeling of humane concern for his esteemed commander's misfortune, betrayed in a moment. The honest tar, completely off his guard, was the first to pick up his mangled officer in *both* his arms. The grand discovery was first made by Sir James, who, though deprived of a limb, with admirable coolness, observed,—“Well, my boy, if I've lost a leg, I'm glad to see you've found an arm.” As the reader will anticipate, he soon proved one of the best seaman of a “crack-crew,” and was ultimately promoted for his exemplary conduct.

LITERÆ SCRIPTÆ; OR, “FORCED-MEAT BALLS.”

THAT neither the eccentricities nor spirit of the profession is confined to the *Jacks*, but is sometimes partaken in an eminent degree by their officers, may be strikingly elucidated by an anecdote, which, in its detail, furnishes alternately food for mirth and admiration.

A noble officer, who had rendered himself, by his peevish and oppressive spirit, deservedly unpopular in the Navy, experienced, upon one occasion, the mortification of receiving from his lieutenant a refusal to be present at the usual routine dinner given to officers by their noble captain.

His lordship being highly incensed, called upon the lieutenant for an explanation of the answer to the steward's invitation ; who, as is usual, had presented the captain's compliments, stating his lordship would be glad of his company to dinner ; to which the lieutenant had replied—" My compliments to the captain, I shall be *glad* of no such thing."

To a personal intimation from his lordship, that he should consider it a contempt, the lieutenant bluntly replied,—“ Does your lordship intend to make it a point of service ? ”—“ I do, sir.”—“ Well, then, before I comply, I must have a written order.”—“ That you shall, sir ! ” said his lordship ; and descending into his cabin, and sending for his clerk, the order, after mature deliberation, as to its official form and tenor, was at length concocted by their joint labours.

The lieutenant of course appeared in his place at dinner time ; and contrary to the expectation of all, not only concealed his mortification, but assumed a more than ordinary proportion of complaisance and cordiality to his inferiors ; studiously avoiding, as far as in him lay, all greeting or communication with his commander, who now began to experience the pains of the fiend in Eden, in witnessing a scene of hilarity, which was not only unwonted at his table, but from which, it was obvious, he was intended to be excluded. The evening, however, stole apace ; the customary pint had been swallowed, in despite of the captain's dissatisfaction, who, notwithstanding the decanters were empty, gave

no intimation to the attendant to replenish them. This never-failing signal for parting company (though perfectly understood) was not repeated, as was expected, by the lieutenant; who, according to custom, should have intimated it was time to retire. A short interval sufficed with this spirited officer to form his determination. He rose—rang the bell—the steward appeared, and looked to the captain for his commands; the lieutenant interposed, reiterating, “More wine! more wine!” Such an assumption of authority in his own cabin was not to be borne. The indignant captain rose to put an end at once to this state of anarchy, and unequivocally signified it was his will and pleasure to be alone. The lieutenant, without rising from his seat, addressed him with perfect *sang-froid*—“My lord, I am here on this service in consequence of a written order, and am resolved (though I came here against the grain) not to leave it without another.” This request was also acceded to; but will any one imagine the invitation was ever again repeated?

GLORY; OR, GLAUBER SALTS.

IN the early part of the French revolutionary war, the captain of the *Artois*, then on the Channel station, being indisposed, had applied for advice to his surgeon; who, as in almost all cases of temporary ailment c

board, where repletion and a full habit is more to be dreaded than exhaustion of the system, had ordered him to take a dose of that homely medicine, which, in those days, supplied the place of the unexplored chemical ingredients of our fashionable Seidlitz—namely, “Glauber Salts.” The draught had been swallowed by day-light, and Sir Edmund N—— turned into his cot to enjoy a short slumber, till he should be roused by the violence of the peristaltic storm within. He had nearly composed himself, “eight-bells” having struck, when the officer of the watch hastily entered the cabin, to acquaint him that a French frigate,* of imposing force, had just hove in sight through the haze of the morning. “Then, d—n it,” cried the invalid, jumping out of his cot upon the deck, “this is no time for ——, let’s prepare for fighting.” His finger in his throat soon relieved him from all apprehension of meeting any natural impediment to the performance of his duty, during a hard-fought engagement which followed. It is almost unnecessary to add, that the rough valour of the veteran was crowned with the success it merited—the frigate became his prize.

MATRIMONIAL MOTIVES.

How differently well-informed men of the same profession think upon the same subject, may be collected

* La Révolutionnaire.

from the contrasted conduct of two officers already alluded to under the name of "Naval Authors." Taking a given fixed point from which to calculate their aberration—Matrimony, for instance : one will be discovered, when surrounded by want, danger, and difficulties, solacing himself with a tartar for a wife, whom, on returning to England, he is obliged to send to school to acquire the mere rudiments of education ; whilst his brother officer boldly makes a formal communication to a certain high quarter, that unless a ship is given him, he will be under the necessity of getting a wife. Both may have read *Malthus* ; yet, how differently do they argue from the same premises. The one gets married as if to equip himself for a life of hardship and enterprise : the other assigns his despair of being again called into active service, as the motive of laying up in matrimonial ordinary the rest of his days. It may be truly said, that like the quarters of the globe these intelligent travellers have lately visited, their incentives to matrimony are as opposite as east to west.

NAVAL GUNNERY.

THE Admiralty has, with a laudable zeal for the interest of the navy, recommended to our officers, ever since the last American war awakened us to the expediency of the suggestion, a close attention of the exercise of the seamen at the great guns* and small arms. The exer-

* Even this practice is not sufficiently adhered to, and is but too often neglected on one pretence or another. The anecdote subjoined may serve as a specimen of the zeal which actuates some of our modern Commanders, or peace-nutured warriors, in inculcating the important principles of gunnery on the minds of those mechanics and grass-combers who, in this day, occupy the places of our once long-tailed and far-famed tars :

A certain commander on the Mediterranean station in the year 1823, was at length persuaded, by sheer dint of perseverance on the part of his first lieutenant, a zealous and experienced officer, to exercise the ship's company at the guns. After witnessing, for some time, with impatience, the many mistakes committed by the majority of his crew, the captain flying in a passion, without being able to discover that their ignorance was alone the result of his own unpardonable neglect, suddenly exclaimed, "*Secure the guns!*"—" *What's the use of it?*"—

aise, too, has been, in some respects, improved ; still there is a vast field open as respects the ordnance department, if it were only to correct the errors of the "olden time." It is not always a good answer to projects of improvement, that Rodney, Howe, and Nelson fought on the old system. As far as humanity is concerned, we have to regret that, in the general improvement of art, that of war certainly keeps pace, if not outstrips the rest ; and whilst invention is so fertile, it must be of importance that should at least improve the means we possess in common with the marine of other countries. In the first instance, then, it is necessary, in order to give effect to the recommendation of the Admiralty to the full extent, that the men should not only be exercised at the guns in the ordinary way, but also by firing at a mark. For this service the ordnance has not made an adequate provision, in allowing the requisite expenditure of powder and shot to insure a proficiency on the part of the sailors in this essential. Another source of complaint is, that the Board has constantly refused to adopt or permit any experimental improvements to be tried, even when recommended by experienced officers. To applications made during the last war with America, except in the case of two or three favourites at the Board, for "sights" to the guns, the only reply vouchsafed was, that "it was not according to the regulation." "D—n the fellows, they don't *even* know how to fire !" The order was instantly obeyed, and the guns once more put on the "peace establishment."

lation of the service, and could not be complied with." This innuendo, which, to an officer of no private fortune, was equivalent to a prohibition, luckily, for the honour of both the service and the British flag, had no effect on that spirited commander, Sir Philip Broke, all of whose guns on board the *Shannon* were sighted on his own responsibility. This officer, who is perhaps the best practical naval gunner in the service, not content with this advantage, had arranged the whole ship's battery by such an admirable adjustment, that he had only to call out the number on what (by his system) is termed the "quadrant" of the gun, to ensure every shot on the same deck being thrown on the same level; though, from the sheer of the ship, this never could have been accomplished, had he not previously elevated or cut down the carriage of his guns by means of a "spirit-level."*

* There is still a field open for considerable improvement in this important particular, though in some ships it would be attended with almost insuperable difficulty. An instance will suffice: in that beautiful frigate the *Madagascar*, so great was her sheer that it was impossible, standing at the cabin-door on the main-deck, to see more than the trucks of the bow-gun. Without skill and caution on the part of the men stationed at the gun, the shot from it would go over the forecastle of an enemy's frigate (possessing less sheer,) whilst the guns amidships would naturally throw their shot many feet lower.

Some of our ships have obtained, *since the peace*, "Congreve's sights" to half their guns. An entire set of sights on the imperfect *hinge* principle were, we believe, first allowed to the *Liffy*, the Honourable Captain Duncan.

Strange, however, as it may appear, the Ordnance at that day failed to introduce this improvement, and neglected to secure the advantages promulgated in a concise but able little pamphlet, published about this time by that scientific officer, Captain Peechell, of his majesty's ship *St. Domingo*.

In closing these remarks it is only necessary to add one suggestion, namely, that it is highly expedient for the interest of the service that the men should, in addition to being practised in the manual of the guns, be induced to attain excellence in firing at a mark, by holding out rewards to the most expert, consisting of a premium,* in each lieutenant's quarters, to the best marksman during each six months' practice: an expense which could not exceed, at the rate of five pounds to each division, forty pounds annually to a whole frigate. If this premium were also made payable, by the production of the captain's certificate to the "clerk of the cheque," on coming into port, it would not fail to render the practice at a mark a more than a holiday recreation, and prove a strong stimulus to the attainment of excellence in this important particular.

* It is said, Captain Broke actually awarded premiums out of his own private purse to the best marksmen in the *Shannon*.

END OF VOL. I.

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THE NAVAL SKETCH-BOOK.

CHEERING IN ACTION.

A DIFFERENCE of opinion has existed, amongst intelligent officers of the navy, upon the subject of the propriety of this practice; and, though it may not be difficult to determine on which side the balance of authority preponderates, still the dissentients are so respectable, individually, and many of them so competent to form an opinion on this, or on any other professional subject, that objections are well deserving of an answer. It has been objected, that the practice produces confusion and want of steadiness on board, and may often prevent the word of command from being distinctly heard. Any, or all of these are, however, more than compensated in the excitement and animation produced on the men's minds by the cheering shout of their companions in arms. It operates as an incentive to valour and enterprise; it being always understood, that the parties thus cheering are at that moment doing their utmost, or preparing to show others a daring example. Hence it may be argued, that it would be a hazardous experiment to attempt to

repress a practice, which, on a variety of occasions, has been found more efficacious than any harangue, however eloquent, on the part of a commander. The practice, it should be recollected, is of a long standing in the service ; and, in matters not essential, a violation of even that which well-informed men would term a prejudice, may prove anything but a safe experiment.

The war with revolutionary France was opened by a severe action between Captain Pellew (Lord Exmouth,) in *La Nymphé*, with *La Cléopâtre*, in which our sailors gave three cheers* on coming alongside, which was answered in the same way by the French : this mutual defiance to the foe, and encouragement to their respective crews, probably tended to render the action so severe, which, however, was won by dexterous manœuvring. A curious circumstance is related of the *Colossus*, at the battle of Trafalgar, in which she suffered so severely. In the heat of the action, one of the hen-coops being shot away on the poop, a cock flew on the shoulder of Captain Morris, then severely wounded ; and, as if his pugnacious spirit had been roused by the furious conflict he witnessed, flapped his wings and crowed lustily in that situation, to the no small encouragement of the seamen : who, determining not to be outdone by the gallant little biped, swore he was true game, and giving him three

* In the very heat of the battle of Trafalgar, the crews of the *Neptune* and *Conqueror* were cheering each other from the fore-castle and poop of both ships.

cheers, continued the engagement with redoubled alacrity. - But the most decided proof of its utility may be deduced from the case of the *Phœnix*, Captain Baker, and the *Didon*—decidedly the severest single action ever fought. The French captain assured Captain Baker, when taken on board the *Phœnix*, that the cheers of the British sailors (which, by-the-bye, frequently took place when the *Phœnix* was in situations the most critical) did him more prejudice, and contributed more to his defeat, than the effect of their destructive fire. But the habit is not confined to cases of engagement. In situations of danger, or when extraordinary exertions are required, recourse is always had to cheering, or rather rallying the men; even on common occasions, such as “rousing-up cables,” “furling sails,” and particularly “heaving at the capstern,” the custom has prevailed; though in better disciplined vessels it is endeavoured to be discountenanced in these latter instances, as occasions unworthy of so strong a demonstration of anxiety or excitement. In the case of the *Meander*, when in distress, making seven feet water an hour, the captain ordered minute guns to be fired, more from the effect each report of the guns had on the crew, in promoting an instantaneous cheer from the men at the pumps, than probability of their being able to attract notice or assistance—it blowing so hard a gale of wind. In this critical situation, the *chaplain* of the ship, seeing the effect cheering had upon the crew, stripped, and frequently in turn took a spell at the pumps: less actuated by an expectation

of being able to render any important service in the preservation of the ship, than from perceiving the encouraging effect it produced on the men. Whenever he laid into the winches, he was greeted by a cheer and a hearty "hurrah, lads, now let's *sweat* the parson." A fastidious simpleton might have been alarmed for his dignity, and, by retreating from the profanation, forgot that his first duty and highest honour was that of a saver of souls.

There certainly are occasions in which a sound discretion may be exercised in this respect. It appears to be a generally-admitted principle, that cheering before going into action is far from desirable. Sir George Martin, when the crew of the *Barfleur*, in Sir Robert Calder's action, would have cheered the *Hero* on the latter passing the former to lead the line of battle a-head, dissuaded them, saying, "No, my lads, no cheering yet: let's wait till it's over:" a caution prompted, doubtless, by the unaccountable delay observable in bringing the enemy to action* on that occasion. A splendid excep-

* An unnecessary delay was not only observable in the conduct of the British admiral, but his mode of approaching the enemy was very unlike that of a naval tactician. The enemy's fleets were first discovered broad on the lee-bow, on the opposite tack; and, instead of the admiral carrying on a press of sail by the wind, to either cut through their line or gain the weather-gage, the fleet was kept two points free, each ship with her main-sail up, and top-gallant sails "lowered on the cap," solely for the purpose of allowing the *Dragon* (which ship

tion to the rule attempted to be established here, occurs in the glorious instance of the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*, in which not a sound preceded the discharge of the *Shannon's* guns, which were fired in succession into the American's ports as he ranged up alongside of his opponent, after "rounding to" within pistol range upon the weather quarter of the latter. In this fight it was deemed, perhaps, expedient by Sir P. Broke, that profound silence should prevail, so as to ensure a strict compliance with his directions, as he depended as much on his superior tactics as on the bravery of his crew. This action was anything but an obstinate engagement, and the victory may be attributed to the superior gunnery, and the admirable state of preparation in which that officer kept his ship. It forms, therefore, no exception to the general inference, that in all cases of danger or difficulty, especially when the effects of temporary depression of spirit or ardour are to be apprehended, the practice is invigorating and salutary.

had the look-out on the lee-quarter, and was the fastest sailer in the fleet) to join with greater facility. By this delay, in thus waiting for *one* ship, the British admiral not only gave the enemy the advantage of gaining the wind of him, but of commencing the action late in the evening, which, under cover of an occasional fog, was the most desirable occurrence that could have possibly taken place for the enemy.

ROYAL MARINES.

Per mare et terram.

THE corps of Royal Marines have always constituted an important arm of our naval force. Their value, however, was never fully appreciated until the last war, when it became necessary, in consequence of the shyness of the enemy's vessels, as well as from the frequency of combined operations by sea and land, to invade their harbours, and attack not only the shipping under the protection of their forts, but to storm the batteries themselves.* In these services they deported themselves with so much zeal and steady valour, that a generous rivalry between them and the sailors jointly employed on such expeditions, awakened the latter to a just sense of their merits, and extinguished happily that

* Even so far back as the year 1705, the, till then deemed impregnable, fortress of Gibraltar was taken almost by a *coup de main*, by Sir George Rooke and the Prince of Hesse, with a small force, consisting of some seamen and marines of the fleet: an acquisition which was then considered undeserving the thanks of Parliament—*tempora mutantur!*

feeling of discontent, almost approaching to contempt, with which they had previously, no doubt from the comparative inactivity of that service, been regarded by men whose cheerful and undaunted intrepidity had justly rendered them the idol of their country, and the object of reluctant admiration to other nations.

The coast of Spain, during the peninsular war; that of North America, where they acted in battalion; and, above all, though precedently in point of time, the gallant defence of Anholt,* have entitled this branch of the service to grateful recollection.

Their obvious utility for operations, either by land or sea, has at length overcome the scruples of those patriots, in and out of Parliament, whose jealousy never fails to rouse itself into invective at the mention of a red-coat; and they are, despite of their cloth, now considered a portion of that which is emphatically denominated the constitutional force of the country. The late improvements made in the corps have extended even to their uniform; and for soldier-like appearance they are not inferior to any troops in the service. Singular as it may appear, taking their confined situation into consideration, they now rank amongst the best drilled corps. The practice of the broad-sword exerciset† has been introduced on

* By Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens, of the Marines, under Captain Maurice, R. N.

† A singular document is in the possession of the author. In consequence of drilling the crew of one of his Majesty's ships to the broad-sword exercise, the edges of the cutlasses had been

board many ships, most of the serjeants being expert in the use of that weapon. Nor should it be unnoticed that a decided preference, as to general availability, may safely be given to a military body comprising exclusively with these advantages another, which must often be of the last importance—regular instruction and acquaintance with the management of great guns.

Though few instances of the kind, perhaps, have occurred on board large vessels since the peace, yet the marines have, not unfrequently, volunteered on board our smaller ships of war to “furl the courses,” and constantly go aloft, though contrary to regulation. And yet we are told by a writer in the eighty-first number of the “*Edinburgh Review*,” page 174, that “when on board

jagged, as might naturally be expected. On the cutlasses being returned into store, the then Board of Ordnance considered the subject as one which deserved their interference; and without entering into the merits of the case, despatched the captain a letter, officially reprimanding him for his negligence in permitting these weapons to be thus abused. Had they required any explanation beyond that which common experience would have suggested, the officer might have acquainted the Board, that, being then on the coast of America, with whose government this country was at war, and well knowing nothing gave sailors so much confidence in boarding as the knowledge of the use of the broad-sword, he had caused his crew to be regularly exercised by the serjeant of marines, being in hourly expectation of an engagement with an enemy’s cruiser. This is not the only remonstrance of the kind; several captains have been similarly favoured.

ship, they" (the marines) "have no other *exclusive* duty to perform than to keep *impressed men* in obedience." Doubtless the marines, particularly the privates, would be *too* happy, to find this a fact.— "Sailors," continues the writer, "can easily be trained to *all* the duties of soldiers; but soldiers, sent on board ship for the purpose of *keeping* the sailors in obedience, cannot mix with them, and therefore never learn the duty of sailors." The ignorance this writer betrays on this subject is really deplorable. In this first place, the very reverse of this reviewer's statement happens to be the fact; for, instead of "sailors being easily trained to do all the duty of soldiers," they invariably so detest and despise the manual of a musket, that they actually consider excellence in a soldier's drill derogatory to the character of a sailor; whilst on the contrary, a marine is prouder of excelling in the duties of a seaman than of a soldier. It is true, that the brigades of seamen embodied to act with our troops in America, as well as in the north coast of Spain, contrived to "*ship a bagnet*" on a pinch, and to "*tee*" (for that was the phrase) "a tolerable line;" but, had the reviewer *reviewed* our tars in the field instead of *on paper*, he would have discovered, that the various evolutions of "forming four deep," "changing the front," or advancing in (as they termed it) "*shove along*" (escheleon), were particularly perplexing to sailors, though quite *au fait* to mount guns in a battery, or serve them with effect, as at Walcheren, and under Sir Sidney Smith at Acre.

Perhaps, to render a service so useful and eligible, as nearly as possible perfect, it would only be necessary to admit them, when abroad, within the improved regulation, suggested under the head of "Discipline," relative to their pay. During war, too, it might, with little inconvenience, certainly with great advantage to the service, be contrived that marines should not be suffered to continue on board, without relief, for two or three years together: a practice which, in a corps calculated alike for land and sea service, deprives them often of opportunities of keeping pace with their comrades on shore in the daily improving system of drill and military tactics.

If there were yet a doubt remaining as to the policy of always keeping up the marines on a liberal establishment, it might be sufficient to urge that, from its being necessary they should be inured to the sea, they are a force which cannot be suddenly created so as to be effective; that in harbour, when there are no other hands, they prepare every ship, on being commissioned, for the reception of a crew; and, what is still of greater importance, both as regards the discipline and safety of vessels of war, in every instance of insubordination or mutiny in our crews, the firmest reliance has been most properly placed on the well-known fidelity of this brave, though comparatively inconsiderable part of the ship's company. In such a crisis, every officer must be keenly sensible of the vital importance and inestimable value of a few loyal and courageous hearts. Though severely tried, their courage and loyalty has remained proof

against temptation and peril ; and, like the high-minded chevalier, they may, without ostentation, assume the motto, "*Sans peur et sans reproche.*"*

* It is rather remarkable that, amongst the aspirants of this improving and enlightened period, the *Press* is rarely, though sometimes, indebted to a corps so peculiarly favoured with leisure and opportunity for literary avocations. One exception exists in the case of an intelligent officer already alluded to, whose works are not professional.—We had nearly omitted to mention the name of Lieutenant Alexander Gillespie, who has written a very interesting History of the Marines up to the Peace of Amiens.

DISCIPLINE.

IN addressing the officers of his Majesty's Navy on a subject of such delicacy as that of the discipline indispensable on board a ship of war, it might have been expedient to have anticipated the possible imputation of presumption on the part of the writer, by some attempt at exculpation, had he been a younger officer or less constantly engaged in active service. Counsel loses much of its offensive quality, when it is discovered to be the slow growth of years, or patient application. So far the writer feels he has a just claim to indulgence, since he can assure the profession, with the strictest truth, that the subjoined observations are founded on long experience in the service, and the result of unremitting attention to the peculiar disposition and marked characteristics of British seamen.

The printed instructions issued by the Admiralty form an admirable code of marine law *per se*, and have very properly defined and circumscribed the duty of a naval officer on almost all important occasions; but still, as there is a wide field left open to the discretion of the officer in command, it were deeply to be regretted, if, in some cases, either irritability, or possibly a want of thorough

acquaintance with the true character of our sailors, should induce commanders to exercise this discretion in a manner never contemplated by the Board, or prejudicial to the interests of the "Service." Happily for the condition of seamen, officers who rise by service and merit, pass, most commonly, so many years in anxious expectation of command, that the mere procrastination has, at least, one beneficial effect—that of checking any inclination to abuse their authority ; and the penalty of a long probation is more than repaid by advantages derived from a more intimate acquaintance with the genuine character and real worth (there may be, and are, individual exceptions) of our honest unassuming countrymen afloat.

There can be but one opinion as to the first requisite in an officer for maintaining a high state of discipline on board—indisputably, firmness of character and conduct occupies that rank : as nothing can supply its place, so it never can be injurious, while tempered by moderation and regulated by discretion. The next in order, and almost equal in value, is self-possession, under which, in the comprehensiveness of the term, may be presumed to be included that inestimable quality temper :* without

* To exemplify the value of temper in a commander we refer with pleasure to the conduct of Sir James A. Gordon, the hero of the *Potomach*, who in the intricate ascent of that river, in the face of an active, intelligent foe, encountered and surmounted the greatest difficulties in warping up his squadron some hundred miles ; during which he was constantly obliged to take out his guns, whilst several ships grounded beneath the enemy's bat-

this it is vain to expect either dignified deportment or consistency of conduct in a Commander, or respect for his character in the seaman. For this reason, even reprehension should be conveyed in language at once firm and becoming, and, except in cases of heinous enormity, no punishment should ensue immediately on the commission of an offence or the omission of duty, lest the offender should attribute it to a vindictive feeling rather than a desire of correcting offences against the discipline of the service. An indulgence, therefore, in passion, under circumstances of disappointment, mistake, or mishap, should be rigidly repressed, which, whilst the paroxysm lasts, tends to the debasement of those who are its objects, and robs its subject of either reflection or the free exercise of the native faculties of the mind.

That officers themselves are not exempted from the disagreeable consequences of their superiors indulging, in fits of anger, may be strongly instanced in the case of

teries. The capitulation of *Alexandria* followed, by which it was agreed that the very merchant-ships which had been sunk to prevent capture, were, to the astonishment of the enemy, raised by him, reladen with their cargoes, and surrendered by capitulation as "prizes of war." The whole of this important service, though imputed by this amiable and modest officer to the zeal and gallantry of those under his orders, is known to be with more justice attributable to the calm steadiness and patient example of their commander.

a captain deceased,* who presumed to tell his lieutenant, whilst on duty, that he would put him in irons—a threat which, he must have known, as well as every sailor who heard him, he durst not put into execution.

Doubtless a most essential requisite to the preservation of discipline, is a strict adherence to any engagement entered into with the seamen: a commander must religiously keep his word with his men, if he means to be respected. This rule is more particularly applicable with respect to threats of future punishment, whether conditional or absolute. The threat should, in the latter case, be always put into execution at its proper season; and in the former, it should be a rule that, in all cases, where the condition is violated, the threatened punishment should be inflicted.

In every case of a man's being brought up for punishment, the slightest indication of passion should be avoided, and the offender thus impressed with the wholesome conviction that his suffering is a necessary consequence of his offence, abstracted from all private animosity or prejudice. The moment the painful duty is ended, no inclination should be shown to keep the recollection of it alive by any ill-timed comment, or intimation (which unfortunately, is too much the habit, with many, in other respects, very judicious officers,) that in addition to his punishment the delinquent is set down in

* *Bounty* Bligh, when in command of the *Warrior*, seventy-four.

the captain's private list. The tendency of such an intimation is to make men reckless of the future, and regardless of character, which they, with a good deal of reason, imagine is irrecoverably lost the moment their name is enrolled in writing on that hateful memorial, emphatically denominated by sailors the "*Black List*." No unprofitable task in the way of black-list duty should ever be imposed. It is in the recollection of many, that captains have compelled seamen on this list to brighten the "breeches of the guns," the "belaying-pins," the ring-bolts in the deck, and even a two-and-thirty-pound shot, tasks which the sailor must himself perceive were useless and absurd.*

Instead of such a misapplication of time and labour, which happily is on the decline, but without any established substitute, why are they not apportioned extra exercises at their guns, or in various evolutions aloft—occupations which would be sufficient to punish or restrain minor offenders, whilst they tended directly to improve their state of discipline.

With respect to indulgences to seamen, we are aware that a difference of opinion prevails amongst commanders in our Navy: we shall for the present content ourselves with merely observing that they appear to be capable of

* These and similarly vexatious practices, as they begin to be discontinued in our Navy, have been taken up and adopted by commanders of American vessels of war, more particularly in the "crack ships" on the Mediterranean station.

being rendered eminently conducive to the interest of the service, by promoting, in generous and active spirits, a higher motive to an exemplary performance of duty, than the dread of punishment.

Generally speaking, an anxiety to consult the comforts of the seamen* should form a prominent feature in the character of every officer who hopes to attain a high state of discipline in his crew : care should be taken to time things well : and it should be a rule, that the men ought never to be unnecessarily disturbed at their

* In the variety of opinions which prevail with respect to the payment of our seamen on foreign stations, it is worthy of observation, the American navy consider the practice neither injurious nor impolitic, "*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*" If a ship continue abroad three, seven, or even twelve years, as in the case of the *Centurion*, in India, the crew is not paid till her return. The consequence is, that those married men, who have not the forethought to provide by "allotments" for the maintenance of their families at home, waste their pay in taking up slops ; which, though costly in price as contrasted with their value, are notoriously unserviceable, and not at all calculated to add to the respectability of a sailor's appearance. The only part of his slops which he pays for without repining, is his tobacco. So much does *Jack* abhor a purser's shirt and jacket, that for any one to be seen in them but a "waister," was, all last war, considered a fair subject of banter and reproach. It is true, that within these few years the quality of slops has been somewhat improved ; but might it not be an advantageous regulation to have, besides the ordinary quality, a better sort ? so that, to parody a common expression, *Jack* might cut his cloth according to his purse.

meals,* than which nothing is more annoying to a seaman.

Finally, to dismiss this very interesting subject with that which, though last in order, is not least as to its importance, it should be a standing regulation on board ships of war, that irons should seldom, if ever, be used, except for cases of serious crime. During the war, it was almost universally the case, that men were "clapped into irons" for the most trifling offences; and even in cases where the commander must have been aware, from the character of the offence, that severer punishment would be necessary, the offender, though at sea, where escape was impossible, has been constantly put in irons.† Nothing can be more injudicious than such treatment; first, because the disgrace of being flogged before the ship's company is no trifling aggravation of the corporal punishment itself, whenever such punishment takes place; and next, where no such punishment ensues, the ship is deprived of the man's services pending a confinement, for which an apportionment of extra duty might be substituted, with the best effect both on the sailor and the service. A man of any spirit will naturally brood over and repine at the unnecessary disgrace thus inflicted for trifling offences. The injurious consequences of resorting to irons in the latter case may

* *Meals*.—This is always strictly attended to in well-regulated ships.

† Such a practice might be justified in harbour, as necessary to prevent the chance of the offender's escape.

be most aptly exemplified by referring to numerous well-known instances, where a string of men, whose offences having been trifling, have been exhibited, each bolted by the leg on the half-deck, or other most exposed part of the ship, whilst visitors from the shore have been conducted round the vessel by their own officers. A sailor must be made of stone not to feel most keenly such ill-timed degradation. The sentiment is not confined to the prisoner: an inference is drawn by the visitant (without at all being apprized of the cause of this severity) most discreditable to the character of the seamen and respectability of the service. Thus the injury is twofold; at once inflicting on the sailor unnecessary degradation and pain, whilst it serves the malignant purposes of malcontents on shore, to calumniate the character of that constitutional force, which has hitherto been, and will ever continue, the natural bulwark of these sea-girt isles.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

AMIDST all the daring and dangerous charlatanism of the day, and that ever-anxious appetite for change, which seems to rage in certain bosoms at home, in proportion to the commendation bestowed by foreigners, and the envy displayed by our enemies towards our excellent institutions, there is none which is more insidious, or ought to be more dreaded, than the proposal to abrogate the practice of inflicting corporal punishment in the navy. It is insidious, because its advocates are well aware that it is only necessary to describe, with but a little exaggeration, the sort of punishment found indispensable to restrain excess or correct insubordination amongst the stern and stubborn spirits aboard our men-of-war, to awaken the most lively sympathy in those, who, from their ignorance of the service, and of the difficulty of preserving a high state of discipline aboard, never can be qualified to assume the office of umpire, in a question which must involve the gravest considerations, or possibly decide our existence as a nation. It is to be dreaded, because the agitation of the subject, as a stock question* for the display of the talents of parliamentary

* Perhaps the able and manly speech of Sir George Cockburn

pigmies every session, cannot fail to produce dissatisfaction in the breasts of all seamen whom it reaches ; whilst the boldest reformer dares not hazard a recommendation of any specific system as a substitute for the present, to which they must admit the existing admirable discipline of our navy is altogether attributable.

To decide the question, it is essential that the natural dispositions, as well as acquired habits of our sailors, should not be lost sight of in the argument. The materials of which our navy are formed are, like granite, principally valuable for their hard, rough, and lasting wear-and-tear quality. Were our sailors formed of less stern stuff, the empire of the ocean were no longer ours. The hardy mode of life, the daring resolution and coarse manners of the lower orders of our island population, particularly in the natives of the sea-coast, are as essential to the composition of a good sailor, as the heedless indifference to the future, and extravagant mirth and jollity exhibited on occasions of relaxation, are requisite to recompense him for his many severe privations. These invaluable ingredients are not without their alloy, which requires, though it cannot be altogether abstracted without changing the sterling character of the seamen, to be restrained by greater strictness, and more prompt severity in enforcing the attentive performance of duty.

It should also be recollected, that though men of a

last session, in reply to Mr. Hume, may be the means of giving this threadbare subject a respite.

better moral character and better disciplined may be selected during the "piping times of peace," when "the blast of war blows in our ears" the Admiralty is not wont to be so nice; and the very best disciplined ships, to the regret and dread of every officer who has a respect for his ship's company, are fain to recruit their crews from the hulks* and jails of the kingdom. The influx of such a tide of corruption must overwhelm all discipline, were not the mounds of authority strongly reinforced by increased vigilance and severity.

* In a note on the subject of impressment, the following extract from a letter, dated from on board the *Princess Royal*, then with the Channel fleet off Brest, appears in Admiral Ekin's late publication.—"I am upwards," says the writer, "of seventy men short of complement; and I was obliged to take sixty *convicts* to fill up the number I have."—In another place the admiral informs us, that upon fifty of them (*convicts*) being sent on board the *Bellona*, of seventy-four guns, they were immediately called together before the captain on the quarter-deck: who in few words addressed them upon their change of situation, on their former habits, and upon the necessity of a strict attention to a correct and moral behaviour, obedience to their officers, and the laws of their country; adding, with regard to the unhappy circumstances under which they had been brought there, he should begin with them as men without fault, at the same time assuring them, that should any of them during their continuance with him be guilty of an offence, or in any instance violate the laws and orders so indispensable to be enforced, he should feel it incumbent on him to inflict double the measure of punishment upon the culprit in that case that he

When these considerations are duly weighed, it is impossible not to draw the inference, that the discipline of our vessels of war, nay, the maintenance of our naval superiority, depends on the present strict regulations with respect to duty, and a due conviction on the minds of the sailors of their liability to severe corporal punishment for offences of a more aggravated nature. The principle, it would appear, pervades the whole navy; for whilst the duty of the seamen is thus peremptorily enforced, the officers are, though rarely, in situations which may recommend them to reward or encouragement in the performance of duty, continually exposed to censure, suspension, and degradation, either by their commander and superior officer, or the Admiralty, for every neglect or offence against the discipline of the service. "The articles of war" are equally imperative on the officer, mariner, or soldier, who may each be considered separate links in the chain of subordination; and here we must previously, and once for all, denounce the inference of the sentimentalist and reformist in discipline, that merely pointing out cases of abuse of the

should upon others not so circumstanced."—"This declaration," says the Admiral, "had so good an effect, that but one of them received punishment in a course of four years." We will ask with confidence as to the answer that should be given? Will any man of experience in the profession, or indeed of plain common sense, contend, that such a desirable result would have followed without the dread certainty that the cat was suspended merely by a hair over their heads?

power of corporal coercion, or punishment, is to be taken as a decisive argument against investing a commander with the power of inflicting either. It is the height of unfairness to confound in any argument, and more particularly in this instance, the use with the abuse. A vessel of war should rather be considered as, *per se*, a small monarchical state, which, for its safety, passes many restrictive laws, to every violation of which some sort of punishment is assigned; whilst it rarely or ever apports a reward to the most exemplary performance of the duties of a good citizen. In this respect, however, a distinction is to be drawn in favour of the existing regulations on board a ship of war, where a strict attention to duty is sure to procure a man a higher rating, or greater indulgence. Notwithstanding all that has been urged by senators and landmen on this subject, it is very remarkable, that the sailors, though themselves the parties concerned, never have for a moment imagined that discipline could be maintained without corporal punishment; as may be inferred from their total silence on this subject, when drawing up a list of those grievances they were anxious should be redressed by the Board of Admiralty, the House of Commons, and the King himself; which will be found by a reference to these petitions;* nor can it be argued that there were any grounds for being delicate as to introducing this amongst the list of grievances, at a time when they were

* For petitions see page 44.

in a state of open mutiny, having cast off their allegiance, and threatened the lives of their officers, both at the Nore and Spithead. Another remarkable feature of this period, in confirmation of the above observation, was, that though they displaced their officers, and abolished all their authority, they still felt it necessary to maintain the discipline of the service on board, in the same way as they had been accustomed to see it preserved under the old *régime*; and during the period of the mutiny, there were repeated instances of severer corporal punishment on board the two fleets,* than would have taken place for similar offences under the then existing regulations, severe as it must be acknowledged those regulations comparatively were. If, then, it were not, in the days of comparative severity, a source of complaint with men in a state of mutiny, it is certainly fair to infer it cannot be any cause of disaffection to the service at the present day; particularly when it is taken into consideration, that the most strict and positive regulations have been introduced by the Admiralty on the subject, requiring from every commander a quarterly authenticated return of all punishments inflicted on board his ship, specifying the nature of the offence, as well as the extent of punishment inflicted. How far this must operate as a check on any unnecessary severity may be inferred, not only from officers being certain of being called to account for either the ex-

* Fleets at Spithead and the Nore.

cess or the frequency of corporal punishment on board, but from the salutary admonition given to the whole service, in the case of a Commander, who, in consequence of the Admiralty having instituted an inquiry into his return of punishments whilst on the Mediterranean station, was, a short time since, actually superseded.

It will be found that almost every one of the cases of unnecessarily severe punishment alluded to by Mr. Hume, or other *soi-disant* friends of seamen, are of a date anterior to this regulation by the Admiralty for restricting the extent and frequency of corporal punishments. Whilst these parliamentary reformists, who know nothing of the matter, would persuade us that corporal punishment might be dispensed with altogether, professional men in "the house," with at least equally humane motives at heart, have only stated the effect of experiment in instances where the "*cat*" was disused for nearly two years. This, it may fairly be said, is not a case in point; still the dread of punishment hung over the men, who knew they were in every case of serious offence liable to its infliction. But no man can safely infer that, were corporal punishment no longer a part of the military code, discipline would exist for a single day; or that, if flogging formed no longer a part of the corrective system, the *ultimum supplicium*, or "yard arm," would not be much more frequently than at present in requisition: a result equally to be dreaded by every humane civilian, as by every friend to the service.

Beccaria says, with truth, "men commonly look on the punishment due to a great crime as remote and impossible. The public punishment, therefore, of small crimes will make a greater impression, and, by deterring men from the smaller, will effectually prevent the greater."

It has been argued, "that no seaman or marine should be punished without a regular sentence of a court-martial, and not on the spur of the moment, and at the caprice of an officer."* *In limine* it is necessary to observe, that no seaman or marine is liable to punishment at the caprice of an officer, because he must be, previously to punishment, brought distinctly under one or more articles of war, in the face of the whole crew, when "turned-up" for the occasion. So much of truth is there in this disgraceful insinuation! But, if the sailors are to be considered at all judges in their own case, it has been always found they were rather disposed to undergo summary punishment, even before the present restrictive regulations,† than appeal from the sentence of the commander to a court-martial; and this, because he is well aware that, in all cases, the sentence of a court-martial is incalculably more severe than it is in an officer's power to pronounce. As, for instance, in case of deser-

* Vide Mr. Hume's speech in parliamentary reports on this subject.

† These regulations have been in existence upwards of fifteen years.

tion from the ship, a sailor would not receive perhaps above three dozen lashes, certainly not above four, if punished by his captain's order ; whereas, if tried by a court-martial, he would, most probably, be sentenced to three or five hundred lashes round the fleet. Hence, too, the marines, though a military body, prefer serving on board to being in barracks, because the punishments are lighter in proportion.

The next substitute proposed by these clumsy manufacturers of their self-created popularity is, solitary confinement on board. Considering the compact dimensions of a ship of war, and her occupation throughout by a busy, noisy, joyous population, solitary confinement, as adopted in prison discipline, would be impossible, and the use of the term must strike every seaman as an insult to common sense. There is neither room on board for the erection of separate little cells below, however humane and amiable the Utopian idea ; nor, if there were, would it be possible to realize the imagined horrors of solitude in these little wooden recesses, which must always be pervious to the ceaseless hum, the merry laugh, the joke, the banter, and a hundred other distracting sounds produced by his volatile and restless companions above and around him. But admitting that a ship, both could, and ought, to be constructed after the manner of the solitary cells of a penitentiary, whose solid arches and stone fabric exclude all communication, light or sound, (thus rendering the horrors of solitude something more than a mere chi-

mera ;) still it may be asked, would the practice of sending men for only two or three days into solitary confinement be compatible with the safety of the ship? What is to become of a ship in situations of danger, on a lee-shore, in squally weather, or going into action, if several of her ablest hands are in a species of confinement, which, to have its due effect, must on no account be interrupted. For if the confinement be interrupted, its effect is diminished if not altogether counteracted; and if the men are ever confined together in any number, conversation, and even amusement, will soon chase away either *ennui* or regret.

Another substitute has been proposed for corporal punishment, consisting of a written scale of demerits and offences, termed emphatically by the sailor, from his hatred of it, the *black-list*. Here the remedy is generally too slow in arresting the progress of offence or insubordination; and men are too generally prone, particularly sailors, when they see justice, with limping pace, hobbling after them for weeks or months, to calculate on impunity, either through the natural disinclination of an officer to punish where there are many equally guilty, or the daring presumption in a sailor, so prevalent during periods of activity, that, either through accident or in fight, his glass will be run out before his cup is full. After all, this is the worst of substitutes, as it resolves itself finally into corporal punishment or solitary confinement; for otherwise it would be worse than useless to keep a "black-list," which is sure to

make men desert or run, if they once discover the captain to be ambitious of cutting others out as a disciplinarian, or anxious to strike when the balance is against them. As for tying logs to men's legs, or, except for infamous offences, making them wear symbols of degradation (as some officers, in their amiable zeal for the morals of their ship's crews, have adopted,) these expedients must, like the fool's-cap amongst infants, prove little better than a mockery and source of merriment to their fellows and themselves; in the same way as a Greenwich pensioner will be observed to stump about the mall as jocose and contented in a yellow jacket, though a badge of disgrace, as in the hospital uniform, *maugre* the mirth of his companions. An enlightened and eloquent writer observes that, "if we declare those actions infamous which are in themselves indifferent, we lessen the infamy of those which are really infamous. The punishment of infamy should not be too frequent, for the power of opinion grows weaker by repetition; nor should it be inflicted on a number of persons at the same time,* for the infamy of many, resolves itself into the infamy of none."

In addition to the arguments already adduced, we would point the attention of those who would, in this respect, arrogate to themselves all the philanthropy of the country, to the effects produced on the discipline of the French navy by a milder system of punishments,

* It has been often the practise on board men-of-war to put all *mauvais sujets* into one "mess" on the main deck.

and ask them, would they, as the friends of the service, or the lovers of their country, for a moment endure that our safety, our liberty, our national honour, should be entrusted to the protection of a navy, the best of whose vessels of war can hardly boast as much discipline as an English privateer? Let them even contrast and weigh well the important results obtained by our military discipline with the insubordination, insolence, and disregard of the lives of their companions in the hour of danger, shown by the merchant-service of our country. Let them place a ship of war in the midst of the Atlantic, and suppose the accident which lately occurred on board the *Kent* East-Indiaman should befall her, (a service, by the bye, very similar to that of the royal navy, except as respects the strictness of its discipline); will any man imagine that the crew would not have displayed more collected coolness, more nerve, more devotion, and less terror in attempting to subdue the devouring element, and to save themselves and their companions from destruction, by every method which human ingenuity could devise, or human energy and unrepining toil could tend to render effectual towards the common preservation? But, let them draw the parallel more closely, for the sake of instruction and conviction, and say, had their attempts been unavailing, and had a sail bore down to their succour, would it be possible that part of the crew of any king's-ship, however inured to scenes of destruction, and the waste of life incident to war, could have so conducted themselves as to lose sight of everything but their own personal safety, and

be only induced to snatch some of their companions from an enemy more dreaded than the deep, by the curses and imprecations of their timely preservers,* and the threat, that they should never be taken on board unless they made an effort to save those to whom at parting they had given, as it were, a dying pledge of their return at every risk ? With confidence it may be assert-

* In a published "Narrative of the Loss of the *Kent*," the following passage appears : "Immediate preparations were made to get out the boat ; but some of the crew, uninfluenced by those humane feelings which generally characterize British seamen, manifested a disposition to cut them down and provide for their own safety at the expense of their companions in distress ; nor did they desist from the attempt, until several of the military officers drew their swords, and threatened to kill the first man who should act contrary to orders." Captain Cook, of the *Cambria*, also says, in his letter to the agents at Lloyd's (after extolling the conduct of the Cornish miners who were passengers on board of his brig,) "It would be pleasing, could I speak as highly of the crew of the *Kent* ; but I cannot refrain from expressing my great disappointment at their conduct (in which I am borne out by Captain Cobb,) derogatory in every respect to the generally received character of a British seaman, by refusing to return to the *Kent* for the people after the first trip ; and requiring my utmost exertions and determination to *compel* them to renew their endeavours to get out the soldiers, passengers, and the remainder of their own shipmates who were left behind : and it was only by using *coercive* measures, in conjunction with my own crew and passengers, and telling them I would not receive them on board unless they did so, that they proceeded, though reluctantly, to their duty."

ed, that such could never be the result of a similar accident on board a ship of war. The mere circumstance of her high state of discipline—a discipline fostered, matured, and maintained by the present system of reward and punishment—must render such a deplorable result impossible. To that discipline, then, it may be said, that the British navy owes its prompt humanity in the salvation of human life: to that discipline, it may be said, she owes her dreadful pre-eminence in its destruction—attributes for which at least their countrymen may be grateful, whilst they regret that even the best civil, moral, and political institutions partake of the characteristic imperfection of their founders.

MUTINEERS' PETITION referred to above.

(*Petition.*)—"To the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, &c."

"My Lords :

"We, the seamen of his majesty's navy, take the liberty of addressing your lordships in humble petition, showing the many hardships and oppressions we have laboured under for many years; and which we hope your lordships will redress as soon as possible. We flatter ourselves, that your lordships, together with the nation in general, will acknowledge our worth and good services, both in the American war as well as in the present; for which good services, your lordships'

petitioners do unanimously agree in opinion, that their worth to the nation, and laborious industry in defence of their country, deserve some better encouragement than that we meet with at present, or from any we have experienced. We, your petitioners, do not boast of our good services for any other purpose than that of putting you and the nation in mind of the respect due to us : nor do we ever intend to deviate from our former character. So far from anything of that kind, that we should endure double the hardships we have hitherto experienced, before we would suffer the crown of England to be the least imposed upon by that of any power in the world. We therefore beg leave to inform your lordships of the grievances which we at present labour under ; not doubting, but that your lordships will comply with our desire, and take the same into early consideration.

“ The first grievance we have to complain of is, that our wages are too low, and ought to be raised ; that we might the better support our wives and families in a manner comfortable ; and whom we are in duty bound to support, as far as our wages will allow ; and which, we trust, will be looked into by your lordships and the Honourable the House of Commons, &c. &c.

“ Secondly—That our provisions be raised to the weight of sixteen ounces to the pound, and of better quality, &c. &c.

“ Thirdly—Your petitioners request that your lordships will be pleased to observe, there should be no flour served while in harbour, in any port whatever under the

British flag : and also that there be granted sufficient supply of vegetables, of such kind as may be the most plentiful in the ports to which we go ; and which we grievously labour under the want of.

“ Fourthly—That your lordships will be pleased seriously to look into the state of the sick on board his Majesty’s ships, that they may be better attended to.

“ Fifthly—That if any man is wounded in action, his pay be continued until he is cured and discharged.

“ Sixthly—That we may be looked upon as a number of men standing in defence of our country, and that we may in some wise have grant and opportunity to taste the sweets of liberty, on shore, when in harbour, and after having completed the duty of our ship after our return from sea. And that no man may encroach on this liberty, there shall be a boundary fixed ; and those trespassing, without a written order from the captain, or commanding officers, shall be *punished according to the rules of the navy*.* This is a natural request, and congenial to the heart of man ; and still more so to us, who you boast of being the guardians of the land.

“ It is also unanimously agreed by the fleet, that from this day no grievances shall be received ; in order to convince the nation at large, we know when to cease to ask as well as to begin.”

“ Given on board the *Queen Charlotte*, by the Delegates of the Fleet at Spithead, this 18th day of April, 1797.”

* We particularly direct this passage to the *soi-disant* friends of seamen.

This petition was succeeded by another to the House of Commons, in the following temperate tone :—

“ To the Right Honourable and Honourable the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses, in Parliament assembled.

“ The humble petition of the seamen and marines on board of his Majesty’s ships, in behalf of themselves, humbly sheweth,

“ That your petitioners, relying on the candour and justice of your honourable house, make bold to lay their grievances before you,; hoping that, when you reflect on them, you will please to give redress, as far as your wisdoms shall deem necessary.

“ We beg leave to remind your august assembly, that the act of parliament passed in the reign of King Charles the Second, wherein the wages of all seamen serving on board his Majesty’s fleet was settled, passed at a time when the necessaries of life, and ‘slops’ of every denomination, were at least thirty per cent. cheaper than at the present time ; and which enabled seamen and marines to provide better for their families, than we can now do with one half advance.

“ We therefore request, that your honourable house will be so kind as to revise the act before mentioned, and make such amendment therein as may enable your petitioners and families to live in the same comfortable manner as seamen and marines did at that time.

“ We profess ourselves as loyal to our Sovereign,

and as zealous in the defence of our country, as the army or militia can be ; and esteem ourselves equally entitled to his Majesty's munificence. Therefore, with jealousy we behold their pay augmented, and their out-pay of Chelsea Hospital increased to thirteen pounds per annum ; while we remain neglected, and the out-pensioners of Greenwich have only seven pounds per annum.

“ We your petitioners, therefore, humbly implore that you would take their case into consideration, and, with your accustomed goodness and liberality, comply with the prayer of this petition ; and your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c.”

THE little narrative which follows, will perhaps explain, more strikingly than any didactic paper, the sentiments generally prevalent amongst our sailors with respect to punishments on board ship, though conveyed in the homely phrase of a GALLEY STORY. It enters into a humorous detail of considerations, which, however minute, or unsuitable to the style of a serious essay, will be found often to operate most forcibly on the simple minds of our honest tars.

A GALLEY STORY.

"D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of a ship;
And with her brave the world, without off'ring to flinch."

SEA SONGS.

"I TELLS you what a-tis—as often I told you afore;
what you loses on *one* tack, you gains on the t'other. Over-
haul both sides o' the business—tarn it just 'end for
end;' and in spite o' your shore-going, know-nothing
growlers, you'll find—a man-o'-war's berth's not so bad
after all.

"You may talk o' the hardships of pressing—your
man-hunting—and the likes of such lubberly prate; but
if there's never no ent'ring, how the h—ll can you help
it?—Men-o'-war must be mann'd, as well as your mar-
chanmen—marchanmen must have their regular con-
voys; for if they havn't, you know, then there's a stop-
per-over-all upon trade:—so take the concern how you
will—'by or large'—there's not a 'King's Bencher'
among you can mend it. Bear up for Blackwall—ship
aboard of an Ingee-man, and see how you will be
badgered about, by a set o' your boheaing-hysun-mun-
dungo-built beggars! Get hurt in their sarvice—lose a

finger or fin by the chime of a cask in the hold—or fall from aloft, and fracture your pate—then see where's your pension or 'smart.' I'm none o' your arguficators—none o' your long-winded lawyers, like Paddy Quin the sweeper, or Collins the 'captain o' the head;' but d—n it, you know, there's never no working to wind'ard of truth.

"There's not a chap in the barky—no, not a fellow afloat in the fleet, has felt more o' the roughs and the smooths o' the sarvice nor I. I was prest—desarted—and desarvedly punished;—and here I am, 'happy-go-lucky,' and as hearty as ever. 'Tisn't often I spins you a yarn; but, just to set you to rights, I'll give you a twist; so here's heave with the winch.

"Well, you must first of all know, it's exactly—let's see—exactly thirteen years, come the third of November, since first I was prest by the Wengance's cutter. The ship was fitting at Spithead—aye, and a snug little barky she was. There wasn't a faster seventy-four in the sarvice; she was just like a frigate in a fleet, and kept always to wind'ard on the Admiral's beam, 'kase there was never no keeping her astarn in her station. The captain was one o' your thoro'-bred tars, aye, and a sailor's friend to the mast. He'd an eye like a hawk. He never went out o' the ship he didn't see *something* amiss—either a to'-sail-sheet, a stay-sail halliard not properly taut, or a yard not square by the lifts. He led the boatswain the devil's own life—and welt he desarved it; for, d—n the fellow, he was the only bad-un

aboard. He was the rummest-looking chap you ever sot eye on. Though he stood on his pins like the figure of five capsized, he nevertheless was as taunt as a topmast. There was his head, too, all of a hoo—chin topping to port—a thorough-put in his starboard eye—and his mouth all awry from ‘clue to ear-ring.’

“Well, howsomever, as soon as, I may say, I was shipped—(as I took both helm and lead) I was put on the folk’sel at once.

“Soon after we sailed for the Baltic, and as I bevelled it aboard very well with all hands,—and moreover a somet-of-a-sort of a fancy-man with the first leaftenant—I was clapt in the barge—aye, and, I takes it, had oft’ner the slinging of the captain’s cot nor his coxen.

“Well, you know,—for more nor five nor six months, everything was going on as gay as a goose in a gutter—when, coming back to Spithead from a cruize—who should come off to the ship but the postman, fetching me a lubberly letter from home, what fixes my fate. For, you see, the very dientical day that I gets it—as the barge, under charge of a bit of a boy, went to wait for the captain at Sally-port steps (the devil coming into my head,) no sooner she grazes the ground, than out I jumps, slap in the surf, and hard-up for the back o’ the point.

“Well, there was the younker, singing out like a soger, and cracking on everything ’low-and-aloft to come up with the chase—when I drops him astarn—whips in a wherry, and over in a jiffy to Gossey.*

* *Gossey*—Gosport.

" Well, the first thing (in course) I does, was to make for old Moses' slop-shop, and search for a suit of shore-going togs.—There I was, overhauling rig after rig, just as fickle as a flaw on the sarfis ; till I fixes at last on a white linen shirt, with a flying-jib frill, and ' throat-seazeing' complete—a pair of gaff-to'sail boots, and taut fitting breeks—a black long-tailed coat, towing over my taffel with a sky-scraper cape—and one o' your flush-built waistcoats, with hanging ports on the pockets—when docking my tail, and dowsing my whiskers close by the board—I powders my pate, and claps ðn a broad-brimm'd chopper clean over all.

" Well, as soon as I was reg'larly a taunto—everything taut fore-and-aft, and yards squared with Moses (for you see I'd a Newland for ten in the letter)—I just takes a bit of an overhaul squint in the glass ; then glancing at Moses, who was looking out as sharp as a shovel-nose shark for a Guineaman,—' Moses,' says I, ' I'm d—d, by the cut o' my jib but I'll pass for a parson !—Tip us your daddle,' says I,—' never say die—and scud like a mugen, and book us a berth in the mail.'—

" Well, off he flies—aye, as fast as if the d—I was in his wake with a ' double piece of pork,' and clinches a place in a crack.—Thinks I to myself, this is running the rig—it'll gee very well if it doesn't get wind in the barracks—for you see, just at that time the sogers were looking out sharp for their ' stragglin' money.'—Howsomever, you know, as the coach didn't weigh until

eight—there I was, brought up in Moses' coal-hole, just like a collier in the "Lower-Hope,"* waiting for the turn o' the tide.—Well, at last I weighs, with Moses as pilot—when, after 'backing and filling,' and boxing about every lane, what led to the coach, we comes alongside her just as she claps on her canvass.—Ye hoye, there, coachee,' says I, 'what! d—n your eyes, forget your freight?' (for you see I was 'shaking a cloth in the wind')—'Is that your respect for the church?' says I.—'Come down from aloft and let me aboard,' says I, 'or I'll break every lubberly bone in your body.'—Well, the words was scarce out o' my mouth, when, just as I was stepping in the cabin o' the coach, what the d—l does I feel but a grip by the scruff o' the neck.—There I was, all-a-back;—boned, by the lord, by the Master-'t-arms, and a man-hunting party o' Marines.—Moses, you know, was off like a shot; and, as I couldn't make play in my togs, or palaver any o' the passengers to lend me a fist, in course I'd to strike to the party.

"Well, away went the coach—coachee cracking his whip and his joke at a fellow's misfortun. But, d—n it, the worst was to come, for being taken aback in the coach was a trifle to being taken aboard in the clargy-man's rig. No sooner, next morn, you know, nor I comes alongside in the cutter, but there was a regular

* One of the lower Reaches in the river, where merchantmen frequently wait, when the wind is foul, the turn of the tide.

spree fore-and-aft :—‘ Who’ve we *here* ?’ says the first leaftennant—(clapping on one o’ your half-and-half-laughs and purser’s grins, as he stood on the gangway, looking down in the boat)—‘ What !’ says he :—‘ d—n it a methody parson ?’—‘ send a hauling-line down for the lubber.’—Going on after that sort o’ fashion, and keeping up a frolicksome fire on a fellow, what was a d—d sight more galling, you know, nor a regular raking.

“ Well, howsomever, to shorten the matter ; after I comes up, as down in the mouth as a midshipman’s dough-boy, I was clapt into limbo, togs and all, as I stood till the skipper comes off after dinner. There he was (as soon as I came aft, and brought up afore him), trying to stopper a smile on his mug and to clap on a gravedigger’s grin ; when, at last says he, coming for’ard to face me,—‘ Well, my man,’ says he, ‘ what ’ave you to say for yourself ?’—‘ Nothing,’ says I, ‘ sir.’—‘ No ?’ says he ; ‘ indeed, you are the last man in the ship I thought would have run. Howsomever,’ says he, ‘ I am sorry it happens to be *you*, kase, as I must make a sample of some-un, the only course I can take is to try you by a regular court-martial.’—‘ I hope not, sir,’ says I ; ‘ rather you’d punish me aboard, i’ you please.’—Howsomever, you know, there was never no use in palavering, for his mind was made up ; and he was as good as his word, for, as he never broke it with no man, by the return o’ post I was ordered for trial.

“ Well, you know, just as I was rigged, and ready for the ’fray the morn o’ the trial, and taking a bit of a

squint out o' the after-gunroom-port, off goes a gun 'board the *Billy*,* as the bell strikes eight. Thinks I to myself, 'come what will, Mr. Sam, they can't say you havn't made a bit of a noise in the world;' for, you see, 'twas the *Billy* repeating the court-martial signal aboard the *Gladiator* in the harbour.

"There was—'man the pinnace,' and send me aboard her, just like a lord o' the land, with the second leaftennant, a midshipman, the master-'t-arms, three jolly marines, with belts and bagnets shipped, two sitting aside in the starn-sheets abaft, and one in the bow facing aft, just like a figure-head shipped the wrong way.

"Well, as soon as I gets aboard the *Gladiator*, with her *Jack* at the peak,† only waiting for the members to muster, I was clapt under charge of a chap as they calls the proviky-martial.‡

"There was 'the devil to pay, and no pitch hot!'—piping the side for the skippers, and the guard presenting arms to them as fast as they came off in their barges. I never seed so many swabs§ on a deck in my day.

"Howsomever, as the bell strikes two,|| down they dives, to take their stations at the court-martial table in the cabin. Well, as soon as they was ready to open their

* *Royal William*—the flag-ship at Spithead.

† A union-jack flying at the peak is the signal for a court-martial sitting.

‡ Provost-martial.

§ Swabs (epaulets.)

| Two bells—nine o'clock. NAVAL ANOMALY.

fire, they rings a bell, when in I comes, under reg'lar convoy of two-armed craft (for there was a royal, with a bagnet in his fist on my larboard beam,) and the provi-ky-martial, rigged-out in a cocked-head athwart ship, with a sword drawn over his shoulder, stuck on my starboard, as stiff as a midshipman.

"The commodore* o' the court was moored at the top o' the table, the rest o' the skippers facing each other in two regular lines, in order o' battle; and a little lawyer-looking chap, with a face like a bladder hauled over a wig-block, as büsy as a devil in a gale o' wind, overhauling a parcel o' papers, below at the bottom.

"Well, as soon as this rum-looking fellow in black (the judge of advice,* as they called him) was ready to lay down the law,—up the whole on 'em gets, Bible in-hand, and tarns-to to swear (muttering together like a parcel of methody parsons,) to sarve out justice alike, both to man and to messmate.

"There was the skipper,† standing in the commodore's wake (for as he was the parsecutor, you see, he'd to reg'larly stand to what he said;) and nobly the poor fellow behaved, for never a question he asked more of a witness nor was necessary to clinch the concarn. Well, you know, as I was going to leeward as fast as a hay-stack afloat, I takes the advice of one o' the captains, and axes no more o' your traverse-sailings‡ questions; for,

* President.

† Judge-advocate

‡ "The skipper :—" *Jack's* constant phrase for his *own* captain.

§ Cross-examination.

d—n it, you see, they did me more harm nor enough. So, as soon as the skipper's palaver was over, there was, 'pall the capstern,' and clear the court, till the judge of advice draws up a paper for a fellow, throwing karector and all upon the mercy o' the court. Well, you know, as soon as he reads it aloud, and both the first leaftennant and skipper comes for'ard to say a few words in my favour, there was tarn-out again for a bend, till they settles the sentence ; when *in* I comes, to hear, as I thought, my unfort'nate fate.

"As soon as I enters the cabin, and sees the commodore and captains o' the court, looking as fierce and as black as the d—l in a blaze, every man o' 'em with their gold-laced scrapers reg'larly shipped, some 'athwart ship,' and some 'fore-and-aft,' says I to myself, 'the game's all up with you, Sam !—that's the yard-arm signal, as sure as a gun !'—(for, you see, 'twas only a fortnight afore I was prest, I happened to put into Old Bailey-bay as the judge was clapping on his cap to condemn an unfortunate fellow to death ;) so, in course, I thinks *this* shipping of scrapers was the sim'lar signal. Howsomever, you see, I was ahead o' my reek'ning ; but, instead of going round the fleet,—I was sentenced to one hundred lashes aboard my own ship !

"No, no : none o' your court-martials for *Jack* ! If so be as I'd a gammoned the skipper to a' settled the score at once, and sarved me out himself, I'd a' napped no more nor four dozen at the furthest !"

LEAVES FROM THE PRIVATE LOG OF A CAPTAIN.

In London Lodgings, H.P.—November, 25th, A.M.—
At eight, rose and rigged.—Suicidal day.—Prepared
toast, “thick and dry, for weighing.”—*Mem.* Butter
bad for bile. Levee-day—lashed cables—cleared hawse
—brushed up boots and brains—pipied to breakfast.—
Glanced at paper—barren of news : naval appointments
shy.—Prepared to unmoor—unmoored.—At ten weigh-
ed—made sail—stood for Admiralty.—Entered hall.—
Noted name for Lordships’ levee.—Bowed the list.—
Mem. Polite to porter, took him for Peer.—Deed done
—wore ship.—Steered for Strand—altered course occa-
sionally.—Killed time—heavy on hands.—Claims in-
clined to be clamorous, checked by discretion.—Turn-
ed thoughts “end for end.”—Picked strongest and
shortest yarns*—rejected rogues.—*Mem.* “Brevity is
the soul of wit.”—Wore round.—Stood again for Guards.

* Yarn—is that of which the cordage and cables are made.
In the king’s service there is always a white yarn, or thread,
which runs through the rope. This is called the “rogue’s
yarn.” But in the above sense, “a yarn” is (as by seamen
frequently applied) a tale.

—Worked into Admiralty bay.—Telegraphed porter; answered in the negative.—Name returned in “rejected addresses,”*—Mortified much—shammed indifference.—Long list—some consolation.—Laughed it off—lounged about.—Lots of fish (flats.)—Shoals of plaice (hunters.)—Famed flag-officers—ditto hoppers—grey hairs—spurred heels.—*Query* “Horse-marine or sea-horse,”—*One P. M.*—High water.—Hall full—crowded fleet—“short tacks”—long faces—longer claims—melting memorials—fathoms of fight, conduct, and courage.—*Mem.* Ordered to be docked and out down. Epidemic plague—ceaseless importunities.—*Query* placard without, “Non-admission of beggars within,”† sufficiently conspicuous?—*Two P. M.*—Fresh breezes—official bustle—officious porters.—Bells ringing—clerks running.—Signals from aloft, for private ships to pass within hail—repeated below.—Bright look-out.—Anxious moments.—*Expectation* turning to windward in chase of *Promise*.—Baffling winds favour *Promise*.—*Expectation* “going to leeward!”—Taken aback—“boxes-off”—“fills”—gives up the chase.—*Mem.* outmanœuvred. Claimants increasing.—Pleasures of patronage.—Awkward mistakes: Greenwich pensioners taken for admirals—latter taken for pensioners—Saints

* The names of officers who the “first Lord cannot see” on a levee-day, are posted in the waiting-room. Commanders, who have long waited for another species of *posting*, have facetiously termed this list the “REJECTED ADDRESSES.”

† There is a placard posted without the walls of the Admiralty forbidding the admissions of beggars.

sight—shunned—dangerous rocks.*—Ships split on.—Troubled waters—erroneous soundings.—Bad beacons.—Tracks on charts incorrectly traced: Hypocrisy shoal not laid down.—Curious *callings* of captains—stranger ditto of capes,—*Query*, pious pilots pass at the “Trinity-house?”†

Captains' Room.—Newspapers missing—symptoms of peace, political economy.—Crowded chamber.—*Mem.* Relics of departed greatness—*Pomp* adrift, drives ashore—signals of distress—agents (sharks) shy of assistance.—Novel discussions—past services—future prospects—general promotion—polar projects—“Northern lights.” *Query*, London lions. Patent pumps—reefing topsails; neat rigging—rigging neat—“Own plan.”—“Recommend it.”—“Crack order.”—“High kelter.”—*Memorandum.*—Mum—*My* ship.

New uniforms—straight backs—Benbow cut—curved “wash-boards”—latter disliked—clean cloth—dirties lace.—*Mem.* service ever set their faces against white facings.—Trigonometrical cut of cocked hat.—*Query*, “zenith distance” (eight inches) per back-observation, equal to “the complement of the altitude” of an admiral. *Mem.*—Wish regulation great-coat was established.—*Query*, in what age likely to be effected?—*Leaf torn.*

* There are many dangerous rocks called Saints on the charts.

† All pilots who obtain a *Branch*, or diploma, must previously pass at the “Trinity-house.”

NAVAL TACTICS AND BATTLES.

" Fear not the anger of the wise to raise,
" Those best can bear reproof who merit praise."

POPE.

THERE is no professional subject of greater importance to the service, and perhaps less generally understood, than naval tactics. Their principles can only be exemplified by a reference either to actual engagements, with the relative positions of the vessels or fleets engaged, or to imaginary and hypothetical positions and cases, suggested by a mind conversant with this high department of professional acquirement. Of actual engagements, the details are pretty generally in the recollection of most persons who may be induced to peruse these papers; and a reference, therefore, to such examples, being both matters of fact and of notoriety, will probably serve to facilitate our approach to a subject of such intricacy. Another advantage resulting from pursuing the subject through a series of actions, beginning with those of an earlier date, will be, that the inquiry will commence at a period when tactics were comparatively ill understood; and will conclude at a period of considerable attainment in this important arm of the service. In this

pursuit, as the writer is not ambitious of appearing original, at the hazard of being merely singular in sentiment, he will prefer bottoming his observations on those of others ; and, without hesitation or apology, avail himself of every advantage which may be drawn from professional writers or practical men, who appear to have made tactics their study.

The most elaborate work of the day, or perhaps of any day, on naval affairs, is decidedly that of a high authority on such subjects, who, with a candour which we were prepared to expect from so gallant an officer, has announced himself by name in the unenviable and responsible character of critical arbitrator, and often criminatory judge, on the conduct in action of some of the highest ornaments in the profession. From its research and utility, the work is decidedly calculated to become popular in the higher department of the service, the members of which will doubtless feel it a duty, when the occasion shall hereafter arrive, to combine with their own practical experience, the advantages to be derived from the information, and often judicious observations, contained in a voluminous and very costly work, entitled; “ NAVAL BATTLES, *critically reviewed and illustrated, by Rear Admiral Ekins, C.B. &c. &c.*”

This work contains more than either the title conveys, or the unassuming preface of its author professes. It is almost entirely devoted to the subject of naval tactics, and their application in general engagements, from the days of “ Admiral Mathews in 1744, to the attack of

Algiers in 1816," and is replete with plates illustrative of the various positions of attack and defence occupied by contending fleets, in the several battles comprised within that period.

The Admiral says in his preface, "the subject (he must mean "the work") is calculated principally for professional readers in the junior classes, and pretends to be nothing more than a familiar treatise, after the manner of Mr. Clark." This modesty in the Admiral can only be equalled by the circumstance of his omitting, in his account of the "Battle of Algiers," to mention that he commanded the *Superb* seventy-four in that action, in which, be it observed, he was wounded. No naval officer, however exalted in rank, or old in experience, but must, in some measure, profit by an attentive perusal of the Rear-Admiral's work; inasmuch as it sufficiently interests the professional reader to invite investigation, or exercise his judgment as a tactician, in examining the accuracy of the Admiral's criticism, particularly in those parts which relate to the practicability of effecting many of those evolutions the Admiral considers as problematical in Clark.

The work is divided into three parts, with their respective explanatory plates, figures, diagrams of "orders of sailing, retreat, relative and reciprocal bearings;" the latter, by-the-bye, being a branch of tactics formerly so little understood in the service, that it frequently created the greatest confusion in a fleet, but more particularly, when captains of frigates were first appointed to line-of-

battle ships. The supplement consists of an account of circular sterns illustrated with plates, contrasting together the plans of Sir Robert Seppings with those of Mr. Roberts, of Pembroke dock-yard, endeavouring to exemplify the superiority of the latter.

After thus noticing the contents of this elaborate work, it is not to be supposed, in these pages, place can be given to a lengthened analysis of all its *matériel*, or a laboured review of its merits or *démérites*; we shall, therefore, merely confine ourselves to those battles which have more particularly contributed to the glory of England, and which, without doubt, will tend most to interest the reader, commencing with the action of the celebrated "First of June" (1794,) being the first general engagement fought in the French revolutionary war. Admiral Ekins, after entering into considerable detail, illustrative of the various positions occupied by the hostile fleets, in their partial encounters on the preceding days of the 28th and 29th of May, represents the British fleet, on the memorable morning of the "First of June," to be to windward of the enemy, in a line-a-head on the larboard tack parallel to the latter. The British fleet, with a view to bring the enemy to battle, is next described as bearing-up together in a line-a-breast, each ship steering exactly for her opponent in the line, and thus endeavouring to break through the Revolutionary fleet, and bring them to close action to leeward. In reference to this mode of attack, Admiral Ekins observes, that "the British Admiral" (Lord

Howe) "finding his fleet to occupy a line parallel to that of the enemy's, determined upon a vigorous attack upon his whole line, rather than lose a moment by making a different arrangement; though it will be admitted, that an attack on a particular part of it, by a superior force, might have been attended with greater success upon this occasion," (the Admiral observes very justly,) "allowance should be made for the anxious impatience of the British chief, somewhat mortified and disappointed by the preceding events; he may, therefore, be forgiven for having rushed forward with impetuosity to the combat, relying on the zeal and bravery of those under his command."* An anonymous "remark," however, of a less charitable nature, follows this observation of the Admiral; (for he frequently inserts the "*Remarks*" and "*Observations*" of experienced and scientific officers unknown to the reader: these, however, though not always corroborative of the correctness of his own, most essentially contribute to the value of the work.) "On the First of June," says one of these critical incognitos, "had Lord Howe attacked the centre and rear of the French line with his whole force, he would have gained a complete and easy victory; not to follow up his success, I hold to have been a great and *inexcusable* error." This criticism, founded on what was actually done, and what might have been, or ought to have been done, the critic

* See page 186.

reserving to himself the right of judging from results, which gives him a decided, though somewhat unfair 'vantage-ground over an admiral in action (to whom the result must have been conjectural,) appears to savour somewhat of severity. We certainly coincide with Admiral Ekins, that the motives of Lord Howe for adopting the line of conduct pursued, were possibly only to be found in balancing the many difficulties of his Lordship's situation, as well at the termination, as during the several stages of that protracted combat. There can be no question, but that his Lordship was heartily tired of fighting in fogs, the liability of his signals to be mistaken, and above all, of the egregious blunders (to say the least of them) committed by the leading ship*

* Adverting to the movements of this ship, Admiral Ekins observes, "that we now come to the unpleasant part of the detail, to show, in the conduct of one man, that the greatest designs of a commander-in-chief may be rendered ineffectual by negligence, stupidity, or cowardice; and to point out how much it is the duty of captains and juniors in command to become masters of their chief's intentions, by clearly understanding his signals, and devoting themselves to a rigid execution of them; for on this, not only their own character may depend, but the glory and success of a great national enterprise. Had the *Cæsar*, and the rest of the British van, followed the direction of the commander-in-chief, the struggle might on that day have been decided; but "the appointed movement failed of the proposed effect." In Duncan's action, Admiral Ekins relates an anecdote somewhat in point:—Captain Inglis, of the *Belliqueux*, of sixty-four guns, owing either to a long absence from active service, or an inaptitude to the subject, sometimes apparent in sea-officers, had neglected to make himself a competent master of the signal book, and, on the morning of the day of battle, when

of his line (the *Cæsar*,) on the preceding days of the 28th and 29th May. Taking, therefore, all circumstances into consideration, perhaps it may rather become a matter of question whether the mode of attack adopted by his Lordship, as being decidedly the most simple, was not the more likely to ensure success: as doubtless his Lordship naturally conceived that, by previously directing each ship to place herself close alongside of her opponent in the line, no material mistake, as to either signal or "order of sailing," could possibly occur.

With respect to his Lordship's not following the flight of the enemy, Admiral Ekins observes, after alluding to the circumstance of a signal *said* to have been made by the second in command (Admiral Graves) for a "general chase," that "Lord Howe, in countermanding this signal, probably judged of the state of his fleet by the condition of the *Queen Charlotte*, *Queen*, *Defence*, and some others, more severely handled than the rest; for it is well known," adds the admiral, "there

it became necessary to act with promptitude in obedience to the signals, found himself more puzzled than enlightened by it; and throwing it with contempt upon the deck, exclaimed, in broad Scotch, "D—n me, up wie the helm an' gang into the middle o't." In this manner he bravely anticipated the remedy in such cases provided by the gallant Nelson, who, in his celebrated "Memorandum," observes, "that when a captain should be *at a loss*, he cannot do *very wrong* if he lays his ship alongside of the enemy." In strict conformity with this doctrine, the *Belliqueux* got very roughly treated by the van of the enemy.

were still a sufficient number left to have stopped the fugitives; but the responsibility was entirely his own, and it appeared to him (Lord Howe) the greater number of the British fleet were at this time so disabled, or widely separated, that they could not be detached after them." Doubtless these observations are founded on facts, nor can they be easily refuted, except through the detailed information that may be collected relative to this engagement; yet it should be remembered that if, from casualties or unforeseen occurrences in action, a commander-in-chief has not the power of making himself exactly acquainted with the state of his fleet, those officers whose ships are in a condition to chase an enemy already in flight, ought not to hesitate a moment to pursue them, or at least to ask permission to do so by signal. No officer, on such an occasion, need question the propriety of his conduct, or at all apprehend that his senior will view it as officious. With these sentiments, we are inclined to think the escape of the majority of the French fleet more attributable to a want of zeal on the part of some of the subordinate characters employed in the action, than to anything like "a great and *inexcusable* error on the part of Lord Howe."

The engagement next referred to is, without hesitation we pronounce it, that in which there was the finest possible field for exhibiting a knowledge of tactics, and consequently for displaying to advantage the ability and seamanship of that extraordinary man, Lord Nelson (though a junior officer,) as contrasted not only with

that of the "captain of the fleet," but even with that of the veteran himself who commanded. In the battle fought off Cape St. Vincent, by Sir John Jervis (afterwards Lord St. Vincent,) the British, consisting of only fifteen sail of the line, were opposed to an enemy of twenty-seven in number. Here it may not be impertinent or unscientific, as a preliminary remark, to observe, that naval tacticians, like doctors, differ very materially as to the mode of administering to the destruction of man; and on this occasion, it will be found, the officers engaged seem to have been, as usual, equally perplexed in deciding upon the best and most effective means of accomplishing that desirable object. It is well known that, in this action, Sir John Jervis and the captain of the Fleet, Sir Robert Calder, differed in opinion as to the practicability, as well as the propriety, of effecting certain proposed evolutions, and that, after the engagement commenced, Nelson (then Commodore) thought fit to depart from the opinion of both, and struck out a very different line for himself, which was adopted by several others.*

It would appear that, by the information collected on this subject (the despatch of Lord St. Vincent being less descriptive of the action than its general results,) that the relative positions of both fleets, when discovered by

* Sir Thomas Troubridge, in the *Culloden*.

Captain (late Lord) Collingwood, in the *Excellent*.

Captain Frederick, in the *Blenheim*.

Captain Geo. Martin (present Sir George,) in the *Irresistible*.

each other, were as follows:—the Spanish fleet was standing on the starboard tack (the wind W. by S.,) scattered and detached in two separate divisions, the weather part being the most numerous. The British fleet, in the order of sailing in two columns, was also standing on the starboard tack astern of the enemy, the weather division of the Spaniards on the weather bow of the British, and the lee division of the former a little on the lee bow of the latter. From the “order of sailing” in two columns, Sir John Jervis, with the “greatest celerity,” formed his line of battle into one line a-head, carrying all possible sail to get between the two divisions of the enemy, so as to prevent the weather part forming a junction with their division to leeward. This he had completely effected, when both divisions of the Spaniards tacked in succession, the weather part edging away off the wind on the larboard tack, trying to get round the rear of the British (all of which were yet on the starboard tack :) until Nelson, perceiving their intention, immediately wore round to intercept their progress,* whilst the lee division of the enemy were hugging

* In order to render this bold manœuvre more intelligible, we subjoin the following “note relative to the proceedings of his Majesty’s ship *Captain*, bearing the broad pendant of *Commodore Nelson*,” supposed to be from his own pen:—“At one P.M., the *Captain* having passed the sternmost of the enemy’s ships, which formed their van and part of their centre, consisting of seventeen sail of the line—they on the larboard and we on the starboard tack—the admiral made the signal to tack in succession; but Commodore Nelson perceiving the Spanish ships all to bear up

the wind on the larboard tack, endeavouring to weather the van of the British. This attempt was rendered fruitless by the greater press of sail carried by the latter. In

before the wind" (we beg leave to add, only the van,) "or nearly so, evidently with an intention of forming their line going large, and joining their separate division, at that time engaged with some of our centre; ordered the ship to be wore, and passing between the *Diadem* and *Excellent*, at a quarter past one, was engaged with the headmost and leewardmost of the Spanish ships: namely—The *Santissima Trinidad*, of one hundred and thirty guns; *San Josef*, of one hundred and twelve guns; *Salvador del Mundo*, hundred and twelve; *San Nicholas*, of eighty; another first-rate and seventy-four, name not known. We were immediately joined and most ably supported by the *Culloden*, Captain Troubridge. The Spanish fleet trying to avoid such close fighting, hauled to the wind on the larboard tack. For near an hour did the *Culloden* and *Captain* support this apparently unequal contest; when the *Blenheim*, passing between us and the enemy, gave us a respite and sickened the Dons. At this time the *Salvador* and *San Isidro* dropped astern, and were engaged in a masterly style by the *Excellent*, Captain Collingwood, who compelled the *San Isidro* to hoist English colours—and it is thought the *Salvador* then struck; but Captain Collingwood, disdaining the parade of taking possession, gallantly pushed on under all sail to save his old friend and messmate, who was to appearance in a critical state; the *Blenheim* being ahead, and the *Culloden* crippled and astern. The *Excellent* ranged up within ten feet of the *San Nicholas*, giving her a tremendous fire. The *San Nicholas* luffing-up, the *San Josef* fell on board her, and the *Excellent* passing on for the *Santissima Trinidad*, the *Captain* resumed her station abreast of the *San Nicholas* and *San Josef*, and close alongside. At this time the *Captain* having lost her fore-topmast; not a sail, rope, or shroud left; her wheel shot away, and incapable of further service in the line or in the chase; the Commodore directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and calling for the boarders, ordered them to board."—"What followed," says Admiral Ekins, "has been frequently detailed and is well known."

this trial of skill between the British van and the lee division of the enemy, in endeavouring to cross to windward of each other on opposite tacks, the Spaniards, failing in their attempt, were exposed to a heavy fire from a few of the leading ships of Sir John Jervis's centre, but more particularly from the *Victory*, his flag-ship. Previously, however, to this partial encounter with the lee division of the enemy, the British Admiral, intent upon making an attack upon the rear of their main body to windward, had directed his fleet, beginning with the van, to "tack in succession," pursuant to his original mode of attack. In reference to which, but more particularly in tacking at this period, in succession, Admiral Ekins makes the following judicious remark: "When we compare," says the Admiral, "the position of the fleets with the signals of the commander-in-chief, we are led to imagine that the *rear* of the enemy to *windward* was the object it was his intention to attack;" and that, after having placed himself between the weather and lee divisions of the enemy, so as to prevent their junction, "he might very probably have succeeded to his wishes, by cutting off many of their sternmost ships;" the Admiral however, adds, that "the new and important events that were taking place in the rear of Sir John Jervis' line (alluding to the circumstance of Nelson's pursuing another mode of attack) "obliged him to change his intention, and hasten to support the gallant band, that with so much address had arrested the course of the wary Spaniards, in their attempt to join the others to leeward.

By this judicious measure he supported and covered the attack, and secured the captures made. It may yet appear, that by *wearing* the whole line in quick succession beginning with the *sternmost* ships, still more *might* have been accomplished." (Part II. p. 229.) There can be no question, when the British fleet passed on the starboard tack between the two divisions of the enemy, so as to prevent a junction between their main body to windward and the smaller portion to leeward, much time was lost in "tacking in succession;" and that the efficacy of the manœuvre here suggested by Admiral Ekins was exemplified, by the manner in which Nelson (who commanded the *Captain* in the rear) succeeded in the execution of this movement. By the minutes of the action given in Admiral Ekins' work, it appears from the length of distance the British ships had to run while on the starboard tack (thus having passed the rear of the enemy, which were on the larboard, before they could tack in succession,) that considerable delay was occasioned in getting those ships into action: for the *Culloden*, the headmost ship in the line, tacked at noon; at six minutes after she was followed in this movement by the *Blenheim*, her second astern; then by the *Prince George*, *Orion*, and *Colossus*, which all tacked in succession at equal intervals of time. The *Colossus*, when "in stays," carrying away her fore and fore-topsail yards, wore immediately, and came to the wind on the larboard tack. The next in succession, being the *Victory*, tacked at thirty-three minutes past twelve. Hence,

if more than half-an-hour elapsed in tacking those six ships in succession, a very considerable time must have been uselessly lost before the whole of the British line (fifteen in number) could have been brought round on the same tack with the enemy ; nor did the *Culloden*, the leading ship of the British van, get again into action on the larboard tack, until upwards of forty minutes after she had tacked. Under these circumstances it appears almost conclusive, that had Sir John Jervis, in the first instance, on perceiving the van of the weather division of the enemy " bore up" to get round the British rear, immediately made the signal "*to veer in succession*, beginning with the *sternmost* ship," more, as Admiral Ekins justly observes, "*might* have been accomplished."

In concluding these remarks, it becomes us, in justice to our own motives, to admit, with the Admiral quoted, that the hypothetical case, and the objections, are submitted rather as appropriate subjects for discussion and tactical inquiry, than as vehicles of censure or obloquy on eminent professional character.

The next general engagement to which allusion is made is that of Camperdown, an action which must excite, in every officer and seaman in the service, the utmost admiration of the British commander in this engagement. An extract is here subjoined from the Admiral's official letter, to explain the position of both fleets previous to commencing as well as ending the engagement.

“ At nine o'clock in the morning of the 11th,” says Admiral Duncan, “ I got in sight of Captain Trollop's squadron, with the signal flying for an enemy to leeward ; I immediately bore up, and made the signal for a general chase, and soon got sight of them, forming in a line on the larboard tack to receive us ; the wind at N.W. As we approached, I made the signal to shorten sail, to connect the squadron : soon after I saw the land between Camperdown and Egmont, about nine miles to leeward of the enemy ; and, finding there was no time to be lost in making the attack, I made the signal to bear up, break the enemy's line, and engage them to leeward, each ship her opponent, by which I got between them and the land, whither they were fast approaching. My signals were obeyed with great promptitude ; and Vice-Admiral Onslow, in the *Monarch*, bore down upon the enemy's rear in the most gallant manner, his division following his example : and the action commenced about forty minutes past twelve o'clock.

“ The *Venerable* soon got through the enemy's line, and I began a close action, with my division on their van, which lasted near two hours and a half ; when I observed all the masts of the Dutch Admiral's ship go by the board. She was however defended for some time in a most gallant manner, but being overpressed by numbers, her colours were struck, and Admiral De Winter was soon brought on board the *Venerable*. On looking round me, I observed the ship bearing the Vice-Admiral's flag was also dismasted, and had surrendered

to Vice-Admiral Onslow, and that many others had struck.

“Finding that we were in nine fathom water, and not further than four miles from the land, my attention was so much taken up in getting the heads of the disabled ships off shore, that I was not able to distinguish the number of ships captured; and, the wind having been constantly on the land since, we have unavoidably been much dispersed, so that I have not been able to gain an exact account of them; but we have taken possession of eight or nine—more of them had struck,” &c.

In this hard and well-contested battle the hostile fleets were equal in numerical force, there being exactly on both sides sixteen sail of the line, which were all intended by both Admirals to have fully contributed their proportionate share in the struggle. By the preceding extract from Admiral Duncan's despatch, we are led to infer the Admiral availed himself of no other advantage, as to tactics, but that of breaking through the enemy's line, each ship attacking her opponent to leeward. This was effected with facility, from the circumstance of the British possessing the weather-gage, whilst it answered the double purpose of striking terror into the enemy, as well as probably preventing their ultimate escape, by getting the British fleet between them and the land. It, however, may be asked, why the British Admiral preferred this mode of attack to that of bringing his whole force to bear upon a part of the enemy's line? To this objection there are two distinct answers. In the first

place, the ships which composed the British fleet were not only of a very inferior order, dull sailers, and very unmanageable, but were also very indifferently manned, and by no means calculated to perform with precision those evolutions which an expert tactician might have deemed expedient, for the purpose of doubling on the enemy's line; and, in the next place, as it appears by Lord Duncan's despatch, his principal object was to get between the entire of the enemy's fleet and the land, so as to prevent the possibility of any part of them escaping to leeward. Had the Admiral's intentions been strictly fulfilled, and each ship of the British placed herself close alongside, to leeward, of her opponent in the line, thus following the example of their leaders, not a single ship of the Dutch would have escaped: whereas, it appears, that the part of the enemy's fleet (namely, the centre,) which was not immediately attacked by either of the British Admirals, escaped into port. Thus, the maxim strictly holds, that the tactics alone of the chief in command can avail little in action, unless accompanied by promptitude and intrepidity in all concerned in the conflict.*

* One of the Rear-Admiral's critical contributors makes the following raking remark on this remissness in individuals:—
“Had his fleet (Lord Duncan's) been composed of the same materials as Lord St. Vincent's, every Dutch ship would have been taken. Had all the ships followed the example of their chief, such must have been the result.” As the truth of this assertion cannot be questioned, it must be regretted that the con-

In reference, however, to the general mode of attack adopted by Lord Duncan in this battle, we may conscientiously acquiesce in the compliment paid him :—

“ Too much credit cannot be given to the British Admiral, for his promptitude and decision upon seeing the Dutch fleet, as he took immediately the most effectual mode of capturing or destroying it.”—“ The British Admiral soon perceived that if he waited to form his line” (the enemy drawing fast in with the land) “ there would be no action.” He therefore made the signal to make all sail, break the line, and engage the enemy to leeward, and for “ *close action*,” which last signal flew until it was *shot* away. “ If further proof,” says Admiral Ekins, “ of the superior efficacy of such a mode of attack be wanting, it is to be found not only in the manly declaration of the gallant Dutchman, but also in the honourable testimony of the great Nelson, who, although not acquainted with Lord Duncan, after the battle of the Nile, wrote to him to tell him how “ *he had profited by his example!*” De Winter said, “ Your not waiting to form the line ruined me ; if I had got nearer the shore, and you had attacked, I should have probably drawn both fleets on it, and it would have been a victory to me, being on my own coast.” It should be observed, that the mode of attack adopted by Lord Duncan at Camperdown, and that pursued by Nelson at the Nile,

duct of any individual should have tarnished the lustre of so decisive and glorious a victory.

bear no resemblance to each other, in a variety of respects. Nelson, with a characteristic generosity which always led him to acknowledge in the highest terms the merits of a rival, seized this opportunity to compliment his senior in arms. Yet, perhaps, few battles more essentially differed than those of the Nile and Camperdown, as respected both the tactics of the assailants and the mode of defence resorted to: Camperdown being fought at sea, where Duncan broke through all parts of the enemy's line from to windward; whilst the other, being an action decided with an enemy at anchor, was consequently fought under very different circumstances. At the Nile, the French fleet were formed in a strong line of battle, riding head to wind at single anchor; when Nelson doubled on, and overpowered their van and centre before they could receive any relief from the rear. Hence, when Nelson complimented Lord Duncan, by declaring "he had *profited* by his example," it is to be presumed, the example was more in the promptitude and decision displayed by the latter at Camperdown, than in any novelty in the mode of attack practised on that occasion, which might have afforded to Nelson fresh lights on the subject of tactics.

In the concluding remarks upon this battle, Admiral Ekins observes, that "more was accomplished, in proportion to its *means*, than in any naval engagement of modern times; a circumstance in the highest degree honourable to the character and conduct of the great departed chief, and *those who so bravely supported him.*"

We agree to a certain extent with the Admiral, though, to make this compliment consistent with his previous "Remark," we have taken the liberty to use Italics in the latter part of his encomium.

The next action in point of time is that of the Nile, a battle not less important in its results, than at that period novel in its nature, from the circumstance of its being the only general and decisive engagement during the French revolutionary war fought at anchor.

The accounts given by the Admiral of this battle, are partially taken from Lord Nelson's official despatch, and the narrative of officers who participated in its glory; but more particularly from a descriptive letter written on the occasion by the late Sir Samuel Hood to Lord Bridport, containing "new and interesting details of the action." The Admiral has illustrated this battle with four distinct diagrams, showing the advance of the British squadron and its positions at different periods of the action. It is, however, to be regretted that his illustrative plates are not sufficiently clear, so as to explain the method adopted by the British in "bringing-up" their ships, or, to be more explicit, the manner in which they each anchored alongside the enemy upon the occasion. We mention this, because it is material that the "professional readers of the junior classes" should clearly understand a point in tactics so important, embracing more than a common-place knowledge of seamanship, in taking up with promptitude, precision,

and nicety, so delicate a position.* The diagrams would have more intelligibly explained the subject and its difficulties, had it occurred to the draughtsman that ships could not be anchored without cables. In the Admiral's plates, this omission leaves the reader altogether at sea, whether the ships of both the British and the enemy were fast "by the head" or the stern.

Of Nelson, it may be observed, that it was a leading principle with him, to adopt that part of Clerk's system of tactics, which decides on the expediency of the attacking fleet bringing, if not its whole force, the greater part, to bear upon a particular point of the enemy's line. By a reference to Admiral Ekins' description of the battle of the Nile, it will be seen how strictly he adhered to this principle when the enemy were discovered in Aboukir Bay. Sir Horatio instantly directed his course towards them, and found them at anchor, in a line extending from N.W. to S.E. They were at single anchor, with springs on their cables, and riding head to wind, which was from the N.W. To approach them it was necessary to sail round an island, and a reef pro-

* Sir Samuel Hood's letter throws an additional light on the nicety required in effecting this manœuvre:—"Captain Foley," says Sir Samuel, "(in the *Goliath*), intended anchoring abreast of the van ship; but his sheet-anchor, the cable being out of the stern-port, not dropping the moment he wished it, he brought up abreast of the second, having given the van one his fire. I saw immediately he had failed of his intention—cut away the *Zealous's* sheet-anchor, and came to in the exact situation Captain Foley meant to have taken."

jecting from it, to the distance of several miles from the point on which the small fort of Aboukir stands. The wind was perfectly fair; but, unfortunately, in rounding the reef, the *Culloden*, the leading ship, ran aground, and could not be got at all into action.

"After this accident, Nelson found himself with ten ships only (three having fallen very much astern) to fight thirteen of the enemy, and several of these of superior force to any of his.

"The island, also, fortified with mortars and some heavy guns, was to be passed; yet he determined on an immediate attack, and made the signal to attack the van and centre of the enemy. It was near six in the evening when he closed with them.* About half the ships got between the enemy and the shore, either by *cutting* through their line, or by sailing round the head of it; and the rest attacked on the outside. All dropped their anchors close in front of their opponents: by this disposition, some of the French line were doubled on, and all that were engaged on the land side were taken unprepared. The *Zealous* fired three broadsides before a gun was returned from that side.†

"The enemy began firing as soon as our ships came

* The action was fought August 1st, 1798.

† It is to be presumed, that those of the British ships which took up positions abreast of their opponents, anchored by the stern.

‡ This explanation is very defective: Sir Samuel Hood means, before a gun was fired from the landward or larboard side of the ship opposed or alongside of the *Zealous*.

within shot. The *Zealous* dismasted the *Guerrier* (French van ship) with three broadsides, and completely beat her in five minutes.

"The six headmost ships were taken possession of the first night, and *L'Orient* blew up."

From these details, it is evident that Nelson evinced as great a knowledge of tactics as of seamanship.

The position of defence occupied by the French had been deemed previously impregnable by their chief. It was not until it was too late that he perceived the error he had committed, in exposing his van to so formidable an attack, without its being able to receive any timely support from his rear. It is true, some of his ships had taken the precaution to put "springs on their cables," but, in all probability, from the acuteness of their angles, they became totally useless. But Nelson left nothing unprovided for, as may be more clearly perceived by consulting the French account of the battle.* His superior skill consisted, not so much in *forcing* the

* "All the van," says a French writer, "were attacked on both sides by the enemy, who ranged close along our line; they had each an anchor out astern, which facilitated their motions, and enabled them to place themselves in a most advantageous position, &c."

"At nine o'clock the ships in the van slackened their fire, and soon after it totally ceased; and, with infinite sorrow, we supposed they had surrendered. They were dismasted soon after the action began, and so damaged, it is to be presumed, they could not hold out against an enemy so superior by an *advantageous position*, in *placing several ships against one*, &c."—*French account*.

enemy to fight, which they, being at anchor, and "embayed," could not avoid if he chose to break in amongst them, but in bringing his force to bear principally upon their van and centre. Had he indiscriminately made a general attack on the whole French line (in which case the character of the engagement would, as Admiral Ekins before insinuates, have more resembled that of "Camperdown," but still only in this respect, the probabilities are, that the results of the victory would not have been so decisive, and that in an over-anxiety by this means to render the capture of the whole certain, a greater number might have escaped.

The highest testimonial of the merit of the commander, and the superiority of his tactics in the action, will be found in the simple recorded fact, that of a hostile fleet of thirteen sail of the line and four frigates, only two sail of the line and two frigates escaped.*

The battle of Trafalgar, though it stands on the highest pinnacle of fame as to its results, continues even now a subject of curious investigation to eminent tacticians, who are far from entertaining similar sentiments as to the tactics of Lord Nelson, more particularly in his mode of closing with the enemy. One of the best writers on this subject has, in his observations,

* The opinion of sailors as to this action may be collected from a favourite couplet with Jack, who very frequently can chaunt no other stanza of the whole song :

"The battle of the Nile
Stands foremost of the file."

taken up as a principle that which the very authorities he consults might have convinced him was erroneous. The attempt he makes to illustrate, by a plate,* the early circumstances of this battle, more particularly Lord Nelson's mode of bringing his fleet into action, naturally creates a doubt in the reader's mind as to the general accuracy of his reasoning [or remarks, throughout the many pages and diagrams which he has devoted to the subject.

"By a representation," he says, "of the plan of the attack, given in the fourteenth volume of the 'Naval Chronicle,' and said to be copied from a drawing in the possession of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, it is shown that the British fleet bore down (as the letter expresses it) in two columns, led by the flag-officers respectively. The advanced squadron, (had there been one) was intended to have cut through more towards the van, but at all events to secure the capture or destruction of the commander-in-chief—on whom, and the rear, their principal efforts were to be directed; and, supposing the enemy's force to have consisted of forty-six sail of the line, 'twenty of them were to be left untouched;'^{*} that is, until those that were the first object had been properly accounted for."

"Whatever degree of credit," adds the admiral, "the above plan may be entitled to, backed as it is by the vice-

* See plate 28, part II. of Ekins' "Naval Battles."

† *Vide* Lord Nelson's Memorandum, page 95.

admiral's letter, it is well-known to all the captains of that fleet, that the plan of attack from to *windward* was, by previous concert, to have been of a different and still more formidable nature ; for, as the order of sailing was the order of battle, and the enemy seen to leeward, the commander-in-chief, in that case, ' would bring the British fleet nearly within gun-shot of the enemy's centre, and the signal, most probably, then be made for the lee-division to *bear-up together*, to set all sails, and even steering sails.' "*"—"The secret memorandum," says the Admiral, " will best explain his Lordship's (Lord Nelson's) intentions, and remove the doubt." The secret memorandum certainly explains best the previous intentions of his Lordship, but by no means " removes the doubt" as to the mode of attack actually pursued by the British.

However, upon the strength of this " secret memorandum," the Rear Admiral ventures " to give," or, more properly speaking, to describe the approach to the attack, as in figure first, plate twenty-eight, *i. e.* " the lee-division" of the British "*bearing-up together*, followed soon after by the centre: the fleet originally formed in the order of sailing upon a wind on the larboard tack; the enemy formed in close line, convexing to leeward, head to the northward."—"This," says the Admiral, " must be considered as the preconcerted plan of attack ; but that it *may have deviated* from the exact design,

* *Vide* Memorandum.

from circumstances to which events of this nature are always liable, it is easy to believe ; and it will be particularly apparent to sea officers : for, supposing a line, like that of Lord Collingwood's, of fifteen ships all in their stations, when the signal to bear up together should be made ; and supposing the signal to be obeyed with equal alacrity by all, yet the different rates of sailing in them will soon be conspicuous, and the advantages of some over others neither to be reckoned upon nor accounted for, they will consequently be found to tail away, as in figure second." This is all so far true, and, as hypothetical reasoning, may be considered conclusive ; but this "tailing away" does not exactly tally with either the tale of Lord Collingwood* or some of

* Extract from Lord Collingwood's letter :—"The enemy was discovered six or seven miles to the eastward (off Cape Trafalgar,) the wind about west and very light. The commander-in-chief immediately [made the signal for the fleet to *bear up in two columns*, as they are formed in order of sailing ; a mode of attack his Lordship had previously directed, to avoid the inconvenience and delay in forming a line of battle in the usual manner.

"The enemy's line consisting of thirty-three ships (of which eighteen were French and fifteen Spanish,) &c. &c., wore with their heads to the northward, and formed their line of battle with great closeness and correctness ; but as the *mode of attack* was *unusual*, so the structure of their line was new : it formed a *crescent* convexing to leeward, so that in leading down to their centre, I had both their van and rear abaft the beam.

"The commander-in-chief, in the *Victory*, led the weather column ; and the *Royal Sovereign*, which bore my flag, the lee. The action began at twelve o'clock by the *leading ships* of the *columns* breaking through the enemy's line : the commander-in-chief about the tenth ship from the van : the second in command

his tars. What says an intelligent officer, whom Admiral E. by-the-bye, quotes as an "eye-witness of what he has so ably related?" "If," says this officer, "the regular plan of attack had been adhered to, the English fleet *should have borne-up together*, and sailed in a *line abreast* in their respective divisions until they arrived up with the enemy. Thus the plan which consideration had matured *would* have been executed, than which perhaps, nothing could be better: the victory would have been more speedily decided, and the brunt of the action would have been more equally felt. With the exception of the *Britannia*, *Dreadnaught*, and *Prince*, the body of the fleet sailed very equally; and, I have no doubt, could have been brought into action simultaneously with their leaders. This being granted, there was no time gained by *attacking* (i. e. approaching the enemy) *in a line ahead*, the only reason I could suppose that occasioned the *change*."* The *change*, from the preconcerted mode of attack, is here actually admitted by one of the rear-admiral's correspondents. However, this matter has been so completely set at rest by an anonymous writer, that it would be injustice to so much ingenuity and candour not to give his remarks a place here;—"That the mode of approach differed materially

about the twelfth from the rear, leaving the van of the enemy unoccupied: the *succeeding ships* breaking through in all parts *astern* of their *leaders*, and engaging the enemy at the muzzles of their guns."

* Ekins, page 237.

from what is represented and assumed by Rear-Admiral Ekins, is apparent for the following reasons:—First, the positions in the plan, copied from one drawn by the French captain, Magendie, of the *Bucentaur*, and presented to the Admiralty, is entitled to credit for its accuracy, from its being supported by the following expressions in Lord Collingwood's letter:—‘The Commander-in-chief immediately made the signal for the fleet to bear up in *two columns*, as they formed in the order of sailing; a mode of attack his Lordship had previously directed, to avoid the inconvenience and delay in forming a line of battle in the *usual manner*.’ Second, that the columns or divisions of the fleet did not bear down together in a line abreast, as Rear-Admiral Ekins supposes, but in two columns, as in the order of sailing, nearly the ships in the wakes of each other, till they reached within gun-shot of the enemy, when they cut through their line in different directions. This order of approach could not, however, be uniformly preserved, as some of the worst-sailing ships were abreast of others, endeavouring to get into their respective stations, as represented in the plan referred to in the possession of the Admiralty. Third, that had the two divisions bore up together in a line abreast, as represented by the Rear-Admiral, the ships would have got simultaneously, or nearly at the same time, into action; or rather, the rear ships of the lee-line, as having a shorter distance to run, would be sooner in action with the enemy's rear ships, forming the cusp or horn of the crescent, than the *Royal Sove-*

reign, the leading ship, or those immediately nearest her, in going to the centre or concave part of the crescent. This is obvious on inspecting the positions of approach exhibited by the Rear-Admiral. Besides, extracts from the different ships' log-books, or even taking the extracts from the *Bellerophon's* log, which he inserts at page 284, will prove that his position of approach is not so correct as the one alluded to in possession of the Admiralty. 'This log states, 'at day-light saw the enemy's fleet E.N.E.; answered the signal (72,) to form the order of sailing (i. e. in two columns,) and (76) *to bear up and sail large with compass signal east,*' (that is to say, steer that particular point :) 'cleared for action—answered (63) with preparation after close of day' (to prepare to anchor after day.) 'At eleven answered (88) 'general,' from *Royal Sovereign*, to make more sail. At ten minutes past noon, the *Royal Sovereign* opened her fire on the enemy's centre: at twenty minutes past noon, the *Royal Sovereign* broke through the enemy's line, astern of a Spanish three-decker, and engaged to leeward, being followed by the *Mars*, *Belleisle*, and *Tonnant*, who engaged their respective opponents. At thirty minutes past noon, engaged* on both sides, in passing through the enemy's line, astern of a Spanish two-decker.'

"The *Bellerophon* having remained some time foul of the French seventy-four *l'Aigle*, the log, after men-

* *Bellerophon* engaged on both sides.

tioning the ship's damages, and the death of Captain Cook and the master, goes on to state, 'at 1. h. 40'. *L'Aigle* dropped to leeward, under a raking fire from us as she fell off; our ship at this time being unmanageable from ropes being shot away. At 1. 45'. *L'Aigle* was engaged by *Defiance*—at 2. 5'. she struck.'

"Hence it is obvious, that the British ships in column came successively into action at short intervals of time, and not simultaneously; for the time between the *Royal Sovereign* breaking the line, and the *Bellerophon* was, by log, ten minutes: the exact time of the *Defiance* passing through the line, she being the tenth or eleventh ship in the rear of the *Royal Sovereign*, is not mentioned; yet were it half an hour before she appears to have engaged the *L'Aigle*, it would make the time more than three quarters of an hour after the *Royal Sovereign* had passed through the line. It is further confirmed by the movements of the weather column led by Nelson, that the approach to the enemy was in the position of the respective ships, bearing down nearly in the wakes of their leaders. The *Victory* first broke through the line, and was followed in the same direction by the *Temeraire* and *Neptune*, and the other ships of the column, on coming up, breaking through in several directions ahead or astern. 'The action,' says Lord Collingwood, 'began at twelve o'clock by the leading ships of the columns breaking through the enemy's line: the Commander-in-chief about the tenth ship from the van, the second in command about the twelfth from the rear, leaving the

van of the enemy unoccupied ; *the succeeding ships breaking through in all parts astern of their leaders*, and engaging the enemy at the muzzles of their guns.' This was what, in the words of Lord Collingwood, constituted the British mode of attack, '*as unusual as the structure of the enemy's line was new.*' Had the British *bore-up together* in line abreast to approach the enemy, it would have resembled the modes adopted by Lords Howe and Duncan, in June 1794, and October 1797, and could not, under such circumstances, be termed *unusual*."

These arguments, so strongly supported by confirmatory facts, when compared with the conjectures and speculative opinions of the rear-admiral, relative to the probable mode of attack pursued by the British upon this memorable day, must obviously appear to the professional reader clear, convincing, and conclusive. In justice, however, even to the Admiral, it is only fair to infer, that from the circumstance of his often citing authorities so totally at variance with his own upon this part of the subject, that he is not altogether satisfied himself with his own inference upon the point at issue.* Yet, after all, some of the ablest of the contributors to Admiral Ekins' work have expressed themselves in terms very decidedly at variance with each other on

* *Vide* a letter received in a *printed* form from Admiral Ekins, since the publication of the first Edition. It is subjoined at the end of ~~this~~ chapter.

the tactics of our immortal hero at Trafalgar, more particularly his mode of bringing the fleet into action.

To possess the reader of their opinions, which, in some features, are both respectable in point of reasoning, and valuable for the practical knowledge they display, a few extracts are subjoined, which may prove that, though it would be unfair to trace in any the spirit of Zoilus, still, in the present age of research, literary ambition, contempt of prejudice and freedom of thought, the *clarum et venerabile nomen* of the most distinguished naval chieftain will not shield his memory from the shafts of censure, nor the proud results of the most important victory ever achieved atone, in the eye of the critic, for an error in tactics.

ANONYMOUS REMARK.

“The mode of attack, adopted with such success in the Trafalgar action, appears to me,” says the writer, “to have succeeded from the enthusiasm inspired throughout the British fleet, from their being commanded by their beloved Nelson ; from the gallant conduct of the leaders of the two divisions ; from the individual exertions of each ship after the attack commenced, and the superior practice of the guns in the English fleet.

“It was successful, also, from the consternation spread through the combined fleet on finding the British so much stronger than was expected ; from the astonishing and rapid destruction which followed the attack of the leaders, witnessed by the whole of the hos-

tile fleets—inspiring the one and dispiriting the other ; and from the loss of the admiral's ship early in the action.

“ The disadvantages of this mode of attack ” (alluding to the attack made by the British formed in two columns, from to *windward*) “ appear to consist in bringing forward the attacking force in a manner so leisurely and alternately, that an enemy of equal spirit, and equal ability in seamanship and gunnery, would have annihilated the ships one after another in detail, carried slowly on as they were by a heavy swell and light airs.

“ At the distance of one mile, five ships, at half a cable's length apart, might direct their broadsides effectively against the head of the division for seven minutes, supposing the rate of sailing to have been four miles an hour ; and, within the distance of half a mile, three ships would do the same for seven minutes more, before the attacking ship could fire a gun in her defence.

“ It is to be observed that, although the headmost ship does certainly, in a great measure, cover the hulls of those astern, yet great injury is done to the masts and yards of the whole, by the fire directed against the leader ; and that, if these ships are foiled in their attempt to cut through the enemy's line, or to run on board of them, they are placed, for the most part, *hors de combat* for the rest of the action.

“ Or should it fall calm, or the wind materially decrease about the moment of attack, the van ships must

be sacrificed before the rear could possibly come to their assistance.

"In proceeding to the attack of the 21st of October, the weather was exactly such as might have caused this dilemma, as the sternmost ships of the British were six or seven miles distant. By the mode of attacking in detail, and the manner in which the combined fleet was drawn up to receive it, instead of doubling on the enemy, the British were, on that day, themselves doubled and trebled on; and the advantage of applying an overwhelming force collectively, it would seem, was totally lost.

"The *Victory*, *Temeraire*, *Sovereign*, *Belleisle*, *Mars*, *Colossus*, and *Bellerophon*, were placed in such situations on the onset, that nothing but the most heroic gallantry, and practical skill at their guns, could have extricated them.

"If the enemy's vessels had closed up, as they ought to have done, from van to rear, and possessed a nearer equality in active courage" (aye, there's the rub!) "it is my opinion, that even British skill and British gallantry could not have availed.

"The position of the combined fleet, at one time, was precisely that in which the British were desirous of being placed; namely, to have part of an opposing fleet doubled on, and separated from the main body."

After speaking of the passive gallantry displayed by the French admiral, with his little skill in manœuvring, the writer adds, "It may appear presumptuous thus to

have questioned the propriety of the Trafalgar attack ; but it is only just to point out the advantages and disadvantages of every means that may be used for the attainment of great results, that the probabilities and existing circumstances may be well weighed before such means are applied. A plan, to be entirely correct, must be suited to all cases. If its infallibility is not thus established, there can be no impropriety in pointing out the errors and dangers to which it is exposed, for the benefit of others.

“ Our heroic and lamented chief knew his means, and the power he had to deal with ; he also knew the means he adopted were sufficient for the occasion, and that sufficed.

“ The Trafalgar attack might be followed under different circumstances, and have a different result : it is right, therefore, to discuss its merits and demerits. It cannot take one atom from the fame of the departed hero, whose life was one continued scene of original ability and of superior action.”

ANONYMOUS REMARK.

“ In one principal thing,” says the writer, “ I must beg leave to differ from Mr. Clerk, who lays great stress on the preference to the *leeward* position ; whereas, I am fully persuaded, that the *weather-gage* has advantages that must preponderate. The principal reasons I have to offer, in support of my opinion, are these :—By being to windward, you can always choose your distance

of engaging, and there is nothing equal to close work ; and, if your enemy chooses his distance, I have always found him fond of long bowls, thereby crippling you, and then making off himself with his usual gasconade. But, by bearing plump down, and passing through his line, and raking him as you do so, then pelting him close on his lee-side, you strike a panic into him that he cannot easily recover. Another material point, not unworthy of notice, is, I have always observed, on boarding a captured ship, that their decks are never so clear as with us, consequently much confusion must ensue : as by this manœuvre, they are in some degree taken by surprise, and the result of confusion always proves fatal, particularly in great matters. I am borne out in this opinion by the events which were experienced in both Lord Nelson's actions, of the Nile and Cape Trafalgar. Had Lord Rodney pursued the same system, it is probable his victory would have been more splendid. I am willing to allow, that many circumstances may occur, when it might not be altogether feasible to commence a battle in this way ; but, as there are numerous circumstances, such as light or variable winds, lee-shores, shoal water, &c. a Commander-in-chief often has a choice of difficulties : and fortunate it will be for his country, if he be so happy as to possess presence of mind to use and find resources as emergencies present themselves ; for I know no subject which embraces a greater variety, in all its bearings, than that of sea-fights ; and it may be a useful reflection to bear in

mind, that all the achievements of the renowned Nelson were owing to the felicity he displayed in the manner of his attacks, which were always of a novel and unexpected kind—to which may be attributed the splendour of his victories. If anything else be necessary to add lustre to his memory or mark his zeal, it is that, with his dying breath, he recommended his successor to anchor the fleet :* indicating a presentiment of the violent gale which succeeded. Had the advice been followed, it is most likely that most if not all the prizes, would have been saved.”

EXTRACTS FROM LORD NELSON'S LAST INSTRUCTIONS TO
HIS FLEET OFF TRAFALGAR.

(Memorandum.)

“Thinking it almost impossible to bring a fleet of forty sail of the line into line of battle in variable winds, thick weather, and other circumstances which must occur, without such a loss of time, that the opportunity would probably be lost of bringing the enemy to battle in such a manner as to make the business decisive, I have, therefore, made up my mind to keep the fleet in that position of sailing (with the exception of the first and second), that the order of sailing is the order of battle ; placing the fleet in two lines, of sixteen ships each, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing two-decked ships ; which will always make, if wanted,

* At Trafalgar.

a line of twenty-four sail on which ever line the commander-in-chief may direct. The second in command will, after my intentions are made known to him, leave the entire direction of his line, to make the attack upon the enemy, and to follow up the blow until they are captured or destroyed.

“ If the enemy’s fleet should be seen to windward in line of battle, and that the two lines and the advanced squadron can fetch them, they will probably be so extended, that their van could not succour their rear. I should, therefore, probably make the second-in-command a signal to lead through about the twelfth ship from their rear, &c. &c.

“ The whole impression of the British fleet must be to overpower from two to three ships a-head of their Commander-in-Chief, supposed to be in the centre, to the rear of their fleet. I will suppose twenty sail of the enemy’s line untouched: it must be some time before they could perform a manœuvre to bring their force compact, to attack any part of the British fleet engaged, or to succour their own ships, which, indeed, would be impossible, without mixing with the ships engaged. The enemy’s fleet is supposed to consist of forty-six sail of the line—British fleet of forty: if either is less, only a proportionate number of the enemy’s ships are to be cut-off. Something must be left to chance; nothing is sure in a sea-fight, above all others: shot will carry away the masts and yards of friends as well as foes; but I look with confidence to a victory before their van could suc-

cour the rear. The Second in command will, in all possible things, direct the movements of his line, by keeping them as compact as the nature of the circumstances will admit. Captains are to look to their particular line as their rallying-point; *but, in case signals can neither be seen nor perfectly understood, no Captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy!!*

“ The divisions of the British fleet will be brought nearly within gun-shot of the enemy’s centre. The signal will most probably then be made for the lee-line to bear up together, to set all their sails, even steering-sails, &c. &c.”

In justice to the sentiments of an officer whose pages have afforded us much interesting details on the subject of Tactics, and who we think groundlessly imagines we have mistaken him in this chapter, we have annexed an explanatory letter of Admiral Ekins, which just reached us in time for insertion in the second edition. Having fought over with the gallant Admiral most of the memorable battles of Great Britain, we confess ourselves unwilling to re-commence operations as to personal differences of opinion with an officer, our superior in rank—we might add, without flattery, of superior attainments. The letter, which is highly complimentary, and for which we take this opportunity to return our acknowledgments, is solely intelligible by, and addressed to the

capacity of nautical men, and is merely explanatory of that writer's observations and sentiments relative to the Battle of Trafalgar :—

A LETTER to the UNKNOWN AUTHOR of the " NAVAL SKETCH BOOK," from CHARLES EKINS, Rear-Admiral.

" SIR,—By your liberal, and I may add, just and seamanlike criticism of the ' Naval Battles,' I am sorry to find, that I have been misunderstood on a part of the subject, upon which, of all others, it was my wish and intention to be clear ; namely, my ' *observations*' on the Battle of 'Trafalgar.

" In as few words as may present themselves, wherein to convey my meaning, I will endeavour to explain myself ; and trust that I shall be able, not only to remove every thing like obscurity that I may have thrown around it, but I shall hope to prove, that as I could not presume to question the statement of Lord Collingwood, I could have had no design in giving a misrepresentation of it.

" Now to the point. When the *actual mode of attack differed so essentially* from that which we *knew* to be the *preconcerted one*, and which *latter* was certainly of a much more formidable character, it was natural that a *doubt should* arise, either as to the meaning or construction given to the plan, or to the reality of its existence ; but which *latter* the production of the document itself *removes*.

“ That the fleet should, notwithstanding, afterwards bear down in two *lines ahead*, proved that the original intention had been departed from ; the Commander-in-Chief, as Lord Collingwood expresses it, having made the signal to bear up ‘ *in column*.’ Of modes of bearing up, I never before heard of but two—namely, *together*, and in *succession*—this *latter* mode must have been that which was adopted upon this occasion, as the ships followed their leaders in the wake of each other, going before the wind.

“ This was at once to depart from the mode described and enjoined in the ‘ secret memorandum,’ nor is the departure accounted for by any thing which has hitherto reached my ears respecting the battle : uninformed as I am, I am more inclined to ascribe the circumstance, either to the nature of the signal made, or from the construction it bore to the fleet at large—but not from any change in the mind of the Chief. Ambiguity in signals at such a time is much to be regretted ; the signals made as given by the *Bellerophon’s* log, and the constructive meanings assigned to them, are questions upon which I am not called upon to speak ; all other authorities I have seen describe the signal to have been ‘ *to bear up in two lines*.’ Now, Sir, you well know that these might have been lines *abreast* as well as *ahead*, to be formed only by a different mode of putting it into execution—the one forming the line ahead, as in the attack of Trafalgar, and the other the line abreast, as directed in the secret memorandum.

“It is there said, that *the* order of sailing was to be the order of battle : it is my opinion that *the* order of sailing was departed from, when the divisions bore up in *succession* to form the two *columns of attack* ; and that *the* order of sailing, as directed by the Chief, would have been *preserved*, by bearing up *together* ; and that both “*delay and inconvenience*” would have been better “*avoided*” by a strict adherence to its injunctions. But this apart.

“It never was my intention to deny that the ships bore down in *succession* ; and what has been taken for *actual description* in the commencement of my remarks, was merely an attempt to reconcile the fact with what was, as I first supposed to be the case, a strict adherence of the plan laid down, and to show the aberrations to which such a mode of approach was liable.

“As from misinformation or conjecture I had treated other battles in a similar way ; namely, those of Lord Hotham off Genoa, the retreat of Admiral Cornwallis, the battles of Earl St. Vincent, Sir J. Warren, and Sir Robert Calder (the latter of which is formed almost entirely from conjecture), I did not anticipate any misunderstanding of my mode of reasoning upon that of Trafalgar ; nor shall I regret that I have been so misunderstood, since the circumstance has led to much able criticism on your part, and rendered necessary an explanation on mine.

“While the ‘Authentic Memorial of an Eye-Witness,’ remains of the transactions of both fleets on that import-

ant and glorious day, I am little anxious about the surmises which may be formed upon the hypothetical reasoning in which I may incautiously have indulged.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your very obedient humble servant,

"CHARLES EKINS,

"Rear-Admiral.

"*Bishopsteignton, Chudleigh, Jan. 30th, 1826.*"

JACK'S ECCENTRICITIES.

(ENCORE.)

"SWAYING AWAY ON ALL TOP-ROPES."

'Tis said that shrewd royal wag, Charles II., who excelled even his own merry men in epigrammatic point, or turning a *bon-mot*, good-humouredly observed, that "Sailors got their money like horses, and spent it like asses !" Jack, certainly, on all occasions is ready with his "rhino," and though ingeniously contriving wings to aid it in its flight, he appears to labour under constant apprehension that his money will never fly fast enough. He buys everything he comes athwart in his cruise, or whatever first "brings him up."—Whether gew-gaws, or flying gear for Poll, ginger-bread, a "tur-nip," (alias a watch,) a black barcelona, a monkey, or a bladder of gin. Forgetful of the past, as heedless of the future, he "sways away on all top-ropes," while his cry, like the "running accompaniment," when veering out a warp is "*pay-and-go*," till brought up by the bare end, or he runs his reckoning clean out to the clinch.

The following anecdote is peculiarly characteristic of a tar of this stamp :—

“ When the gallant Sir Edward Hamilton commanded the *Surprise*, one of her seamen, after receiving, at Plymouth, pay and prize-money for that and other ships to the amount of nearly £80, obtained a personal* interview on the quarter-deck with his captain, in the hope of prevailing on him to grant him a fortnight's liberty on shore. Sir Edward, who had always been in the habit of indulging his crew with at least twenty-four hours' leave whenever the duty of the ship would permit, became, naturally, curious to ascertain the reason of the man's pressing solicitude. Jack, in his usual roundabout way, thus broached the business :—

“ ‘ Please, sir, as I've always done my duty like a man, I hope there's never no offence in axing a bit of a favour. I've been a good while in the sarvice, sir, worked hard for it, and I think it's no more nor now and then a good man may look 'to.'—‘ Well, my man,’ says Sir Edward, ‘ what is it you require ?’—‘ Liberty, i' you please, sir, to go ashore.’—‘ Oh, if *that's* all,’ rejoined Sir Edward, ‘ you'd better apply to the first lieutenant.’—‘ Yes, sir,’ says *Jack* ; ‘ but I want a fortnight, i' you please, sir.’—‘ A fortnight !’ exclaimed Sir Edward ; ‘ why, my man, before that time elapses, the ship will be at sea. You want to go see your friends, I suppose ?’—‘ No, sir, I've *no* friends, thank God ! but you know, sir, when a man gets a bit of money, he ought to have a little time to spend it.’—‘ Oh, come, if

* In cases of ordinary leave, the sailor usually applies to the first lieutenant.

that's all,' says Sir Edward, 'you shall have plenty of time for that purpose; will a week do?' *Jack* paused, and looked thoughtful for a moment, but soon brightened up. 'Well, sir, I'll try what I can do—must only work double tides—get an extry watch or so—take three or four more fiddlers in tow nor I intended—a couple of extry coaches for my *she-messmates*, 'sides one for Poll and one for myself; and if it comes to the worst I must only get *another* for my *hat*!' "

"THE BOATSWAIN BOLD."

THE anecdote which follows may explain, in some degree, how much, even in situations the most trying and alarming, our sailors are influenced by imagination or whim. It is well known, that when a ship comes into port, the clerk of the cheque repairs on board, for the purpose of mustering the crew. The men collect *en masse* on the fore-part of the quarter-deck, and are each called aft by name. To facilitate their approach through the crowd, the boatswain shouts aloud, on each man's name being called, "Yeo-hoy! make a lane there!"

In the late war, *La Guepe*, a French eighteen-gun-brig, lying at anchor in Ferrol, was attacked by the boats of the *Renown* in two detachments, the first of which soon got possession of her quarter-deck. The crew of the Frenchman was thus driven forward, where they continued obstinately to maintain the combat.

Owing to this circumstance, the boats despatched to board her on the bow were repulsed in attempting to perform this duty : the boatswain alone was enabled to get a footing on the forecastle, where, finding himself single and unsupported, and perceiving his shipmates in possession of the other extremity of the vessel, he rushed heedlessly forward, cutlass in hand, singing out to the Frenchmen, as though they had been his own ship's company on a pay-day, " D—n your eyes, you beggars, look out—make a lane there ! *I'm a coming !*" The brave thoughtless fellow made [good his line of communication, despite of numbers, and *La Guepe* was captured.

THOUGH he is a "signing officer," it used formerly to be no uncommon circumstance in the navy to meet with a Boatswain who could neither read nor write. A tar of this caste, having possessed himself of the contents of a letter which he had received in the usual official form, acquainting him of his promotion, was reading it upside down to one of his superior officers who wished him well ; upon the circumstance being noticed to him, he thought to account for it—when he replied, " I axes your pardon, Sir ; but you see I'm *left-handed !*"

WHATEVER may be said of Paddy's blunders, he is generally possessed of great presence of mind, and a remarkable facility of making an answer for himself, which is pretty sure, directly or indirectly, to bear favourably upon his case. He may tumble head over heels, and you may laugh at him, but nine times out of ten he comes down upon his feet. This is particularly evident, they say, when he has to deal with the ladies; it holds good, however, in all situations—at sea and on shore.

A late most worthy Admiral,* who then commanded a line-of-battle ship, mast-headed an Irish youngster, a *protege* of his own, for some idleness or stupidity in his day's work. The ship was at sea, and many hundreds of miles from the nearest shore; but either with a reference to what he had been doing, with a view of keeping him on the alert—perhaps both—he was ordered to look out for the land.

At length, the term of his punishment having expired, the Captain came on deck: "Mast-head there—come down, Mr.——." The delinquent arrived on the quarter-deck, touching his hat, looking half sulky, half frightened, and very cold:—"Well, Sir,"—gruffly and authoritatively—"Do you see the land?" "No, Sir," answered poor Paddy, whining, "*but I can al-*

* Admiral Pickmore, when Captain of the *Ramilies*.

most." It is needless to add that he was not sent back again.

POOR Jack is always (when sober) well behaved, and subordinate : though if a fair opportunity offers, once and away, of bringing things to a level a little between his officer and himself, he does not like to let it slip.

An old seamen went on shore upon four-and-twenty hours' liberty, from a hulk in Hamoaze : his ship, which had been on foreign service, being in dock refitting, he did not come off to his time ; he had been a long while in the ship, was an excellent seaman and a great favourite, and no apprehension whatever was felt as to his having "run." Some hours afterwards he was picked up accidentally, by an officer of one of the ship's boats, *dead drunk*, close to the spot where he had been put on shore, from which it appeared, afterwards, that he had never strayed. Having been suffered to sleep a few hours, he was sent for by one of the officers, and the following colloquy took place—"So, you old rascal, you never saw daylight all the while you were ashore, eh ?—got drunk the first shop you could fetch, and never moored ?"—No answer.—"Ah, well ! you drunken old swab, it can't last long with you ; you'll soon be done up now ; and whenever you are, you'll go to h—ll as sure as you're alive." "The Lord be thanked, Sir," at length answered Jack, in a maudlin tone, handling his

little tarpaulin hat, and leering his half-drunk eye up at the object, so that his shot should not miss—"the Lord be thanked, Sir ; I shan't want for company."

CONJURING UP AN ARMY.

THERE is in the navy a class of seamen remarked for being more than ordinarily expert and competent in the discharge of their duty, but who, from indulging in a habit of affecting dissatisfaction with existing regulations or orders received, are humorously, though very appositely, termed "growlers."* In ships of war, it is not unusual that the marine sentinel upon the gangway, under certain circumstances, is ordered to "keep his post clear." Such an order, however, will sometimes be found to be perverted by *Jack*, into an insuperable obstacle for the performance of his own duty. A seaman of this caste had received an order from the first-lieutenant of the *Ganymede*, when lying at Spithead, to trace the studding-sails up to dry between the fore and main lower rigging. After some time had elapsed, the lieutenant, observing no attention had as yet been paid to his order, remonstrated in rather a peremptory tone with

* These men are not to be understood as either mutinous or disaffected. They are generally men who have seen so much service, often in the North-sea trade, as to induce them to expect that even their officers will pay some deference to their opinion.

him for his neglect; when the sailor, whose eyes had been sullenly fixed on the solitary marine who was pacing up and down on his post, replied, with the growl and shrug of a man who felt what he was about to say was unanswerable, "How the h—ll, sir, can a man do his duty, when this here thundering *army* is walking the gangway?"

EPICURES AT SEA.

APT DEFINITION.

WHEN the *Glasgow* was stationed in the Mediterranean, her commander, the Honourable Captain A. Maitland, an officer of handsome private fortune, maintained when at Malta, Leghorn, and Naples, a sumptuous table, at which not only British officers, but ladies and foreigners of distinction, were received with a liberality and urbanity which reflected the highest credit on their munificent host. On one of these occasions, when guests of no ordinary importance were invited, a sailor belonging to the crew of the barge employed in bringing forward the several dishes to the captain's cabin, rolling his eyes and licking his lips in anticipation of a regale on the remnants, as the several dainties, both foreign and British, passed in rapid succession through his hands, exclaimed to the coxswain, "My eyes and limbs! the

skipper tucks in a precious lot of good things under his belt!" "Why not?" replied the coxswain. "Did you never know that the captain was a reg'lar built epicure?" "Epicure! epicure! what the devil's that?" demanded our innocent lambkin. "Why, you know-nothing lubber!" cried his intelligent instructor, with a look of ineffable contempt; "an epicure's a fellow as can *eat anything*, to be sure!"

PROFESSIONAL SLANG.

“Of all the cants in this canting world,” said Sterne, “the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, but the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!” To the uninitiated, perhaps, there is nothing more perplexing than the cant so much in use with the profession. In fact, it may be said of a sailor, as of a scholar, that, without respect to his auditory, he never forgets that to which he has applied himself in early life. Hence, whilst a Cantab hesitates how he shall express those feelings in plain English, which he has at his tongue’s end in the choicest *morceaux* of classical writers, the sailor introduces, on the most ordinary occasions, the vernacular idiom of Neptune’s sons, so as to engraft a species of poetical and figurative dialect in conversation on the commonest topics. This may, however, be one of the reasons why a sailor’s conversation is, for the most part, acceptable, particularly with the fair part of the creation, because he thus introduces, if not ornamental and figurative illustrations of the subject, at least something which is novel, and even from that circumstance alone, amusing. This originality of phrase, which after all, is only professionally so, and generally speaking, common to every man be-

fore the mast, sometimes renders that which must always be difficult to a landsman still more unintelligible. - But its effects are most ludicrously exemplified, when the speaker by adopting this figurative style, directs the mind to collect his meaning from terms with which he is altogether unacquainted, or which appear unconnected, or even pointedly at variance with the subject. These figurative combinations, or complex modes, as Locke would call them, are often ridiculously perplexing. If a sailor wishes another to exchange places, he will ask a man who never wore a wig in his life to "shift his *bob*!" If, contrary to his expectation, he is impeded or detained, he exclaims he is "*hard up*!" just as he squats himself down on the softest sofa. Meeting a dun face to face in the street, on "opposite tacks," he affects to say he is "taken aback;" and "coming round on his heel," he compliments his valour by asserting that he "boxed-off," though he retreated without striking a blow. Few expressions can rival for drollery, the admonition of a tar who, professing to be incredulous as to the extent of affectionate assurances given him by his *inamorata*, cries, "Avast there! 'heave in stays,' whilst her flickering frill and the undulatory motion of her neck show the breathless agitation of her bosom in attesting her truth.

CLUB-HOUSE.

A FINE DAY.

—————"The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all :
I burn to see th' imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again."

COWPER.

AFTER a first introduction at the club, one feels at times involuntarily attached to a spot, where, at least, you are pretty certain of meeting with a friendly face or old companion in arms.

Possibly the motive may, in many instances, be less refined. Doubtless man, generally speaking, but more particularly professional man, is a gregarious animal ; or we may dive no deeper for its cause, in our present highly artificial state of life, than in the vague wish to pick up the news, or possess ourselves of what is going on in that minute portion of society with which we associate, and which all ranks, with equal arrogance, presume to call "the world."

Whatever may have been the motive of my visits, it would be unjust to say they were always unproductive of amusement. Nine years of that intolerable period of profound peace had already passed away, and the Naval club-house had now become the favourite place of congress for the *ci-devant* monarchs of the main; when, one fine day, I had seated myself in the reading, or rather the conversation room, by the table, close to which, on the opposite side, sat an antiquated gouty "*yellow admiral*,"* who was sedulously occupied in placing his crutches in such a position as to form what he termed an out-rigger, for the defence of his toes against the brisk approach of a bluff, well-looking, jolly, curly-pated, obstreperous personage, more celebrated for his drollery in the senate than his exploits at sea. The senator had commenced the attack on his old acquaintance, in the first instance, by observing that "it would be well for the widow and the orphan if the hearts of the rich were half as tender as his toes;" concluding this sally by good-humouredly (though not without a sly touch of satirical truth) condoling with the "old boy," as he called him, on the hapless condition of his nether members, in consequence of certain youthful indulgencies and irregularities

* By a species of humorous courtesy, "retired post-captains," having lost all chance of becoming admirals of the red, white, or blue, are designated "*yellow-admirals*." To speak abstractedly, a being *sui generis*,—which, though not perhaps sufficiently lively to be classed as a creation of the fancy, may be considered as originating solely in sportive imagination. See Locke on Fantastical Ideas and Essences, Reid on the Mind, &c.

in which they had never participated. The old gentleman tacitly admitted the truth of this remark with a shrug and a sigh. "Yet," cried the merciless punster, "their punishment is not altogether unmerited, since you must allow their having been accessaries in leading you into every excess!" A faint smile for a moment lighted up those features which rarely betrayed any other expression than that of a painful infliction. I was already sufficiently interested in the conversation of these unequal antagonists, which, of course, suggested some reflections on the distinguishing characteristics of a profession marked by almost contradictory peculiarities; when my ears were suddenly assailed by a voice from the upper end of the room, vociferating, in the most tar-like tone of familiarity, the monosyllable "Tom!" I looked at the gentleman who was thus designating his friend by so brief an appellative, and found both his face and figure perfectly harmonized with his voice. "I say, Tom! Tom!" he continued, "have you seen this letter in the '*Morning Chronicle*,' signed a 'Naval Officer?' D——d clever, I assure you! nearly a whole column long—cutting them up like h—ll at the Admiralty—make the big-wigs look blue! a regular-built poser! never read a better thing in print. Who says the cloth can't write as well as fight? Cut-up and cut-out, eh! Bet a pound I name the author—his style to a *T*—long-headed fellow!—a shipmate of mine—all d——d clever fellows in that ship! spout or play-act with any fellows in the fleet!" This voluble tirade was now interrupted

by the unexpected appearance of a tall, grave, bilious-looking Admiral of the blue (a staunch ministerialist), who, walking up to the table, hastily took up the paper in question, which, after a momentary scrutiny, he threw down in apparent disgust, muttering to himself, "'twas a shame ! really a shame such a paper should be taken in by the club !" and, turning upon his heel, quitted the room, arm-in-arm, with the facetious legislator,* who had already offered, to the no small entertainment of the company, to lay a wager that Tom's friend had only been trumpeting his own performance. The literary critic, who had become speechless by the appearance of the ministerialist, was thus left once more in full possession of the field, as well as of the force of his own critical remarks.

* It is more than probable this generation will be again visited with some dread explosion of the fountains of the great deep,† to be named hereafter *Joseph's Flood*, if a miracle, equal, at least, to any of those recorded of that prince of priests, Hohenlohe, may yet be wrought amongst us heretics, through the pious orison of that devout canon of St. Stephen's Chapel, on a late solemn occasion, "that Providence, for the purpose of establishing peace and concord between Catholics and Protestants in Ireland, would deign to submerge the highest mountain of that hapless country twenty-four feet beneath the Atlantic Ocean." However attractive the gravity of this statesman-like project, how will he negative (*philosophicé*) the attraction of gravity, or secure us from the sweeping surge of the wild Atlantic in an uproar? Virgil, deploring the devastation of his birth-place by the inundation of a ruthless soldiery, exclaims,

† Vide Genesis : "And the fountains of the great deep were broken up."

Occasional extracts were now read by him from the letter in question, which, by-the-bye, (from inattention either to punctuation or pronunciation,) had already disappointed his auditors; to whom he occasionally apologised for the unintentional slaughter of such syllabic combinations as puzzled his orthoepy, by giving them the appellation of jaw-breakers. The heading, however, under which this anonymous production appeared—"USURPATION OF NAVAL PATRONAGE"—seemed in itself sufficient to excite a patient attention on the part of the few members present; and the last sentence had scarcely escaped the critic's lips, when his friend Tom, an elderly peevish-looking Post-captain, broke in upon the jocularly which, despite of the interest excited by the article, now circulated with the less restraint round the room, from the circumstance of its being allowed no vent pending the singular specimen of reading they had just witnessed, "It's all very well!" said the Captain (turning to that part of the company where he observed the titter was more general)—"very well indeed, for those who are provided for, to laugh: 'let them,' as the proverb has it, 'laugh that win;' but I maintain the subject-

"————— Superet modò Mantua nobis,
Mantua vae miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!"

Though cruel the Roman soldier, the English sailor is yet more merciless! he would endanger our own existence! Talking of the Atlantic, it seems to be ever inundating the Admiral's brain, which may have suggested to him the propriety, as he so senatorially expressed himself on a late occasion, "*of bottling the whole of it off*!"—(*Vide Parliamentary Debates.*)

matter of this letter is one which so immediately affects our individual interest, that it ought rather to call forth our sympathy and our commiseration than our laughter.”—Here a member cried out from the other end of the room,—“Bravo, old boy!” which appeared to give great encouragement to the speaker, who, all the time he was addressing his auditors, was strutting about the room, suiting his pauses to his paces. “Nay, what’s more,” he continued, “I predict that this same usurpation of patronage, as the writer so emphatically expresses it, will be the ruin and downfall of the service!”—Here there was a laugh at the upper end of the room which had the effect of checking for a few seconds the oratorical powers of this nautical Cicero. “Gentlemen may laugh, but I apprehend you know not *what* you’re laughing at; but, let me ask those who have not had the experience that I have had: let me ask those who have not fought (laying a peculiar emphasis and force on the word *fought*,) aye,—fought, and bled, too, for their country—let me ask those who know what it is to be a true patron,” stopping short in a very commanding attitude, and rubbing his forehead as he warmed in debate, “if this same usurpation of patronage (to use a forcible, although it may be here considered, a ‘radical’ expression,) is not an encroachment upon our rights and privileges? When I, Sir,” he continued, addressing himself more particularly to me, perhaps from perceiving I was one of his most surprised and attentive auditors—“When I, sir, commanded a frigate, the

P——, (which, by-the-bye was a pattern ship for order and discipline—a ship which would weigh, reef or furl with any in the fleet—one of the first of the fir frigates—long eighteens on the main, and thirty-twos on the quarter-deck—as fast a sailer ‘*by or large*’ as any in the service—beat a squadron of ten ‘line-o’-battle’ ships and four frigates, carrying on everything we could crack, in a general chase off Cape-Clear”)—Here he was suddenly interrupted by a member (a modern Benbow) exclaiming, “Cape-Clear! damn it, you’ll ‘double the cape’ if you go on so fast! What the devil has either *you* or your ‘crack-ship’ to say to the business?—you’ve ‘hailed aboard’ your jawing tacks; but that’s always the way with your speechifiers, never can steer a steady course—always yawing about like a half-frightened Frenchman.”

—“That’s fine talk,” replied the speaker, who was not to be so easily silenced, “fine talk from people who have not an *idear* beyond the sphere of their own element!” pausing to give full time for this *morceau* of rhetoric to make an impression on his audience,—“aye, I repeat, who have not an *idear* beyond their elementary sphere; but I will tell such as have the capacity to understand the metaphorical force of figurative tropes”—Here there was a general titter, and another interruption from a voice, vociferating “*Ropes*, you mean old boy.”—“No, sir! no! keep your ropes for those who have plundered us of our patronage. (*Order!*) I will tell *them*, that the Admiralty have extended their patronage higher than the highest flood of any previous precedent. Yes, sir,”

he continued, looking steadfastly at me, "when I was captain of a frigate"—("Avast there, my hearty, not going to make the 'Cape' again!")—"Oh, I don't mind *you*," rejoined the speaker; "I repeat, when I was captain of a frigate, I felt myself in some degree, if I may use the expression, a privileged patron; then had I *protégés* under my protection*—youngsters under my

* The following Admiralty regulations respecting midshipmen on the peace establishment, are subjoined for the information of the general reader:—

1. The Captains of the respective ships will enter the usual number of "Mates," "Midshipmen," and "First-class Boys," of their own selection, whenever there may be vacancies in the complement; observing, however, that no person is to be rated as Mate of a line-of-battle ship, or fifth rate, who shall not have passed the usual examination for Lieutenant; and that previously to the first entry into the service any young gentleman, the approbation of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty shall be obtained on statement, by the Captain, of his age, family and education.

2. A certain number of supernumerary Mates and Midshipmen will be appointed by their Lordships, and are to be borne by their order only.

3. No Captain shall discharge or disrate any Mate or Midshipman, or First-class-Boy, without an order from their Lordships, on a home station; or if the ship be on a foreign station, without the order of the commander-in-chief, who is to report the case and the cause of the discharge or disrating, for their Lordships' information.

4. The Captains are to report the names of all Mates, Midshipmen, and Boys of the First-class, as they join the ship, and are carefully to report all deaths, invalidings, discharges, or other changes.

5. The Captains are to be very particular in attending to the instructions relative to the ratings of the several classes, and to take care that on no account whatsoever are any young gentlemen

immediate tuition—and who, by-the-bye, have since turned out some of the very best officers in the service.” —(Good again!—thy’st,* and no higher,” exclaimed Benbow.)—“ But what’s the consequence now ? Had I a ship to-morrow, I could neither serve myself nor my friends, nor, consequently, *my* country,” (an inference which the reader will possibly think savoured strongly of presumption.) “ Have they not, (the Admiralty, I mean) deprived us of the pleasures and profits of patronage, solely for the purpose of enjoying themselves the pains and anxieties of the importunate ?”—(“ Bravo, old boy !”)—“ Why is your society so little sought ? nay, why is it not courted, as it used to be ? and why are we not every way received on the same footing as formerly ? Why ? Because we have been deprived of our patronage—our privileges have been trampled under foot ; nay, its hands have been fettered, and its legs ‘ double-ironed.’ ”

Here this eloquent and figurative speaker became quite exhausted. This overwhelming tirade seemed to astound the orator himself ; and, after recovering from the bold climateric fit, he thus concluded : “ Now, I contend, that the arguments offered by the anonymous writer in this paper” (holding it at the same time in his hand,) “ on this important point, are as incontrovertible as they

kept on board the ships, under any other ratings than “ Mate,” “ Midshipman,” or “ First-class Boy.”

* Thy’st—signifies, thus, or so.

are incontestible ; and I say," continued he, " that any man in the profession, be his rank what it may, who denies it, commits, if I may so express myself, suicide upon himself, common-sense, and society."—Here he sat down, breathless and exhausted, but not without betraying a triumphant consciousness that his effusion was unanswerable.*

In this inference, it was soon perceived he had reckoned without his host ; for a middle-aged, intelligent looking man, bearing evident marks of service in his countenance, without rising from his place, took up the subject with a promptitude that showed he had not been an indifferent auditor. "The letter alluded to," said he, "sets out with a sweeping assertion, that the situation of the Lords of the Admiralty is a mere sinecure—an assertion that may be considered to be refuted by the very arguments which follow, as to the danger likely to result to the real interests of the navy, from the too great activity of these very men, in at least one department. This altered state of things, the letter, as well as the last speaker, broadly condemns as an 'usurpation of our

* *Publisher's Note.*—Happily, there are few members of this club, if any, who profess the opinions here advocated, although there is more than a proportionate infusion of liberal sentiment in the unemployed part of the profession. However it is not impossible some one will be pointed out by kind friends, as the party alluded to. Possibly the whole character is fictitious, unless it is intended to rake up the ashes of the dead. 'Tis said the late radical and venerable candidate for Westminster, Major Cartwright, was a commander in the navy.

patronage,' and predicts it must inevitably end in the downfall of the navy ! This certainly is an awful prediction, coming from such authorities ; yet I trust, upon examination, it will appear a merely visionary prognostic.

“First ; the term patronage here is (if taken in its more recent sense, which, perhaps, may fairly be denominated its abuse) introduced altogether improperly, if it is meant thereby to stigmatize, as an arbitrary exercise of favouritism, the duty imposed on the Board of selecting proper persons (as it is presumed it does) to be recommended to situations as they become vacant. This duty ought to devolve on some one department ; and where more safely, than on those who are the depositories of the recorded achievements, and equally carefully registered recommendations of each candidate, through the medium of the official despatches ? A constant reference to, and familiarity with this graduated scale of merit, enables the Board, with comparative safety, to take a bird's-eye view of the whole profession, at any moment the service may require additional appointments. This power, however, it must be observed, places its possessors in a situation far from enviable, inasmuch as it involves the Board in the most serious responsibilities as to its due exercise. In Parliament the inconvenience is peculiarly felt, because they are ultimately exposed to the carping calumny of envious opponents, or the ceaseless solicitations of inconsiderate political adherents. Here the calumny must be distinctly answered : the so-

licitation refused in such a manner as not to wound the feelings of the disappointed—a task by no means easy. But out of doors the case is worse, for the public is always sure to be taken by first impressions. Any calumny once uttered against a public body by the *soi-disant* friends of the people, is, like private scandal, swallowed with avidity ; whilst the defence, through a natural perversity of the mind, is skimmed over with indifference, although it has, in six journals out of seven, been already deprived of all point or spirit through the influence of political predilection. Hence it may be fairly inferred, that neither their duties nor their defence are sinecures. Next, as to concentrating this power in a responsible body : may it not be of great public utility, since it discourages the old system of personal application to individuals ? Where the duty of selection devolves on the Board, the chances of success by the old method are inconceivably lessened. If it be (as 'tis said) a monopoly, its direct operation is to withhold from individuals all right of presentation to vacancies. Is it not a grating recollection to all true friends of the service, that during the war, family or merely personal connexion, nay ! in some instances, even female frailty, often formed the sole and spurious source of recommendation to youngsters being entered on the books of his Majesty's ships ? In many cases the applicants are not only deficient in the useful parts of education, but even in genteel exterior, that essential of good-breeding which softens down the asperities of command—a considera-

tion of no mean importance, where it becomes necessary, as on board vessels of war, to entrust to youth the enforcement of duties, to be performed by men who might, in most cases, be their parents.

“In how many instances is an officer called on to determine the bearing and limits of ‘Acts of Parliament’ regulating commerce, interdicted trade, rights of fishery, and other nice inter-national questions, whilst on foreign stations, where he cannot shelter himself from responsibility by obtaining legal opinions? Or, will it be contended, that where our officers so often of late have been called on, alternately, to wield the sword or wave the olive-branch, that it requires at least a gentleman’s education to qualify them thus to advocate important national interests by diplomatic exertions?”

“D—n all writers, let’s have fighters,” grumbled the captain.

“Let us have both, say I; let us avail ourselves of the mental as well as physical energies of our countrymen afloat! The question here is, which of the two systems is preferable? or, in other words, are the Board or the commanders of his Majesty’s ships the more competent parties to determine the qualifications and claims of numerous applicants? For this is, after all, the sole amount of their patronage, namely, the exercise of a discretion, for which this Board is strictly responsible, both to the profession and the public. Can it be desirable, that young men shall be introduced as midshipmen into the navy, without any regard to their

ability, education, or respectability, by an officer, merely in acquittance of some personal favour conferred; who, as soon as rated (the obligation being cancelled,) are 'let down the wind to prey at fortune?' " "Aye, to be sure," cried Benbow, "regularly set adrift before the wind." "A short time suffices to render their inadequacy to fill the duties of either seaman or officer apparent, when, sinking into a listless apathy, they become drones in an active profession, and the disgrace of their prodigal patrons. At the same time no officer, whose services have been meritorious, can have any just ground to apprehend that his son will fail in his application to become a member of the profession, although he himself is no longer the patron." "Aye," exclaimed the declamatory captain, "I should like to know who would have the best chance for his son at the Portsmouth academy—a lord or a skipper?"

Without noticing an interruption, which seemed, from the peculiar acerbity of its tone, to proceed from personal pique or disappointment, the speaker hastened to conclude, by assuring the company he was satisfied that though it was not unlikely that weight in one department of the state might produce a corresponding influence in another, still there was no possibility of constructing a Board which might not be liable to be impeached, or constituting a board of patrons whose impartiality might not in some cases be called into question. It was vain to expect perfection in any human system, or to calculate on being able to obviate every

objection ; but, as far as the system had been put to the test, he was conscious there had been less dissatisfaction, and less reason for it, since the present regulation had been adopted. It had taken out of the hands of officers a dangerous privilege, which experience proved had been too frequently abused, and could not but be hailed as a benefit by commanders, although conscious their privileges were thereby abrogated ; since, by the sacrifice, which was suggested as expedient on public grounds, they were at once relieved from all responsibility or possible imputation ; whilst the naval government of the country was left at liberty (without meeting with conflicting interests or obstacles) to improve the details of the service, and render daily more respectable, as well as more efficient, that branch of our natural defence, which, in the hour of danger, had ever been considered by the nation as the “ sheet anchor ” of its safety.

Several gentlemen had now imperceptibly crept closer to the speaker's chair. An interchange of kindly glances followed the last words he had uttered, and some stretched across the table to join their congratulations to that of other official friends, who were evidently delighted with the stand he had made in their behalf. In a few seconds the oration had lost all its unction ; the arguments were again combated ; the objections renewed in a tone which forbade all expectation of the assemblage coming to anything like a deliberate determination of the “ question.” Many spoke aloud, almost at the same

time; and it was observable, that there were fewer listeners than speakers : an omen of so very sinister a cast, that the grave gentleman, rising from his chair, and making a bow to the company generally, took the proffered arms of two officers, who appeared more than ordinarily grateful for his exertions, and left the room.

SAINTS AT SEA.

A GALLEY STORY.

'Tis the temptation of the devil,
That makes all human actions evil ;
For saints may do the same thing by
The spirit in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do ;
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary :
For as on land there is no beast,
But in some fish at sea's express'd,
So in the wicked there's no vice,
Of which the saints have not a spice ;
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in th' other is a sin.

HUDIBRAS.

“WHY, boys, you're all as down in the mouth as a parcel of Jews disappointed o' pay-day,” says a talkative topman, one night, to a part of the watch who were rolling aboard of each other as they sullenly paced the lee-gangway with their hands in their beckets.—“ One

would think," he continued, "you were all on six-water grog for the cruce."—"Come, blaze away, Bill," says another, "tip us a stave; see if you can put a little life in a fellow, for I'm tired o' this sort of fun; this is blockading *Too-long** in earnest.—Why, d—n it, 'twas only the last time the ship was in Malta, when I carried the Captain's portmanteau ashore, I overhears a lady axing the skipper himself if it wasn't a mutinous† sort of life; and, I am d—d if he didn't say that it *was*; though had any o' we made the similar answer, I suspects we'd a'got more kicks nor coppers. But it's the way of the world all over."—"Well done, Blue-devil-Dick," says a third, "growling for ever. You're just the fit fellow to have sailed in that psalm-singing ship as I sarved in. Come, let's down in the waist, and I'll give you a touch of her;" when, after following them to the "fore-hatchway," he thus began:—"Well, you know, a'ter I ships in the *William, and Mary*, West-Ingee-man, one o' your reg'lar Liverpool runners, as was waiting for a wind in the Cove of Cork, I goes ashore one night, for a bit of a spree, to one o' your 'Holy-ground' hops; and, just as I opened the ball with a blowen, and tipping the Shields in a rcel, in comes a larking leaftennant, with five or six lubberly lobsters, rigg'd out alike in jackets and trowsers. Well, they passes at first for some o' your reg'lar crucers, no one never suspecting as how they was under false co-

* Toulon.

† Mutinous—monotonous.

lours, or, moreover, a parcel of kidnapping pirates;* for the first thing, you see, the leaftennant does, was to sing out for a lilt of his own, and to foot it away like a reg'lar pineter.†

“Well, you know, as he was most flush of the dibs at the time, he stands the score, and sows-up myself and the piper; when, after a little palaver or so, he sends me clean out of the room, a reeling in earnest. This was a job for the jollies to take me in tow, and lug me, along them thundering-cliffs to the beach; for though I was fast by the nose, I was yawing about like a ship what had broke from her sheer in a tidesway. Well, as soon as we reaches the boat, they bundles me in like a quarter of beef, and a'ter we fetches the frigate, they whips me right out like another. In course, that night, ‘I'd too many cloths in the wind’‡ to know where I was; but, as soon as I came to myself, I diskivered my fate was fixed. Well, there I was, a pressed man in the morn; ‘jammed like Jackson’—‘hard up in a clinch, and never a knife to cut the seasing;’ so I makes up my mind for the worst, and bad was the best, for I'm

* We cannot refrain from expressing our regret, that the disagreeable duty of impressing seamen on shore should ever devolve on naval officers. Why should gentlemen be required to serve in situations not only derogatory to their character, but in which they have been constantly exposed to being pelted by the mud and missiles of an infuriated mob? We trust, in the event of another war, this system will be “reformed altogether.”

† A Portsmouth Point dancer.

‡ Drunk, in nautical slang.

blow'd but the frigate was more like a methody chapel afloat nor one of his Majesty's ships. There was the Captain, would puzzle the devil himself to know what he was ; he was sometimes a sanctificator, and sometimes one o' your smart-uns : a chap that could sarve out a sarment a Sunday, and four or five dozen a Monday ; and then, perhaps, for a couple of months, when a freak of the skipper went off, and a fit of the parson com'd on, there was a spell with the cat for the cruce. Well, howsomever, you know, he makes, as they call it, a parcel of convicts* aboard—aye, as good as one-third of the crew, 'sides the second leaftenant, his coxen, and clerk. There was the psalm-singing beggars, with their hair as straight as a die, and their ways, aye, as crooked as a 'snake on a stay,' going from mess to mess on the 'twixt decks, sarving out tracts as they tarm 'em—your die-away speeches, you know—your 'Repentance made easy,' and the like of such lubberly trash. Watch or no watch, a fellow 'd never no rest for his body or soul, these jarney-men parsons so bothered them both. I remember, one day, as I was taking a caulkt† on my chest in the birth, who should come forward, you know, but the captain's coxen. 'Well,' says he, giving me a shake o' the shoulder, 'Sam,' says he, 'rise, my man, 'tis time afore this you'd a call.'—'Why d—n it,' says I, 'it's my watch below !'—'Watch be-

* Convicts—converts.

† Caulk : to sleep upon deck, or lie down with their clothes on, is called a caulk.

low !' says he, turning up his eyes like a lady in love, 'ah, Sam ! 'tis time you should think of your watch above.' Well, I'm blow'd if I knew what the fellow was at, so I lets him go on for awhile. When, 'Sam,' says he, looking me straight in the face, 'you're sure to be damn'd for your sins.'—'The devil I am ; who told you ?' says I.—'I tells you,' says he, 'unless you gets—(let's see, what was the word) unless you gets—you gets—I have him—you gets—Re—Re-jenny-rated,' says he.—'What ship's *that* ? get rated *what* ?' says I.—'Born'd all over again,' says he.—'What, tarn a fellow into *Twicelaid* ?'* says I.—'Aye, and tarn from your sins,' says he.—So, to shorten the matter, says I, 'I tell you what it is, Mr. Coxen, every man to his station—the cook to the fore-sheet : ' you may be a very good hand at the helm—but a precious poor pilot for heaven. You're out of your latitude now ; keep within soundings,' says I, 'and talk like a sensible man ; when it's comfort I wants, 'tis not to the likes of such fellows as you that I'll seek ; I'll look to the *log-book* aloft ; so 'brace up and haul aft,' and no more of your preaching,' says I. Well, I silenced his fire, for he never came near me again.

"But this was a trifle to some of their tricks.—Why, bless your hearts, they used to practise the psalms in the store rooms, and join reg'lar coal-box† as they sung

* *Twicelaid*—old rope re-manufactured anew.

† *Coal-box*—chorus.

'em aloud on a Sunday. It's as true as I'm here ; but this wasn't the worst of it neither, for all the work fell on the ' *Good men*'* aboard ; and the top-masts might go over the side, afore one of those methody chaps would clap on a clewline. Then, as for coming to box, I'm sartain one-half of 'em would have thought it a sin to have stuck to their guns. They were even too lazy to go for their grub. Why, the whole o' the ship's company went without breakfast one morn 'kase a parcel of these straight-haired, double-faced fellows (the ship's cook as bad as the best on 'em) thought proper to ' *pound*' the gospel instead of the cocoa.† Howsom-ever, it didn't happen again, though these hippercroc-dile‡ rigs, as they call 'em, flew through the frigate like wildfire, till at last she was no better nor a reg'lar built hell afloat. There was the first leaftennant and the skipper for ever a snarling : for *Billy* was blue to the bone, and too much of a man to bear-up for a parson. But the skipper and the second leaftennant was as thick as three in a bed : what one would say t'other would swear to : the queerest notions would come into their head, for they were a pair of the most suspiciousest men as ever was born'd

“ I shall never forget one day, when the second leaf-

* A nautical designation for hard-working, willing seamen.

† The cocoa, on board a man-of-war, is pounded the previous day to its being boiled for breakfast, by one of the messes, each mess taking this duty daily in turn.

‡ Hypocritical.

tenant had charge o' the watch : I goes aft, just to ax for a pot o' water to make a mess o' *Ge-ografty** afore I went to relieve the weather-wheel,† when he takes it into 's head I was drunk—there he was, for all the world like one o' your figures on the rudder-head of a Dutchman's dogger, stuck on a carronade-slide, with a track in one hand, and a trumpet in t'other.

“ Well, howsomever, says I, taking off my hat at the time, as I nears him, ‘ Pot o' water, i' you please, sir,’ says I : well, there was never no answer, till I axes him louder and louder three or four times ; when all of a sudden, lifting his eyes what were starting clean out of his head, from the book he was reading, and grinning his teeth like a laughing Ienah, he shies the trumpet slap in my face, singing out like a new-one,—‘ Wiper, away ! wiper, away ! the wicked spirit's *within* you!’— May I never see light if I tasted a drop o' my grog that day, for I gave the whole o' my allowance to one of the topmen for making me a duck- pair of *mustering* trowsers : no, not all I could say could make him alter his mind ; so he sings out, you know, for the master-'t-arms, and orders me both legs in limbo, for contempt, as he calls it. Well, there I was, hard-and-fast for a fortnight, ground-tackle down, with a cable each way ; though 'twas hard, to be sure, an innocent fellow should

* *Ge-ografty*—a sort of beverage made by seamen from burnt biscuit boiled in water.

† The man who steers the ship, and who stands at the weather-side of the wheel.

be shov'd into irons just for the freaks of a sanctificator. Howsomever, as there was eight or ten more of us lock'd by the legs, the duty looked shy in the ship ; for, as *Pat* say, all the best *hands* aboard were fast by the *feet*. Well, 'twas all very well till we comes into port, and the day was fixed for sarving out slops.* The hands at seven-bells was turned up as usual, when, just as Pill-garlic, with the rest o' the prisoners, was ready for 'preachy or floggy,' and the captain about to muster my name, the second leaftennant all on a sudden starts for'-ard, and says to the captain—' Now do you hear 'em, the 'ciples of Satin ? Now do hear 'em ?' though there wasn't as much as a whisper to be heard at the time fore and aft. Well, you know, the captain sees there was some'et amiss, so the hands were piped down, and punishment put off, for the man was as mad as any chap in St. Luke's. Well, about two or three morns after this, just as the decks were dried up, and hammocks all stowed in the netting, up he comes, rigg'd out to the nines in white silk stockings, breeks, and buckles in his shoes, all ready to go ashore to a ball, as he said ; but 'twas a ball of a different mould what he meant ; for, just as the hands were turned up, up top-gallant yards, and every one on deck as would go ; down he flies to the gun-room, seizes a pistol, and blows out his brains ; and though, when alive, he'd never a laugh on his phiz, would you believe it, when *dead*, there was a grin on

* Jack's familiar phrase for punishment.

his face, as much as to say he'd been mocking us all, as well as his Maker. There's a precious end for a sanctifier.

REFLECTION.

THIS account of the fanatical pranks, which, we regret to say, were played on board of one of our men-of-war, though related in the droll language of *Jack*, is, nevertheless, faithful as to facts. Perhaps as good a moral may be collected from his "*yarn*," as might be conveyed in a strain more serious or didactic.

The more ignorant men are, on any subject, the less fit, it will be admitted, are they to be entrusted with the instruction of others. If this be conceded as to the sciences and subjects of *positive* knowledge, how much more strongly will it apply to professions of faith and doctrinal points, where so much is left to the imagination and conjecture, not to speak of the wide difference existing in the minds of some of the best-informed religious characters of eminence, from the mere circumstance of the different constructions which the *literati* themselves put upon the same texts of scripture, involving the most vital articles of faith. The world now cry out for *evangelical* pastors, as they are insolently designated, and assert the regular clergy are not sufficiently conversant in the sacred writings, notwithstanding they

are compelled at college to study them in the original languages in which they were composed, and severely examined, before ordination, by the bishop, in the best and most intelligible course of divinity and theology. If then, such precautions are necessary to prevent our clergy from misleading the laity, can it be less than an act of insanity to encourage the profanation of this highly responsible and holy office, by ignorant, though perhaps, in some instances, well-meaning men, who imagine, in their heated fancy, they have a divine call to instruct and convert others as ignorant and as likely to become the dupes of delusion as themselves ?

Few are aware of the insubordinate seditions and blasphemous state in which one of our sanctified ships* was some time since on the South American station, solely arising from the spirit of furious fanaticism which was instilled into some of her officers and crew, by a canting hypocritical schoolmaster, whom her captain rather irregularly authorized to act in the capacity of chaplain.† This worthy was ultimately, with other petty officers in the ship, by the lenient sentence of a court-martial held on board one of his Majesty's ships on the St. Helena station, merely dismissed the service for mutiny and sedition !

* His Majesty's ship the *Favorite*. /

† Prior to the introduction of this unfortunate fanatic on board the *Favourite*, as also subsequent to his dismissal from the service, this ship, when under the same commander, was considered as smart, and as highly a disciplined man-of-war as any on the "Peace Establishment."

It is refreshing and cheering to find that another triumph was, in this case, reserved for education and information, however everlastingly calumniated and sneered at by the saints—not a well educated man on board being affected by this mutinous and seditious frenzy ! It would be injustice here not to add, that its detection and suppression were mainly attributable to that intelligent, well-informed, and enterprising young Commander, Pearce, now despatched on the adventurous service of exploring the central regions of Africa.

All line-of-battle ships and frigates have chaplains allowed them ; and the first of the " Articles of War " directs that the public worship of Almighty God, according to the established forms of the " Church of England," shall take place each Sabbath, the indispensable duties of the service permitting. The attendance at divine worship thus becomes part of the duty of a king's ship : for often, when a vessel is of too low a rate to bear a chaplain, the duty is performed by the captain, or other officer, agreeable to the " Articles of war ;" and, instead of there being any ground for the calumnious charge against sailors generally, that they are more indifferent about, and more rarely attend, divine service than other persons, it may be safely asserted, that they are as regular in their attendance as the generality of other labouring classes of the community. The charge may therefore be pronounced a falsehood ; and, if we were disposed to indulge in a (perhaps justifiable) strain of enthusiasm on so serious a subject, we might add,

that no man, who had been on board of, or visited a fleet in the forenoon of the Sabbath, and understood the well-known signal, but must have been deeply affected with a religious sentiment in observing the pendants flying at the "peak," and the profound silence which reigned in consequence throughout; reflecting that, at that moment, thousands of the bravest and sternest spirits were occupied in prayer, and humbly contrite in the presence of their Maker.*

* The Rev. Stanier Clarke, in a sermon, preached 1797, to commemorate and return thanks for the naval victories of that war, describes the real character of a sailor, without any of the blazonry of eloquence, but with the strictest truth, in the following words:—"Yet, greatly as society is indebted to a profession which supports the strength of Great Britain, there are but few among you who have formed a just conception of those intrepid veterans. Often, amid the darkness of the wintry night, when pampered luxury reclines on the downy pillow, impatient of the smallest noise or interruption, they cheerfully encounter those hardships which the genuine modesty of the naval character never blazons in the face of day. The plain simple deportment of a mariner has little in unison with the timid fawning manners of sycophants and imitators. Hypocrisy discerns little among them but daring blasphemies, and the mad uproar of excess. But they who are intimately acquainted with the real character of the mariner, will have no just reason to complain that he is uninfluenced by a religious and devout spirit; and they who have been misled by a contrary opinion are entreated to reflect on the late devout conduct of a naval veteran and conqueror, and acknowledged that religion is a distinguished feature in this noble profession. When the tremendous scene of the battle closed, this devout commander and his gallant crew humbly, on their knees, returned thanks to the Lord of Hosts! It was an awful scene, which angels would contemplate with joy. It was a sacrifice well pleasing unto God, who is the giver of all victory, and who preserves them that

How different is such an appropriate and well-regulated scene, breathing calmness, order, and devotion, from that exhibited on board the *Favorite*, where all was irregularity, fanaticism, and insubordination—the seamen perpetually interrupted in duty by the reiteration of extempore sermons, which set reason and grammar at naught. Not content with these public effusions and display in the “waist,”* groups of men were formed in more intimate communion below. Here a larger body held what they termed a love-feast, breaking biscuits together, and alternately singing hymns and *telling their “experience,”* as it is termed, or, to be more explicit, narrating the fancied intercourse between God

fear him from the hands of their enemies. Thus did their hymn of thanksgiving ascend to the throne of Grace.” [See the sublime hymn after victory, in the Form of Service used at Sea.] ‘We got not this by our sword, neither was it our own arm that saved us, but thy right hand and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance.’

“What a scene for infidels to contemplate, and for Christians to perform! What a solemn and memorable lesson unto that vanquished commander, who, brought up in the new school of infidel philosophy, felt sensations arising in his mind, which the system of eternal sleep, and the contempt of a crucified Redeemer, had nearly extinguished. He felt, and acknowledged their force: he trembled on the precipice of unbelief and *almost was persuaded to be a Christian!*”

This is piety without rant, instruction without dogmatism, and a triumphant answer to the pharisaical enemies of our natural protectors. Will these preachers of submission and non-resistance never learn, that, if sailors are to have a church, it must be the church militant?

* Main-deck,

and their own souls, in language whose familiarity must shock every man not insensible to open and indecent blasphemy. Band-meetings, the most mystical union of all amongst the religious *illuminati*, were sometimes held between the guns, where similar pious orgies occupied that time which often ought to have been employed in duty. And on one occasion when an officer interfered and remonstrated, the offender retorted on his neglect of religious duty, insolently demanding, "Do you think we care for you or your authority? we are the servants of the Lord!" and sometimes pointing to the main-mast in a paroxysm of besotted infatuation, exclaimed, "Look there at your Saviour Jesus Christ on the cross; why don't you take off your hat to him?" These and a thousand such extravagancies and blasphemies were proved on the trial of some who were selected to be made examples of—a measure unfortunately not adopted until all subordination and discipline were nearly at an end.

For a whole-length portrait of Fanaticism personified, with all its disgusting features, we refer the reader to a curious document, under the title of "Protest of John Pounder," which we have seen, but consider too blasphemous to publish.

We shall close this chapter by observing, that the service was not in want of religious instructors, of a character which shed respectability and honour on their

sacred functions, long prior to the introduction of these lights * on board men-of-war.

It has been remarked that the character of our sailors is materially altered : and it may perhaps be attributable, amongst other causes, to the contempt which inevitably must be engendered for sacred things in some, by seeing them thus basely prostituted ; and, in others, by becoming no longer content with the calm, sober, rational style of address, so contradistinguished to rant and fanaticism, contained in the following extracts from sermons preached on board the *Impétueux*, which, for sensible doctrine (whilst in some passages they may surpass in eloquent diction), may be fairly taken as a specimen of sermons usual on board his Majesty's ships.

In a discourse on that part of the 107th Psalm, " They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters, these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep," the reverend gentleman, J. S. Clarke, then chaplain to the Prince of Wales, has been peculiarly happy in illustrating the text of the Psalmist. After touching on the sublime subjects of the unfathomable deep, and its natural barrier of dangerous and stupendous rocks, with the magnificent and, particularly to sailors, instructive canopy of heaven, in a manner to excite the mind to gratitude and devotion,— " Ye," says this eloquent divine, " who live amid the

* Orthodox tars denominate them by the technical term of *blue-lights*. May not the term be intended metaphorically, as a warning to the unwary ?

vicissitudes of those contending elements, whose appearance alone fills the ordinary beholder, though in safety, with dismay—ye who pass your lives in a continued survey of the most sublime object in nature, the ocean, and in conducting that most wonderful work of art, the ship, that bears you through it—unto you is given, to trace the Creator of the world among the sublimest of his works. You see him in the ocean, you hear him in the tempest, and look for his protection amid the winds and waves. His power is alike felt by you, whether you glow beneath a vertical sun, or shiver amid a frozen sea. Though the contemplation of the ocean alone might be sufficient to inspire the mind of man with the awe and reverence of Him by whom it was made, ‘yet to worship that power aright must be obtained by a knowledge of the Gospel of him who walked upon it.’” He then proceeds to exhort them to a due attention to its precepts, in the following language:—“Thus,” he says, “the native courage of your hearts would be elevated and strengthened, whenever duty called you to repel those enemies who have manifested such virulence against the religion of Jesus Christ, in all places where their infidel power could destroy its altars. Christ died for you; and surely none can be here assembled who would hesitate to risk their lives for that religion which he established on earth, that you might live hereafter in Heaven.”

On the subject of subordination, he says:—“A ship, in which so much of your life is past, is a just emblem

of political government. Here every one has his appointed place ; the various gradations of command and obedience are clearly marked ; and it is a truth as evident to your senses as the *mèridian* sun is to your sight, that, by a joint co-operation of all in their respective departments, the vessel is generally conducted through the waves in safety, appears almost to defy the tempest, and often returns rich in victory and honour.”—“ You who have entered into the service of your country, to preserve it in quietness and security at home, and to curb the assuming arrogance of an inveterate foe, your conduct and example in this momentous duty will, I doubt not, declare the sincerity of your intentions, and a firm resolution to support that character for which you have been so long renowned. As one of the most important trusts in the community thus devolves upon you to execute, the smallest appearance of disobedience to a superior, who represents the person of your king and the government of our country, must be considered as baseness and dishonour. But you, my brethren, are of a profession whose predominant features are loyalty, courage, and active patriotism ; and in which a willingness to shed your blood must ever become a duty, when your country calls aloud for such protection and defence.”—“ By this virtue, likewise, of obedience, the Christian character is gradually formed, without which everything hastens to anarchy and discord ; and it is also observable, that those who have passed through the rigid school of naval discipline are often known to form the best of fa-

thers, of husbands, and of friends."—"To command and to obey are natural allotments in life ; yet, however you may be captivated with the charms of the former, be assured that they who *command* have a painful responsibility to sustain. Let every one, therefore, strive to alleviate the weight of such a service, by keeping the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

NAVAL THEATRICALS.

"Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
Each borrowed, and made use of as his own."

CHURCHILL.

DURING the severity of the season at Saint John's (Newfoundland), when frequently the thermometer was below Zero, and, as a natural consequence, the inhabitants above business, a project was suggested by some of the officers of the Navy for contributing to the cause of charity, as well as the dissipation of *ennui*, by occasionally prostrating the dignity of their station on the altars of Thalia and Melpomene.

The metropolis not being able to boast of even a barn, which from time immemorial has been conceded, by even saintly magistrates, as the privileged tenement of the heroes of the sock and buskin, it became necessary that a "regular-built" (for so they termed it) theatre should be erected on shore by the sons of the sea, the expenses of which, including decorations, scenery, stoves, property, puffing, wigs, wardrobe, lights, scene-shifters, theatrical-tailors, and midshipmen's milliners, were entirely defrayed out of the profits of the first month's performances.

The discipline observed by the manager, though perhaps savouring less of that adopted on the boards of a stage than on those of a deck, was nevertheless essentially calculated to support the dignity of the drama ; since, whenever the crews of Thalia or Melpomene were either disposed to desert, be mutinous, or in any way commit a breach of their theatrical articles, they were invariably brought under the " articles of war."

It frequently happened, the most rigid measures of the management could scarcely subdue the spirit of dissatisfaction which generally prevailed as to individual "*rating*" and "*rigging*." It was not unusual to hear a young midddy at rehearsal, who perhaps had to personate the part of the tender "Ophelia," complain that his "cat-heads" were clumsily fitted to his bows ; or, that the "eyes of the rigging had slipped down below the hounds of the mast."* Whilst a "Rover," a "Squire Groom," or "Tom Shuffleton," would compare the loose fit of their buckskins to a "purser's shirt on a handspike ;" or a "gallant gay Lothario" grumble at being hampered with unnecessary "top-weight aloft," or "too much play at the heel in the step of his sticks." In fact, all were "first-rates" in their own estimation, and equally as anxious to show off their attire as their attainments.

The deputy stage manager, who formerly had been a votary of the sock, presumed no little upon his Thespian experience ; although, be it known, he never had

* In allusion to the gown slipping over his shoulders.

the honour of belonging to a *Royal* company, until in the marines (having been a private in that corps.) He proved, however, an acquisition to the stage, as he not only undertook to perform the various duties of prompter, property-man, drill, dresser, attitudinarian, fugleman, and fencing-master to the company, but would, on the shortest notice, in the event of any performer disappointing the manager, jump with more self-satisfaction into another man's socks, than ever did heir into testator's shoes.

Aspirant's to every walk, whether "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical" (in which latter their efforts most effectually succeeded,) put themselves under the dramatic tuition of this amphibious *Roscious*. Hamlet's advice to the players was nothing compared with *his* to his pupils ; and, perhaps, the best farces of Foote and Garrick never in representation created more laughter than the drills or rehearsals of this *ci-devant* stroller. In his opinion the perfection of the art, as he used to term it, entirely depended upon rapidity of utterance. Like all military drills, he adopted a species of by-word, by way of preliminary caution to the corps at dress-rehearsals, or preparing for action. For instance, being alarmed, as he well might, by some misconceived attempts at impressive action, he would exclaim, "Avast, avast, sir, the action of *that* arm—dabbles too much like the fin of a fish."—"Handsomely the other."—"Hitch back ; your larboard leg's standing

on the chalk.—Now step out with your starboard—stead—eh!—Meet her again, sir.—One pace in the rear, i' you please.—No shuffling.—Suit the word to the action, as the bard says.—Now strike out together both arms.—Bravo! bravo!—soon beat *Mr. Kean*!—Cross over to port, sir.—Not so much of the eschelon step.—Heads-up withal.—Don't look at the lights.—Very well! very well, indeed! Your exit now, sir—remember O. P., and take care you weather the wing in your retreat.”

This sort of rhodomontade was frequently interrupted by the sudden *entrée* of, perhaps, a tragedian, thus complaining of the length of his part: “Here's a h—ll of a soliloquy, as long as the main-to'-bowline—‘ran it clean off the reel’ before breakfast—can't remember a word of it now.”—“A trifle that, sir,” was the reply of the *Royal*. “Mere desertion of the mind—trust to Providence and the prompter.”—“D—n the prompter, he's always ahead of his reck'ning.”—“Well, sir, say something o' your own—audience never the wiser. Tell 'em ‘there's a tide in the affairs of men, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,’ and so on. Fishermen, you know, sir, like you all the better for *that*. Remember once, sir, dreadful dilemma in *Octavian*—crowded audience—forgot my part: when a little presence of mind (by-the-by, gentlemen, presence of mind is everything on the boards) called to my aid a few lines out of *Lear*; and, instead of being, as another might, as mute as a

mackerel, I began, as *Hamlet* says,* to spout like a whale, catching a clap from every hand in the house by the trap. There was a triumph of ready wit at a pinch, sir! But it isn't every man's luck to have wit at will!"

However ludicrous these theatrical drills, they were not more amusing than the dress-rehearsals, which were specifically given, to accustom the actors to an audience previous to opening the theatre for the season. On these occasions free-admissions were only granted to the seamen of the squadron and soldiers of the garrison; when, certainly, the fun was reciprocal; for it well might be doubted, whether the actors more amused the audience, or the audience diverted the actors. Nothing could sometimes exceed the humorous hits made by the *Jacks* in the recognition of their officers.—“D—n my eyes,” says one, after some difficulty in recognizing his Captain in the part of *Ollapod*, “if that isn't the Skipper in the oakum wig!—Bravo our side! Clap a backstay on your boots, Mr. Bolus.” And then, in allusion to the cant phrase so frequently repeated by the military midwife, “Do you take? do you take?”—“Take!” says another, “aye, rather ten o' your doses than one o' your dozens!” Whilst a third, after discovering it was a *mid* instead of a maid that personated the part of *Emily*, loudly vociferated, “I say, *Jem*, douse my top-lights, how like Sally-port *Sal*!” In a subsequent scene between *Ollapod* and *Miss Mac Tab*, where the waggery of the former

* The reader will perceive how well versed this stroller was in Shakspeare—“very like a whale.”

becomes so apparent, a voice from the gallery echoed through the house, "Don't mind him, ma'am! don't mind him; he's as full of his fun as a main-top full of monkeys."—Whilst *Corporal Foss's* "huzza!" was generally followed by three hearty cheers, the last of which was accompanied by the boatswain's-mates winding their calls, and piping belay. Upon another occasion some of the *Jacks* recognized their purser, who was really an admirable performer, representing *Lampedo*, the half-starved apothecary in "The Honeymoon;" one of them exclaimed, "Why, I'm blow'd if that isn't the purser turned loblolly-boy! My eye, purser, you've had a southerly wind in the bread-bag!" In this sort of good-humoured strain would the tars of the squadron amuse both themselves and their officers till the drop of the curtain. The success of this charitable speculation exceeded the most sanguine expectations, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which these theatricals laboured, from the necessity imposed on the officers of beginning the undertaking from the foundation, whether as it respected the house, scenery, dresses, or decorations, in all of which their benevolent intentions were constantly counteracted by the extravagant charges and cupidity of the shopkeepers and tradespeople; although it was a matter of notoriety, that the profits were to be appropriated to the support of their own indigent poor. There were not wanting objectors on the score of the pregnant immorality of theatrical representations, who thundered evangelical anathemas, through the medium of the press

of Saint John's, against the promoters of rational amusement, and the munificent patrons of the poor, though the society for improving their condition received, through their secretary, between forty and fifty pounds, the proceeds of one night's performance alone. With funds thus raised, by a tax on the superfluities of the wealthier and middle orders, and appropriated to the relief of the sick and indigent, it was no wonder the cause of charity, aided by the emulous zeal of the theatrical amateurs, won its way triumphantly, despite of the hypocritical cant of narrow and illiberal minds.

If a proof were wanting to show that these representations were neither destitute of merit, utility, or moral influence, it may be safely assumed, as having been tacitly admitted by its polemical enemies, when we cite a fact, which also shows how decidedly their practice was at variance with their principles: many of these very individuals formed part of an attentive and highly-gratified audience.

LEAVES OF A LOG.

(Continued.)

LONDON, H. P.—A. M. *June 18th.*—Hot weather.—Warm work this day ten years at Waterloo—Great epoch in military annals—Medals bravely won, and fairly worn: wish the case with the Navy.—*Query*, are military insignia always symbols of “past services?” Aware badges of battle promote future fight.—N. B. valorous orders “preserve order of battle.”—Red ribbon a good styptic for a bleeding wound; and to die with a cross, ensures at least a Christian burial abroad.—*Mem.* Non-distribution of medals for killing Moors and Mahometans fairly accounted for: Laurels for fighting with infidels fade—*Exmouth* and *Algiers* forgotten—*Wellington* and *Waterloo* the fashionable war-whoop—cause more partial than political—Pellew no favourite with the fair—too inquisitive on the trial of the Queen—Probable cause why *Algiers* sports no *Achilles* in the Park:—*Query*, a monumental erection of the Grand-Turk (rigged in loose *inexpressibles*) by the sex, not a more suitable memento of the Mahometan defeat than the Waterloo Achilles?—Odd that some “joint-stock company” don’t set up a Naval “metropolitan” monument!

—Thoughts of sending for approval a plan of a Trafalgar testimonial to the Ladies of London: design, a crocodile of the *Nile* shedding tears over the shade of Nelson—N. B. each tear to weigh a ton, and occasionally to answer, if erected in the Park, as a self-acting allayer of Dandies and dust.—Relinquished the idea—personally unknown to the ladies patronesses of *Almack's*.—P. M. Received letters per post—also an official damper from “Navy-Board”—Plan of saving shipwrecked seamen rejected—proposal for trying experiment refused—utility unseen.*—Often thought humanity and humbug synonymous terms,—now convinced.—*Query*, former not considered an anti-patronizing attribute.—*Mem.* Death is the life of promotion—recollected standing-toast in the West-Indies: “bloody war—sickly season.”—Good!

12. 30'.—Weighed and stood to the southward.—Spoke a saint from *St. Luke's*, bound to the “Bethel-Union” with tracts—boarded another in distress (*head* damaged)—took him in tow—promised salvation for salvage.†—Steered for the Haymarket—missionary meeting—general muster of Methodists—saints, male and female, collecting off Opera Point.—Dissipation and piety on opposite tacks—thoughts veering 'twixt cant-

* *Vide*—Parliamentary Proceedings, June 3d, 1825, and Sir I—C—'s speech in opposition to Mr. Trengrouse's plan “for the preservation of shipwrecked persons.”

† Salvage, a per-centage allowed to the crews of ships which assist others in distress.

ing, chanting, bibles and ballets—Puzzled at first why Opera saloon should be the rendezvous for sanctified seamen! *Mem.* mystery explained—recollected “Fiddler’s-Green” is their “half-way” to heaven.

At 1, cast-off the tow—entered room—took up a birth—“brought to” under the lee of a fat, freckled, red-headed spinster—thought of “Flamborough-head” in a breeze. “Hands turned up”—every man to his station. Lord G. in the chair, and Admiral O. on his legs—oratory of the latter neither classical nor clerical—pauses as long as a “lead-line”—better hand at “rounding a cable” than a period. Diving too deep in divinity. Audience at sea—chair “in the clouds”—*Mem.* each out of their element—Admiral occasionally as boisterous as *Boreas*—audience “inclined to calm.” Morpheus “in sight”—seen hovering o’er the heads of the latter—Spouter blowing like a whale, and veering like the wind—head as light as a dog-vane”—matter as heavy as a “top-maul.”—“Yawing” and yawning apparent in Admiral and audience—both continually starting—one in their sleep, the other from the subject—Admiral more profuse than profound in scriptural quotations: thought ’em misapplied—might be wrong.

P. M. 1. 40’,—Suffocating heat—audience alarmed—fanatical faintings—“*Squalls* brewing.” Admiral consigning to *Beelzebub* nine-tenths of the world—thought it time to “cut cable” and run—“Parted co.” from crowd.—“Albeit unused to the melting mood,” left audience in tears, and Admiral in a stew.

Four P. M.—Bore up for Bond-street—way choked with carriages—*pavé* impassable—peopled with puppies—Thought of the divine Malthus' plan for thinning our useless population—Mingled feelings of rapture and regret—Riders and de-riders—horse and foot—*Mem.* natural antipathies between these two classes.—Slashing work—nautical tactics—coachmen “breaking the line,” and dandies “brought by the lee”—latter having no horses, mount spurs and moustachios in lieu—Think fringe on the upper lip might be taxed without *infringing* on the liberty of the subject—hate alike punning and “political economy,” or should propose it to my friend *Fred.** as a good *spec.* for his next year's budget.

5. 30'—“Tacked ship”—homeward bound.—Arrived safe—“Brought to.”—Landlady and cook at loggerheads—dinner *dished*—Bachelor's fare.—Dined badly—tried to dose.—Weather oppressively hot—blood boiling—Thought freezing the mind might cool the body—sent to circulating library for “Polar Voyages”—Messenger returned with “*L——'s*” last.—Prosed over pages of misfortunes, marvellous *miracles*, thin-ribbed dogs, and “thick-ribbed ice.”—*Mem.* admired Plate No. 5, *viz.* two craniological wolves discussing an esquimaux skull—Pondered on the wild spread of philosophy—Imagined myself in fine reverie—Startled by spectre—Post-captain in full uniform metamorphosed in-

* Can this prating puppy be an intimate of our popular Chancellor of the Exchequer?

to "Doctor of Law"—black gown with pudding sleeves over swabs—wig full bottomed.—Smelt powder—No wonder! laughed so loud that roused and found candle in right whisker.—Read another page—thought Dr. eminent in prose.—Sleep again promoted—Turned in—Dreamed of seals—diplomas—sea-horses—pony-sprites—savage wolves and polar bears—Fancied myself keeper of a marine menagerie—At midnight woke—wished all the bears and lions at the devil.

NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Nay, if thy wits run the wild goose chase,
I have done.—

SHAKESPEARE.

ALTHOUGH we plain seafaring folk feel ourselves scarcely broad enough in the shoulders to grapple with the difficulties of a question which have puzzled the philosophers and scientific giants of the day ; yet, the existence of a North-West Passage, particularly a practicable one, is a consideration involving such a lively and general interest, and withal so very problematical, that we may be permitted to put our oar in the stream of conjecture, although perhaps not capable of feathering it with the same dainty dexterity as the philosophic "*Funny-club*" of the Royal and other Societies on the banks of the Thames.

In examining the conflicting opinions on this subject (though we will admit that, owing either to the prevailing taste in literature or respect for official theories, the bulk, if not the weight, of paper authority seems all on one side) we shall endeavour to be "all fair and above-board" as to the merits of others ; and hence we are

induced to hope that, despite of the popularity or unpopularity of the theory here advocated, we may be allowed, with contemporary conjecturalists in the outset, to start "all fair alike."

From the seas of ink which have been wasted on the controversy, we may confidently assert, there is none on which the opinions of the *savants*, the scientific, and northern navigators have been more at variance than the practicability of effecting—nay, even the existence of—a North-West Passage.

Lord Bacon, in his day, had occasion to regret that the progress of philosophical knowledge was impeded by a perversion, not peculiar to his times, amongst scientific men: namely, that, in the examination of philosophical subjects, the philosophers exercised their ingenuity in forming theories, to which they vainly tried to bend the stubborn phenomena of nature—preferring this mode to the more reasonable course of taking the phenomena themselves, as indicating general principles of action, or basis of rational theories. To his enlightened mind the world is indebted for the explosion of errors, which would have ever proved an insuperable bar to the progress of science; and our familiarization with the principles of the inductive philosophy may be regarded as one of the greatest boons ever conferred on the human mind. In the teeth of the recommendation of this illustrious authority, the *savants* of the present day have, in too many instances, employed their literary leisure in assuming facts and philosophical hypotheses,

that had no other foundation than in their own fertile imaginations. They have not hesitated, in order to build up their theories, to deride the suggestions of experienced men, and insult the memory of the scientific dead, to lay down the sites and shores of imagined "Polar basins," to remove the boundaries of long since explored bays, so as to convert them into seas convenient for their hypotheses, to introduce currents "circumvolving," so as to circumvent the testimony of every man of experience in past ages as well as in the present; and thus, by arrogating to themselves clear views of what ought to be the course pursued by our navigators, and well nigh prescribing what ought to have been the proper construction of this terrestrial ball by its great Creator—heaping calumny and reproach on those scientific and daring spirits among the naval profession, who have not hesitated to "set their lives upon the cast" of the success or failure of this enterprise, they have endeavoured to render "confusion worse confounded" by the tinkling jingling of terms misapplied and abused, by carping objections, gratuitous assumptions, and dogmatic flippancies, mingled with a spirit of presumptuous prophecy, refuted in vain by every successive experiment, and only redounding to their own disrepute and discomfiture.

The literary "gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease," in order to fabricate *data* whereon to found their predictions, have adopted the stale practice

of attempting to throw ridicule* upon the opinions of others who have had at least one advantage over them,

* In the 61st number of the Quarterly Review, page 226 (for December 1824), we find the following passage in a "notice" of Captain "Cochrane's Pedestrian Journey :"—"From these people" (says the Reviewer, speaking of the Tchutski), "who certainly are the least civilized of all the various tribes of Northern Asia, Captain Cochrane procured such information respecting the north-east cape of that continent, as he deemed fit to be laid before the 'Royal Society of London,' especially as he conceived that it refuted a *strange whim*" (a phrase of the Reviewer's) "which Admiral Burney entertained, towards the latter period of his life, that 'Behring's Strait' was no strait at all, but a deep bay ; and, consequently, that the two continents of America and Asia were united. To prove the *absurdity* of such a *notion* (fortified by the geographical information received from the enlightened Tchutski, who never saw a compass nor know what it means, and who explain the direction or position of places by the rising or the setting sun), Captain Cochrane addresses a long-winded memoir on the subject to the Secretary and President of the 'Royal Society : ' of which it appears they took no notice ; owing, as he thinks, to his having committed the unpardonable blunder of putting the *Secretary* before the *President*."—Now the presumption of this writer, is really preposterous. He accuses Admiral Burney (who had some pretensions to hazard an opinion on the subject, from the circumstance of his having *visited* the strait) of "entertaining a *strange whim*" on a geographical point, yet unsatisfactorily decided ; whilst he forgets, that he not only himself entertained a much *stranger whim*, and one perfectly unauthorized, by *assuming* the existence of Baffin's Sea, which had been discovered, and ascertained to have been a Bay, two whole centuries before. And as for Captain Cochrane's unpardonable blunder in putting the *Secretary* before the *President*, it was a blunder, Heaven knows, the poor Captain might have retorted, not without a precedent at more important public Boards, where the Secretary (forgetful of Miss M'Tabb's advice to that village phenomenon Ollapod—"the physician before the apothecary") con-

namely, personal experience of those difficulties and dangers incidental to enterprises of this nature. The existence of the latter they altogether deny. The navigation of an icy sea in all weathers is a mere matter of holiday recreation; and the imagination becomes intensely excited, and even warmed, by the cheering prospect of passing a nine-months' winter blocked-up in ice, at a temperature of 30° or 40° below Zero. It is vain either to refer them to the pages of Parry (the only authority which they deign to consider as not apochryphal), or to those *fabulous* writers of remote times, Bylot, Baffin, Fox, Middleton, Phipps, Cook, Clerk, Bligh, and Burney. Even the "unsuccessful attempt" of Captain Lyon, who was all but shipwrecked in attempting to reach "Repulse Bay," will probably

stantly obtrudes himself on the public eye in the place of his master. But why sneer at the only information Captain C. could possibly obtain in that quarter of the world? For though the "enlightened Tchutski" knew no more about a compass than the Reviewer does of the ice at the Pole, about which he has been raving for so many years, surely the testimony of one uncivilized tribe is as valuable as that of another.—As well might the Reviewer sneer at Captain Parry, for not only receiving information, but actually and *bonâ-fide* acting upon that received from the Esquimaux—the dullest and most stupid race (notwithstanding Miss Iligliuk's hydrographical tact) on the face of the globe. The Reviewer perhaps would say their testimony was subsequently corroborated by Captain Parry—admitted—so was the testimony of the "enlightened Tchutski" subsequently confirmed by Baron Wrangel. We may bid adieu to discovery, and to the extension of knowledge, if we are to reject, as fabulous or false, all information which may militate against a favourite speculative theory, or the visionary reveries of philosophical enthusiasts.

produce no alteration in their tone ; and it yet remains to be seen whether the actual loss of the *Fury*, though only in longitude 90° west, and latitude 73° north, will shake the “firm belief” of these pen-and-ink mariners, “that a navigable passage does exist, and may be of no *very difficult execution* ;” and who, but a few leaves further on, assure the reader “they have little doubt of a free and practicable passage round (*i. e.* the northern extremity of America into Behring’s Strait) for *seven or eight months in the year*.”*

We would almost imagine it is not in human nature, although often obstinate enough in error, to resist those “confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ,” that, whatever the philosophers may say, the accomplishment of the North-West Passage is by no means such “plain sailing.” Nor are we at all disposed to agree in the inference drawn by Mr. Barrow, in his “History of Voyages to the Arctic Regions,” page 375, that, “it is *now known* pretty nearly whereabouts such a passage, if it exists at all, must be *looked for*.” It should be recollected that this book was published in 1818; when nothing important, for years, had been added to our stock of science or geographical information as to the Polar regions ; it was an assumption, therefore, altogether unfounded on the part of this writer. Indeed, it remains quite questionable whether any of the *routes* which we have since attempted to explore is the right one : nor is it less problematical, whether there be any

* *Vide Quarterly Review*, No. 31.

such passage at all. The most flattering result of any of the voyages which have been accomplished since the time of Captain Ross, who, it was subsequently proved, might have gone many hundred miles further to the westward if he had kept a sharper look-out, or, as some have alleged, "if he had had a mind," was that of Lieutenant Parry, which terminated at Melville Island in Barrow's Strait. "Yet even here," says Captain Parry, "there was something peculiar about the southwestern extremity of Melville Island, which made the icy-sea extremely unfavourable to navigation, and which seemed likely to bid defiance to all our efforts to proceed much further to the westward in this parallel of latitude." On the 10th of August 1820, the same obstruction presented itself as on the 17th of September 1819. He continues: "Nor did there appear, from our late experience, a reasonable ground of hope that any fortuitous circumstance, such as an alteration in winds or currents, was likely to remove the formidable impediments which we had now to encounter." (Page 242, Parry's First Voyage.) Such were the discouragements experienced by Lieutenant Parry to prosecuting further discovery in that quarter, that the Admiralty acquiesced in the suggestions of that officer, to make the experiment in a more southerly direction: the grounds of these suggestions will hereafter be examined. Nor is it likely that their Lordships will ever again consent to the experiment being tried by the *route* of "Melville Island" from the eastward. So far, then, the prophecy of the

critic of the Quarterly Review, in number thirty-one, under the head of " Lord Selkirk and the North-West Passage," is very unlikely to be fulfilled, if any reliance is to be placed upon the facts since discovered by our officers employed in this service, instead of on the fanciful reveries of the critical enthusiast. His tone will best be exemplified by a reference to his own words: "And we are much mistaken, if the North-West Company would not derive *immediate* and incalculable advantages, from a passage of *three months* to their establishments on Columbia river, instead of the circuitous voyage of six or seven months round ' Cape Horn ;' to say nothing of the benefit which might be derived from taking their cargoes of furs and peltry for the China market at ' M'Kenzie's and Copper-mine rivers,' to which the northern Indians would be *too happy* to bring them, if protected by European establishments, at these or other places, from their enemies, the Esquimaux."

It is the misfortune of men engaged in scientific inquiries, that, having once adopted a theory which they find not conformable to facts, they are obliged to twist those facts, or pervert them to their purposes, by assumptions altogether destitute of foundation. Hence the writer in this review, having resolved on adopting a favourite conclusion, which may be fairly termed his hobby-horse for several years past, attempts to prop up his theory by the alleged existence of a " circumvolving current," a Polar basin, and an open sea with an estuary to westward, in place of that which had been ascertained

two hundred years ago to have been properly denominated a *bay* by Baffin, and subsequently proved to have been such by modern navigators.

Having entertained one absurdity, the writer is naturally involved in others in order to support it. This accounts for his having dignified Baffin's Bay with the title of *sea*; for, otherwise, his "circumvolving current" coming along the shores of California, through Behring's Strait and the "Polar Basin," would have required some other outlet, which would have been unfavourable to his general position, and also antagonized with a tale told of a log of mahogany having, by the aid of this circuitous current, not only travelled through "Behring's Strait," so as to have fairly fetched the "Polar basin," but to have actually "worked Tom Cox's traverse" through this outlet (*his* Baffin's *sea*) until safely landed at Discoe, an island on the west coast of Greenland. But why should this log of mahogany have purposely started from the Pacific? Did the pen-and-ink men ever ascertain whether the timber-merchant's mark from the western side of America was discernible or not? Did it never strike them, that this said log was more likely to have drifted from Mexico* (more particularly as the "gulf-

* "*Phoca*," an anonymous writer in the "Naval Chronicle" of 1818, observes upon this subject, that "indeed it seems much more possible, and probable too, that these very logs of mahogany found their way to Discoe somehow or other from the gulf of Mexico. It is very clear that the gulf-stream might have carried them up to, or perhaps beyond Newfoundland, from whence it is not impossible that, by other currents or local tides, they may have got into eddies close in along the coast of Labrador, and even in-

stream" has been felt as far as the banks of Newfoundland) than from Panama in the Pacific? Besides, might it not, as well as the other log of mahogany "picked up by Admiral Lewenorn," have been driven from some part of the northern Atlantic? But there would be an insuperable difficulty to the admission of such a supposition; for, be it observed, it would be in direct opposition to the reviewer's "circumvolving current setting down from the northward (sometimes with a velocity of four, or even *five* miles an hour), along the eastern coast of America and western shore of Old Greenland." But since the reviewer has confessed that he *does* "*now know there is such a bay, or rather inland sea, as that of Baffin,*" how is he to account for this log of mahogany circumfloating from the Pacific to Discoe? For even had the outlet from the Polar sea into the Atlantic been, as the reviewer *now* insinuates* it is, by the since discovered strait of the Hecla and Fury, it would be impossible, on his assumption of a "perpetual current setting down from the northward at the rate of four or five miles an hour," it could have reached Discoe by this *route*, because Discoe happens to be somewhat to the *northward* of this outlet by the Fury and Hecla strait.

But the creative imagination of the pen-and-ink men has not been less occupied in misplacing geographical positions, than in the abuse or misapplication of high- to 'Hudson's Bay,' and out again through some of the openings furthest to the northward, and so across to Davis's Strait to Discoe."

* 59th Number of Quarterly Review.

sounding terms. We are told by the scientific, that a *substratum* of warm water has been discovered in the "deep bosom of the ocean." Admirable! and why not? for surely that same bountiful nature which provided a basin for the polar bears to wash their paws in, would never be so regardless of the comforts of fish as not to provide them with warm water to shave withal! Let us hear no more of Gallic rhodomontade. Sterne's wig, the buckle of which the French barber assured him would stand if it were plunged in the ocean, hitherto was without its parallel! Henteforth, ye French wags, hide your diminished heads.

But the terms of science used are themselves often pregnant with absurdity. That man must have no very fastidious philological taste who could content himself with the propriety of the phrase "a stratum" in fluidity, more particularly when each of the strata spoken of must be, to support the hypothesis, a distinct separate stratum of polar salt water. The reader will perhaps be edified and amused by the manner in which "Scrutator" analyzes the different hypotheses of gentlemen who have taken so much trouble to dive out of their depth; it will be found at length in the note below.*

* Scrutator, adverting to the subject of the different temperature of the sea in different latitudes, observes, "that the Reviewer, finding it necessary to look a little deeper, as to the doctrine of progressive everlasting *congelation* in the Arctic regions, calls old Davis from the 'vasty deep,' to help him out with some fact, to show that there *is* some *other* counteracting power in operation *under water*, also, to prevent that accumulation of ice which



It is certainly not an ingenuous mode of argument to reason from results, nor is it intended to avail ourselves

'otherwise, in process of time, would freeze up the globe.' Fortunately, and most opportunely, he was furnished with this by old Davis, who tells him that *he* had seen 'an ylande of yse turne up and downe, because it hath melted so faste under water.' On this grand, and seemingly *unexpected* discovery, the sagacious critic, in the name of his brethren, exclaims in rapture, 'We have no doubt that Davis is right, and that the action of the *salt* sea on ice, and not its decomposition by the solar rays, prevents an accumulation, which would otherwise, in process of time, freeze up the globe!!' It would seem, however, entirely to have escaped the notice of this sage critic, that Davis did not account for this melting of 'the yse so faste under water' because the sea was *salt*, but owing 'to his heate of power to dissolve yse.' The Reviewer might as well have told us *what he meant* by 'the action of the *salt* sea on ice.' It may have been the increased temperature of the sea, shown by the experiments of Dr. Irving and Mr. Scoresby; but if so, why apply the needless term *salt* to the sea? He was not quite sure then, perhaps, of the fact of an increasing temperature of the sea downwards, as he deems 'the few experiments in Phipps's voyage wholly unsatisfactory:' yet they must have made *some* impression on his belief. However, he very prudently declines hazarding 'an opinion as to the cause of this warm stream,' but leaves it to his readers 'to ascribe it' to the 'submarine geysers,' of Pennant, or to 'the heated current from the Pacific, which probably loses nothing of its temperature in its passage among the active volcanoes of the Aleutian Islands,' and thence through Behring's Strait and the *Frozen Ocean* into the bargain!! Bless us! what on advantage it is to be a man of learning and a great traveller! what daring flights it enables the mind to take, on the wings of a lively imagination! The Edinburgh Reviewer, in No. 59, observes on this subject, 'that, contrary to what takes place under milder skies, the water drawn up from a considerable depth is warmer within the Arctic circle than what lies on the surface. The floating ice accordingly begins to melt generally on the underside, from the slow communication of the heat sent upwards.'—The Quarterly Reviewer says: 'but we are rather inclined to consider it as the lighter water rising from an extreme depth to the surface.'

here of any such unfair advantages. But many of these obstacles were predicted by Phoca, the before-mentioned

Mr. Scoresby, in his account of the Arctic regions, published in 1820, says, at page 184, 'As far as experiments have hitherto been made, the temperature of the sea has generally been found to diminish on descending ; but in the *Greenland sea*, near Spitzbergen, the *contrary* is the *fact*.' The results of the experiments he made for determining this interesting point were highly satisfactory, the water being *invariably warmer* than at the surface. A series of these experiments are exhibited in a table at p. 187. 'They were *all* made in deep water, clear of land, and *out of soundings*, the temperature of the air at the times being generally below, and seldom above, thirty-two degrees of Fahrenheit.' So much for the fact, which (being an unlearned man) is all I dare meddle with ; but as others may wish to see whether Mr. Scoresby's attempts to account for the *cause* are more clear and satisfactory than those of the two rival Reviewers, I shall insert what he says at page 209, &c. "From the fact of the sea near Spitzbergen being usually six or seven degrees warmer, at the depth of 100 to 200 fathoms, than it is at the surface, it seems *not improbable* that the water *below* is a still farther extension of the '*Gulph stream*,' which, on meeting with water near the *ice*, *lighter* than itself, sinks below the surface, and becomes a counter under-current.' And again, 'from the circumstance of an under stratum of water, in the Spitzbergen sea, being generally warmer, by some degrees, than that at the surface, though of *similar specific gravity*, it would appear that the warmer water is, in this case, the most *dense*, or why does it not rise and change places with the colder water at the surface ?' I am sure I cannot say *why* ; and, my good reader, if you are not able to do so, perhaps one or other of the critics will assist you ; though I apprehend the Quarterly Reviewer will be somewhat puzzled by the question. For *his warm water*, brought all the way from the *Pacific Ocean*, happens to be *lighter* than that at the surface in the Arctic regions, and at the extreme depth too (as he, of course, can give a good reason for ;) but Mr. Scoresby's warm stream from the *West Indies* is *heavier* than that at the surface (or 'of similar specific gravity,' for it is hard to say which he means,) and therefore *sinks* underneath it, instead of *rising*, like the Quarterly Reviewer's circumvolving current, from an *extreme depth* to the surface,"

anonymous writer, in the Naval Chronicle, previous to the departure of the two first arctic expeditions, under Captains Ross and Buchan. In support of this assertion, we need only refer to the conclusions of Phoca, who, after having most successfully combated in detail the arguments and assumptions of our rival reviewers,* sums up thus:—"From this part of the expedition' (says Phoca, speaking of that intended to cross the Pole under Captain Buchan) "I see no very reasonable ground

* It may not be altogether unamusing to the reader to retrace the opinions and recommendations of our rival reviewers, as to the probable and best route to be taken by the two first expeditions under Captains Ross and Buchan. The reviewer in the Quarterly says, "The lands are usually surrounded with ice, and therefore recommends that 'ships, instead of coming *near* the land and endeavouring to pass through *narrow straits*,' ought to avoid the land, and keep as much as possible in the *open sea*, and in or near the edge of the current, where the sea may be expected to be free." The Edinburgh Reviewer goes further, and tells us that "a few weeks are commonly sufficient to disperse and dissolve the floating ice, and the sea is at last *open* for a short and dubious interval, to the pursuits of the adventurous mariner." And "as the cold increases but very little in advancing to the higher latitudes, the vast expanse of ice which covers the Polar Basin may be hereby *dissolved* at the close of *every* summer; and if the intrepid navigator, therefore, could seize the short and *quivering* interval, he might push on to the *Pole* itself."—Yet this writer "considers the scheme of penetrating to the Pole itself as *more daring*" than "the project of finding a north-west passage to China," which (as Phoca observes) "he *must*, at the same time, suppose to be *impossible*, if he believes that the *peculiarities* observed in Behring's Strait, by Admiral Burney, *are*, as he asserts, "obviously indications of an *enclosed sea*." This writer, however, concludes by confessing that "*his hopes*" as to the practicability of effecting *either* passage are "extremely slender."

for 'entertaining lively hopes' that a practicable passage for *ships* will be discovered into the Pacific, though there does not seem to be the least doubt of there being one for *water* and *fish* ;" and as to the second," (under Captain Ross,) "the more circuitous passage along the north coast of America into the Pacific, the prospect of success is still more unfavourable than the other : because, even allowing that the present adventurers do reach the north-east point of America, and discover through what is 'gratuitously called Baffin's Bay,' they will then have to make no less than one hundred degrees westing, most probably through immense fields of ice, *fixed*, or moving with the circumvolving current, as well as the winds, both prevailing in a general direction from *west to east, against them*. If there be any ground to hope that a practicable passage for *ships* can be discovered between the Pacific and the Atlantic, along the north coast of America, the chances are, that it will be done (if it *ever* be) *from Behring's Strait to the eastward*."

To take, however, a clearer view of this question, we must avail ourselves, at some length, of the assistance of the ablest pamphlet, notwithstanding its very limited circulation, which, under the signature of Scrutator, has appeared on the subject. That writer proceeds, *seriatim*, to examine the grounds originally taken by the Quarterly Review, in favour of the existence and practicability of a north-west passage, which were—

"1st. The existence of a perpetual current, setting down from the northward, from the Polar basin, through

Baffin's *Sea* and Davis's Strait, into the Atlantic, with a velocity of *four*, and sometimes of *five* miles an hour.

"2d. The non-existence of Baffin's Bay, as drawn in the charts.

"3d. A circumvolving current, setting as perpetually 'from the Pacific through Behring's Strait,' *into* the Polar basin, and *out of it* into the Atlantic; and 'whose existence, in his (the Reviewer's) opinion, affords the best hope for the success of the expeditions engaged in exploring a passage into the Pacific,' by way of the Pole, as well as along the north coast of America.

"4th. A great Polar sea, *free from ice*, near the Pole, *if free from land*."

Scrutator then observes, "Mr. Barrow, one of the secretaries of the Admiralty, appears, from what he says in his account of the '*Voyages to the Polar Regions*,'* published in 1818, to have taken up the question precisely on the *same grounds* as the Reviewer.

"Mr. Scoresby, in his account of the Arctic Regions, published in 1820, enumerates some of these, and also considers them as probable grounds for supposing that

* Mr. Barrow, when speaking of the probable existence of "an uninterrupted communication between the Pacific and the Atlantic," observes, that from "the *simple fact* of a perpetual current setting from the Pacific into Behring's Strait, and a *perpetual current* down the coasts of *Greenland* and *Labrador* into the Atlantic, renders such a communication extremely probable; and it becomes almost *certain*, when we *find* the productions of the shores of the Pacific carried to the northward by the *first* current, and *brought down* into the Atlantic by the *second*."—*Barrow's Voyages to the Arctic Regions*, p. 377.

such a passage *may exist*. Ellis's reasons, he says, appear to him to be 'the most satisfactory.' One of these, rather a curious one to be so 'satisfactory,' is, 'the direct testimony of the Indians, which tends to *prove* that they have seen the sea beyond the mountains, and *observed vessels navigating thereon!*' Where, in the name of Heaven, could these vessels have come from? or how could any have been *there*, unless they were the *canoes* of Esquimaux? which, it may be presumed, Ellis did not understand these Indians to mean, by what he termed *vessels*.

"Mr. Scoresby, on the whole, however, is rather sceptical on the *practicability* of such passage; and even if it were discovered, he conceives it would be at intervals only of years it would, in all probability, be open at all. He further says, "the most certain method of ascertaining the existence of a communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific, along the northern shore of America, would doubtless be by journeys on land."—"This hint," as Scrutator observes, "has been taken, and if followed up," he concludes, "'the grand question' will be *solved*; but by any ship or ships, *without* the aid of expeditions by land, it will remain as it now is, a matter of doubt."

This writer then proceeds to try the validity of these four grounds, or arguments, by the test of the experience of those navigators who have recently visited the North Polar Regions.

"1st. The existence of a perpetual current, setting

down from the northward, from the 'Polar Basin,' through Baffin's *Sea* and Davis's Strait, into the Atlantic, with a velocity of four, and sometimes five miles an hour."

"Although the already-noticed candid declaration of the Reviewer of the Quarterly, 'that he *now* knows there *is* such a *Bay* as that of Baffin,' who had said before he believed it, that if there were such a bay, 'it would be a difficult to explain how *any* current could originate at the bottom of it,' would seem to render it superfluous to *prove* that there is *no such* current:" yet Scrutator, trusting more to long-established facts than to theoretical assumptions, proceeds to cite the several experiments made by Captains Ross and Parry, to disprove the existence of the pen-and-ink-men's ideal flow or "perpetual current, running with a velocity of four or five miles an hour," as follows:—"My orders," says Captain Ross, "to stand well to the north, had been already fully obeyed, and *no current* had been found: and if 'a current of some force did exist, as, from 'the best authorities,' we had reason to believe was the fact, it could be no where but to the *southward* of this latitude, 73° 37'. Again, on the 6th of September, in lat. 72° 23' and long. 73° 7', *no current* was found.' September 20th, lat. 64° 10' and long. 63° 5', 'we found, by our reckoning, that the current had *set* us twenty-five miles to the *north-east*, during the last twenty-four hours.' Thus, according to Captain Ross, *no current from the northward* was ever experienced; but, on the

contrary, when *any* could be detected, it set either *to the west, north-west, north, or north-east.*"—Vide Ross.

From these facts, added to the variety experienced by Captain Parry in Davis's Strait and Baffin's Bay, it appears almost certain that *no* such current as the Quarterly Reviewer imagined was found to exist by either navigator. The reader will find the reasons for this opinion stated at length in the subjoined note.*

"Thus," says Scrutator, "the reviewer's first ground has been annihilated by proof positive. The second he has himself confessed to be so, by the *same* proof. With respect to the third, "a circumvolving current setting perpetually from the Pacific, through Behring's Strait *into* the Polar Basin, and *out* of it into the Atlantic,'

* Speaking of the currents, Captain Parry says, "that during the summer and autumn, there is, in this part, a considerable set to the southward;" yet he adds, "that in judging of the causes which produce this general tendency of the *superficial* current, it will be proper to bear in mind two facts, which we have had occasion to remark in the course of this and the preceding voyage; first, that in a sea much encumbered with ice, a *current* is almost invariably produced immediately on the springing-up of every breeze of wind; and, secondly, that in several instances where the ships have been beset in the ice, the *direction* of the daily drift has been the point of the compass directly *opposite* to that of the wind, *whether* the latter was from the *northward* or the *southward*. It appears to me, upon the whole, that the southerly current which we have been enabled to detect, is *not more* than may be *caused* by the *balance* of the *northerly* winds added to the annual *dissolution* of large quantities of *snow*, which finds the readiest outlet into the Atlantic."—Parry's First Voyage, Appendix No. 6, page 145-6.

the foregoing facts show that *none* of it was found in the whole space between the west coast of Greenland and the meridian of $113^{\circ} 46' 43''$, and in latitude $74^{\circ} 46' 25''$, which was the farthest point Captain Parry reached."

As it would occupy too great a space, at least in print, to follow the imaginary "circumvolving current" of the Reviewer round the face of the globe, we shall at once admit, that there can be no question that there is occasionally to be found in Behring's Strait a superficial current setting to the northward, or N. E., which may be attributed to local causes, proceeding from the prevalence of particular winds or the movements of the ice. But to suppose it were perpetual, would be flying in the face of *facts* experienced by Cook, Clerk, Gore, Bligh, Burney, and others, as may be collected from the note below.*

* It is said in Cook's *Voyages* that, "it may be observed, that in the year 1778, we did not meet with the ice till we advanced to the latitude of 70° on the 17th of August; and that then we found it in compact bodies, extending as far as the eye could reach, and of which a *part* or the whole was moveable; since by *drifting down upon us* (from the northward), we narrowly escaped being hemmed in between it and the land. In the second attempt, they were unable to approach the continent of Asia higher than 67° , nor that of America in any part than 68° or $68^{\circ} 20'$ north: and in the last attempt they were obstructed by the ice *three degrees further to the southward*. Now all this does not seem to favour the supposition of a current "*rushing in* from the Pacific through Behring's Strait," &c. Again, in Cook's *Voyages*, the remarks on this matter are thus summed up: "By comparing the reckoning with the observations, we found the currents to *set differ-*

But admitting this temporary and trifling superficial current in Behrings' Strait setting to the northward, it is totally inadequate (as Scrutator observes) "to supply that which is known to set to the southward continually out of the Polar sea, through the Spitzbergen sea, into the Atlantic : even if it were possible to believe that the waters of the Pacific composed any part of it." But if, for the sake of argument, we shall even go further than

ent ways, yet more from south-west than any other quarter. We again tried the currents, and found them unequal, but *never exceeding* one mile an hour. Whatever their direction might be, their effect was so *trifling*, that no conclusion respecting the existence of a passage to the northward could be drawn from them." In *Clerk's* voyage it is stated, that "on Thursday, the 1st of July, Mr. Bligh, the master of the *Resolution*, having moored a small keg with the deep-sea lead in 75 fathoms water (off Thadeus' Noss), found that the ship made a course N. by E. about half-a-mile an hour." This was attributed by him "to the effect of the *southerly swell*, rather than to any current." Captain Burney says, "among the peculiarities he observed in Behring's Strait there was little or no current, nor could it be perceived the tide either rose or fell." Now, notwithstanding Lieutenant Kotzebue says "the direction of the current was always N. E. in Behring's Strait," and by his "estimation running at a rate of *three* miles an hour, when the wind blew fresh from the southward," yet it may be presumed that his testimony is more than counterbalanced, when Mr. Von Chamisso, the naturalist, who then accompanied him in the *Rurick*, asserts, that after we had *tried to prove* that a current goes to the northward through Behring's Strait, we must confess that it is *too weak*, and can force but too little water through the narrow entrance, to correspond with those currents which flow" (for this naturalist then believed in the reviewer's four-or-five-knot-an-hour current) "from Davis's Strait." When this opinion is found to agree with that of the *able circumnavigator* Cook, it must be considered equally entitled to credence as that of Lieutenant Kotzebue.

Scrutator, and admit, not only the existence of the Quarterly Reviewer's "circumvolving current, but that there is, as he has since said, "a strong current setting round Icy Cape, due *east*, at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles a day;" and which "*fact* has since been experienced by two Russian corvettes, which found the current setting so strongly to the *eastward*, as to occasion some *alarm* lest they should be not able to return:" why, then, may we, with others, ask the Reviewer, have our expeditions been sent, despite of their own arguments, and directly in the teeth of those very currents which form the entire basis of their theory? But then, perhaps, the Reviewer might say, "that a current setting so strongly to the *eastward* might occasion *alarm* lest our enterprizing countrymen should be unable to return; added to which it is well known that westerly winds prevail the best part of the navigable season: and as they were always found by Captain Parry to be *favourable* to his purpose, "*bringing away* large bodies of ice from that quarter and consequently leaving a considerable quantity of *open* water, so as to permit a progress to be made to the *westward*,"† it *must* naturally follow, that the same cause which cleared his way to the *westward* would impede him in his progress from Behring's Strait to the *eastward*." This sort of sophistry we must confess is not to our taste, nor can

* *Vide* 59th No. Quarterly Review, page 265.

† *Vide* Parry's Voyages—First, p. 299, and Second, p. 35.

we be persuaded, as seamen, that it is not much better to go easterly with the wind and current, than oppose both ; or to have fields and floes of ice drifting before us to leeward, than down on us from to windward.

In the latest paper on the subject in the Quarterly, (59, page 268,) published upon the eve of the sailing of the last expedition, the Reviewer says, "In the view taken by that Commander (Captain Parry) we entirely concur ; and are satisfied with him, that a *navigable* and *practicable* passage does exist ; and that, when once upon the northern coast of America, a tract of *open water* will be found to conduct the ships to Icy Cape ; that the report of the Russian ships that lately visited Icy Cape is as favourable as the most sanguine mind could wish ; for their description is precisely that of a kind of navigation through which our ships have already *held* their *course* uninjured for hundreds of leagues, and through which, therefore, they *may*, under Providence, be again conducted by similar exertions.* We believe, with him (and have recorded our belief,) that the *main difficulty* lies on *this eastern* or Atlantic side ; but we are *now* more confident than ever, that the difficulty is not insurmountable."

Now, in the name of common sense, if "the report of the Russian ships, that lately visited Icy Cape, be so favourable to navigation from that quarter, and that both

* Captain Parry's words quoted by the Reviewer, Second Voyage, page 488.

Captain Parry and the Reviewer *believe*," not only "that a navigable and practicable passage does exist, but that the *main* difficulty *lies* on *this eastern* or *Atlantic* side," why again, we repeat, are all our expeditions sent to contend with these difficulties ?

The Russians are a people remarkable in the field for their obstinate valour, yet even with that peculiarity they seem wisely disposed not to war against nature, and prudently shrink from a contest with difficulties which we appear determined to subdue. Far from being appalled by the loss even of the *Fury*, we expect the Reviewer, whenever he again favours the public with his sentiments on this subject, will only repeat the old burden of his song, "we are now more confident than *ever* that the difficulty is not insurmountable."

If the reader will but carefully examine the reasons adduced by Captain Parry, for preferring to penetrate to the westward in a more southern latitude, it will be found that the arguments generally preponderate against him.

Captain Parry says, "A *continuity* of land is essential, if not absolutely necessary for the purpose of navigation in this part of the Polar Sea." Again he says, at page 297, "Our experience, I think, has clearly shown that the navigation of the Polar Seas can never be performed with any degree of certainty without a *continuity* of land. It was only by watching the occasional opening between the ice and the shore, that our late progress to the westward was effected : and *had* the

land continued in the desired direction, there can be no question that we should have continued to advance, however slowly, towards the completion of our enterprise.” —Again, “In this respect, therefore, as well as in the improvement to be expected in the climate, there would be a *manifest advantage* in making the attempt on the coast of America, where we are sure that *land will not fail us.*” Scrutator observes, “From both these extracts, it is declared that a continuity of land is *essential*, if not *absolutely necessary*. A continuity! *where?* and how situated, as to the *westward course* to be steered by ships? Why, a continuity, such as the North Georgian Islands, lying contiguous to each other nearly east and west, on a parallel, *north*, or on the star-board hand* of that course. But why should it lie in that direction, and be situated *north of that course?* Because, *such* a continuity did in fact enable the ships to proceed *as far only* to the westward as it extended, but no farther. How did it enable them to do so? By protecting them from the Polar ices, such as were met with at the west end of Melville Island; where, Captain Parry says, *had the land continued in the desired direction*, there can be no question that we should have continued to advance towards the completion of our enterprise.” The Quarterly Reviewer says, “The heavy ice found there, was owing to the *discontinuance of land*, or to the *prevailing northerly winds* having driven down the

* Right hand.

main body of ice, and *wedged* it among the islands." This was a *continuance of land on the north* of the ship's course; and the acknowledgment of the ice "having been driven down," implies the belief, that there must be a fertile supply from that quarter, and what Captain Parry terms a power in constant operation of "enormous pressure" to have thus "wedged it in among the islands." Mr. Fisher, however, seems to have had a much clearer conception of this matter than any of his shipmates. His words are decidedly to the point at page 99: "I think it is probable," he says, "as long as we find *land to the northward, to stop the Polar ice from drifting down upon us*, that we shall find a passage to the westward along the land. I do not mean, however, to say that a passage will, without any interruption, be constantly found to exist between the land and the ice: on the contrary, I am aware that a southerly wind may give us occasional checks, by forcing the ice in with the coast; but immediately the wind changes to the opposite direction it will necessarily have the contrary effect. This is not indeed a matter of *speculation*, nor do I intend it to be considered as such; for both this and the last year's experience have afforded us so many instances of the truth of what I have said, that I have no hesitation in giving it as my opinion, that the vicinity of *land to the northward* will always be in our favour. My object in being so particular on this point is, because there are some amongst us of quite a *different opinion*."

"We have seen already," says Scrutator, "*where* and

what this continuity was, as well as its importance to the ships, as far as it extended. That importance was fully proved by the insurmountable icy obstruction which they met at its western extremity." And yet, Captain Parry says, and the Reviewer repeats it, "*Such* continuity of land as was *here* about to fail us, *must necessarily* be furnished by the *northern* coast of America, in whatever latitude it may be found." And, there would be a *manifest advantage* in making the attempt on the coast of America, where we are sure *that* land will *not fail us*." If the *Reviewer* alone had made such an observation as the first, it need not have surprised one; but that Captain Parry himself, with the facts of his experience before him, should not only have written but published the same, is indeed somewhat unexpected; for the two cases cannot possibly have any feature *alike*, except as regards the term continuity applied to them, and perhaps being so, in both having a direction east and west. Though there must be continuity of land on the coast of America, yet surely it cannot be *such* a continuity as that formed by the North Georgian Islands, which failed Captain Parry at the west end of Melville Island: because the coast of America is on the larboard* hand, or to the *southward* of ships steering to the *westward*, and consequently to *leeward*, as the *prevailing* winds are from the *northward*. On the contrary, the continuity formed by the North Geor-

* Left hand.

gian Islands is to the *northward*, or on the *starboard* hand, of ships so steering, and therefore to *windward*. As to *situation*, then, they are only as opposite as north and south. But in other, and far more important points, they are quite the reverse of each other. The chain of lands* extending from Baffin's Bay, on the north of the passage discovered by Captain Parry, acted as a *barrier* against the Polar ices, which, it is confessed by all authorities quoted, are driven from *north to south* by the combined power of the Polar current and the "prevailing northerly winds."

Upon the authority of Captain Parry, at page 242 of his first voyage, as has been already quoted, we are told that when he at first met with such decided obstruction, near the west end of Melville Island, he "was desirous of finding an opening in the ice leading to the *southward*, by taking advantage of which, he might be enabled to prosecute the voyage to the *westward* in a *lower latitude*." Again, at page 250, he says, "The ice to the W.S.W. of Cape Dundas, was as solid and compact as so much land." At page 259, on the 26th August, he says, "We kept close along the edge of the ice, which was *quite compact* to the *southward*, without the smallest appearance of an *opening* to encourage a *hope* of penetrating in *that direction*." At page 261, when in latitude $72^{\circ} 2' 15''$ and long. $105^{\circ} 14' 20''$, he says, "A constant look-out was kept from the crow's nest,† for

* North Georgian Islands.

† Look-out from the mast-head.

an opening to the southward, but not a single break could be perceived in the mass which covered the sea in that direction." And on the 30th of August he says, "Having now traced the ice the whole way, from longitude 114° to 90° , *without discovering any opening to encourage a hope of penetrating to the southward, I could not entertain the slightest doubt that there no longer remained a possibility of effecting our object.*" "Does Captain Parry, then," says Scrutator, "with facts like these before his eyes, really mean to say that a continuity of land, *south of the westerly course to be steered towards Behring's Strait, is, in any point, except the two before mentioned, such as one to the north of it?* Suppose, for instance, that after he entered 'Lancaster's Sound,' there had been *no land* whatever to the *northward* between him and the Pole, and that land to the southward from Cape Byam Martin to Bank's Land, or even to Behring's Strait, was continuous, I would ask him candidly to say, if he believes he *could* have advanced to the westward beyond even the 80th degree of longitude? Would he have found *that* continuity *such*" (or, as Scrutator might have added, of the same utility in screening him against the Polar ice) "as the continuity he discovered to the *northward*, and whose existence *alone* enables him to reach the 114° meridian? But the Quarterly Reviewer," says Scrutator, "would, perhaps, answer for him. Yes, he would not only have made as much westing as he did, but he would have reached Behring's Strait; because he would have enter-

ed my *Polar Basin*, where there would have been *no ice* to impede his progress." And yet the Reviewer acknowledges, that "the ice found about the S.W. extremity of Melville Island was owing probably to the *discontinuance* of land, or to the prevailing northerly winds having *driven down* the main body, and *wedged* it in among the islands. Can, then, the Quarterly Reviewer give any sound reason *why* the same combined causes should *not* have produced the same effects, *if* that discontinuance had taken place in the same parallel on *any other* meridian between Baffin's Bay and 114° west longitude? And why it may not take place at the west end of Arctic lands, on any *meridian west* of that longitude, and in parallels even *south* of Melville Island, IF NO OTHER LANDS should happen to be situated to the NORTHWARD of them again?"

"We have seen the result of Captain Parry's first voyage: with that result the Reviewer's resources seemed to have failed him, and he very prudently gives up the cudgel to Captain Parry; and, though he seems to have had a *fearful hankering* after '*Middleton's Frozen Strait*,' or '*Repulse Bay*,' which he disbelieved quite as much as he did the existence of Baffin's Bay; yet, after what he had said and published, he could not well recommend it himself as a next place of trial: he therefore informs us, that 'the attempt was to be made as *recommended* by Captain Parry, in a more southern latitude, and *close* on the coast of America.'"

"This last attempt has also failed, but with *this* 'ad-

vantage' gained, as the Reviewer would say, that, 'we now do know there is *such* a bay as the *Repulse* Bay of Middleton;' and, as to the difficulties which our navigators would probably have to encounter on this side of America, he has been a true prophet for once."*

We, however, are disposed to pronounce Scrutator to be the prophet;† for in the next review of Captain Parry's second voyage, page 263-4, in the 59th No. of the Quarterly, we find the following remarks: "The result of this most laborious, irksome, and anxious voyage is, to say the least of it, a very valuable addition to our geographical knowledge of the seas and lands within the Arctic regions; and if he has *not*, as Captain Parry observes, and as *we* set out with saying, discovered the route by which the North-west Passage *may* be effected, it has at least clearly pointed out that by which it *cannot*." Yet, on a reference to the opinion of Captain Parry on this subject (page 488, second volume,) it will be found that *he* says, "their endeavours were unquestionably directed in the *right* place."

In the next paragraph the Reviewer tells the reader, that "the chief *cause* of these difficulties are *now* sufficiently obvious. We know that our *old* navigators in-

* In allusion to the Quarterly Reviewer having acknowledged that he had "less apprehension of the passage through Behring's Strait being closed against our navigators, except by ice, than of the difficulties which they may probably have to encounter on *this* side of America."

† Scrutator's pamphlet was published some time previous to this number of the Quarterly Review.

variably found a strong current setting down the channel called the 'Welcome:'" and yet, when it suits the purposes of the pen-and-ink men, they not only doubt the veracity of our *old* navigators, but actually traduce the dead.* But to return to this "strong current setting

* In a "notice of Captain Franklin's Journey to the Polar Sea," 56th No. of the "*Quarterly*," the Reviewer says. "As to 'Repulse Bay,' it was *left* by Captain Middleton pretty much in the *same way* that 'Lancaster Sound' was by Captain Ross, the one being stopped short by an *imaginary* 'frozen strait,' and the other by a chain of mountains, which had no existence but on his paper chart." This assertion, as relates to Captain Ross, is somewhat correct; but nothing can be further from the truth as respects Middleton. Indeed, so perfectly at variance is this opinion with late navigators, that in the 59th No. of the "*Quarterly*," page 239, the Reviewer is obliged to confess himself a maligner of Middleton in these terms: "Though Middleton was not, perhaps, the officer best qualified for conducting a voyage of discovery, yet it is *evident* from Captain Parry's *examination* of the ground *previously* occupied by him, that *justice* has *not* been done to his memory; which, however, the following testimony (Captain Parry's) ought to rescue from further obloquy." But what dependence can be placed in a writer who can thus quibble, and tell us in one number, 35, page 170, that "more attempts than one to land on the coast of Greenland must be made, before we can give credit to its being bound up in *eternal ice*—which is known to shift about with every gale of wind, to be drifted by currents, and to *crumble and consume* below the surface of the water;" yet, in a subsequent number, he says, "that for the last *four hundred years* an extensive portion of the eastern coast of old Greenland has been shut up by an *impenetrable barrier* of ice, and with it the ill-fated Norwegian or Danish colonies, and who were thus cut off at once from all communication with the mother country;" that "various attempts have been made, from time to time, to approach this coast, but in vain; the *ice* being every where *impervious*?" Again, "The event to which we have alluded is, the disappearance of the whole, or greater part of this barrier of ice.

down the Welcome, which, the Reviewer informs us, ultimately carries ice-bergs along the coast of Labrador, across the banks of Newfoundland, in the teeth of the 'Gulf-stream' to the southward, never quitting the American side of the Atlantic, though the westerly gales of wind are almost as constant as the 'Gulf-stream.' Where, then," continues the Reviewer, "originates this perpetual motion of the sea to the southward?*" Certainly *not* in Baffin's Bay," says he, "*where no current was found to exist:*" though, in different preceding numbers of this periodical, it was set down as a positive certainty, that "a strong current of four or five knots an hour was *known* to run to the southward from *out* of the Reviewer's 'Baffin's Sea.'"

Now, if "*we knew* that our *old* navigators *invariably* found a strong current setting down the 'Welcome,' carrying with it fields of ice as well as ice-bergs, which our old navigators concluded came from the westward round the N. E. of America;" if all these facts were so well known, and their difficulties so well understood,† "why," may we ask, with the late Captain Cochrane, "was Captain Parry sent to cope with them?" He was not alone sent to discover the N. E. cape of America: his grand and

How the Danes can *now* pretend to *doubt*, as one of their writers affects to do, whether there *ever were* a colony on the eastern side (of Greenland,) is to *us* quite *inexplicable*, unless it be to palliate their negligence at the first approach of the ice, and their want of *humanity* since."

* Still harping on his "circumvolving current."

† Vide No. 59 of Quarterly Review, page 264.

primary object was to circumnavigate, if possible, that continent.

The Reviewer next asks, "From whence does the Polar sea, surrounded as it is by land, receive a sufficient supply of water to provide for the *perpetual* discharge that takes place through the Strait of the *Fury* and *Hecla*? It cannot be from the torrents of *melting ice and snow* in the sea and surrounding shores and islands, which a pleasing but not very profound French writer"* [more than a match for the Reviewer] "thought sufficient to explain the ebbing and flowing of the tides. Captain Franklin saw no such torrents; indeed, so small is the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere of high latitudes, that it scarcely ever rains; no snow fell at Mellville Island during a whole winter, and the spiculæ which *floated* in the *air*, *lay* on the ground" [it rather puzzles us, who are no philosophers to conceive how it could do both, unless, like Sir Boyle Roach's bird, it could be in two places at once,] "and was not more than a few inches, or a third part of the quantity which falls in many parts of great Britain, &c. &c. Yet it would be absurd to suppose that the North Sea, or St. George's Channel, was ever swelled by the melting of snow. Neither can it be from the *melting* of *ice* in the *Polar Sea*, for that would be increasing the bulk of water by the contraction of its dimensions when in a fluid state. Besides, if it did," says the Reviewer, "why should this melting of ice produce

* St. Pierre, in his *Studies of Nature*.

a current *out* of the *Polar Sea*, on one side of America, and *into* it on the other ? The current *must*, therefore, originate *out* of the limits of the *Polar Sea*, which we always *thought* was the case, and in fact has now been *proved* to be so."

Let us for a moment proceed to examine the proof. Captain Parry says (page 354 of his 2d. Journal), when speaking of the tides as well as currents from the westward running through the Strait of the *Hecla* and *Fury*, "I believe there can be little doubt that the flood-tide here comes from the westward ; and that there is, besides this, during a great part of the *summer* a *permanent* current setting from the same direction, is also sufficiently apparent ; and the joint effects of these two causes appear to account satisfactorily for the various irregularities observed, as well in the set of the stream, as in the rise and fall of the water by the shore. The natural inference, with respect to the current, seemed at the time to be, that it is *occasioned* by the *annual melting* of the *snows* upon the *shores* of the *Polar Sea*, for which this strait affords the only outlet leading to the southward, within, perhaps, some hundreds of miles ; and this supposition appeared the more reasonable from the circumstance of the current having just now (20th of September 1822) *ceased*, when the streams of the land were once more arrested by the frost of the approaching winter." Thus Captain Parry repels the assertion of the Reviewer, and attributes the current, at least, to the *melting* of the *snows* on *these shores*.

But, in fact, as Scrutator quaintly observes, "this current was only *periodically* permanent;" and admitting Captain Parry to be correct in his inference as to its cause, it therefore cannot be a part of the Quarterly Reviewer's "circumvolving current from the Pacific through Behring's Strait, "which he believes to be "perpetual:" for if that circumvolving current of his between the Pacific and Atlantic be *perpetual*, and there really exists an unobstructed course for it all the way from Behring's Strait, and through that of the Fury and Hecla, as the only outlet leading to the southward," why should it have "*ceased*" there about the 20th of September? Captain Parry's own explanation is quite conclusive, that the Reviewer's current can have nothing at all to do with the one he met with in the Strait of the Fury and Hecla. Were this current perpetual, so much the worse—its *temporary* adverse operation is quite bad enough; for, according to Captain Parry's account of it, "it flows eastward *during* the *only navigable* season, and *ceases* with it."

It is now only fair to compare the prediction of this writer with that of Captain Parry's upon the probable results of the last expedition. "For my own part," says Scrutator, "I must confess, that I dare not indulge expectation of more from the next attempt through 'Prince Regent's Inlet,' &c., than Captain Parry's 'strenuous endeavours effected in the *right* place;' and, therefore, supported by an acknowledgment from such authority, still I consider it to be what I have already termed it,

the FORLORN HOPE." Mark the striking difference of tone in Captain Parry's anticipation: "I never felt more sanguine of ultimate success," says he, "in the enterprise in which I have been engaged, than at this present moment; and I cannot but entertain a confident hope, that England may yet be destined to succeed in an attempt, which has for centuries past engaged her attention, and interested the whole civilized world."

It would be unjust and illiberal to argue from results, as to the propriety of Government having pointed out particular latitudes or openings to be explored, merely because the experiments have failed. On such a subject, rife as it has been at all times with conjecture, it was natural that each impediment should have only excited renewed enterprise, fortified by increased experience and prudence. The perseverance of the Admiralty has been crowned with many important results, as far as respects geography and hydrography, and has thrown considerable light on subjects of science and the operations of nature, in these unexplored and inhospitable regions. We are not even disposed to question the propriety of its rumoured resolution to abandon the enterprise at present; though as matter of feeling it is to be hoped the rumour may be unfounded, or at least be confined to the attempt from the eastward: as we think the preceding reasons fully establish the point, that the very arguments of the pen-and-ink mariners for attempting a N.W. passage by a westerly course, are, if candidly considered, all in favour of its being attempted through "Behring's Strait."

As respects this quarter, a conjecture may be formed that there is one, perhaps more, passages, possibly leading to the Atlantic. Scrutator supposes "there is a passage for *water* and *fish*, though not for *ships*." Hence, until we improve, and that not inconsiderably, upon the principle of Johnson the smuggler's submarine craft, and human lungs acquire the action or property, as yet peculiar to fish, of extracting from water sufficient vital air to sustain life, it appears, for practical and commercial purposes, essentially closed against all human intrusion. We, however, will not pretend to pronounce such an opinion, because we repeat that, in all probability, there is not only one, but several communications between the Atlantic and the Pacific, some of which, perhaps, by perseverance, may be explored, once in a century, by discovery ships.

From Captain Parry's characteristic forethought, coolness, discretion, and perseverance, he may be considered as one of the best qualified officers in the service to undertake the arduous duties of a northern navigator; and, from his achievements in that quarter, he may with truth be termed the Hero of the Hyperborean world. Yet it does not follow that the opinion he has recorded as to the impracticability of effecting a passage by the Pacific or western side of America, is one iota better than the many thousands who may differ with him on the point, and who, *like* himself, have *never* made the attempt; nor can it be put in competition with the few that *have*: because it is not only in direct opposition to the practi-

cal experience of Kotzebue, but also in contradiction of the experimental testimony of one of the greatest circumnavigators the world ever produced. Surely, if in the days of Cook, with *his* limited resources, he could contrive to proceed as far as Icy Cape, and would have still pushed further, if not impeded by ice, why then may not Captain Parry, with the many superior advantages discoverers now possess, proceed at least as far, and settle the point as to the practicability or impracticability of this passage for the purpose of navigation. In support of this assertion, it is worth while, as a mere matter of curiosity, to examine Captain Parry's opinion, founded on facts, which appear to be the best answer to his own prejudices. He says, "in the course of the foregoing narrative it may have been remarked, that the *westerly* and north-westerly winds were always found to produce the effect of *clearing* the *southern* shores of the New Georgian Islands of *ice*, while they always brought with them *clear* weather, which is essentially necessary in prosecuting discoveries in such navigation.* *This* circumstance, together with the fact of our having *sailed back in six days* from the meridian of Winter Harbour to the entrance of Sir James Lancaster's Sound, a dis-

* In Captain Parry's second voyage, page 25, he also says, "It may here be observed that, in the course of our endeavours to get to the *westward*, as well in this voyage as in that of 1819 and 1820, a *westerly* wind, though blowing directly against us, was always found ultimately to be the most favourable for our purpose, as it *brings away* large bodies of ice from that quarter, and consequently leaves a considerable *interval of open water*."

tance which required *five weeks to traverse* when going in the opposite direction, seems to afford a *reasonable ground for concluding*, that an attempt for effecting the N. W. passage might be made with a *better chance of success* from Behring's Strait, than from *this side of America*. There are some circumstances, however, which, in my opinion, render this mode of proceeding altogether *impracticable*, at least for *British ships*. Why for *British ships*, more particularly than Russian? Is it because they have to traverse the additional distance of the Baltic further than the British? Is it because that the Russians have *no squadron* in South America, from which they might recruit their resources? Might not the British Commodore on that station be instructed to send one of his cruizers in advance as far as the Sandwich Islands, or even to St. Paul's and St. Peter's with preserved meats and other necessaries, to await the arrival of the discovery ships? So that when Captain Parry talks of the length of the voyage which must first be performed, in order to arrive at the point where the work is to be begun, as also that "the most important part of a ship's resources, namely, the provisions and fuel, must be very materially reduced, and this *without the possibility* of renewing them to the extent necessary for such a service," and how "*injurious* to the health of the crews so sudden and extreme a change of climate would in all probability prove, as that which they must necessarily experience, in going at once from the heat of the torrid zone into the intense cold of a long winter upon

the northern shores of America," he only reasons against the practical experience of Kotzebue and others, whose crews were perfectly healthy, as Mr. Barrow, in his book of *Polar Voyages*," *assures us*.*

In hastening to conclude these observations, it becomes necessary to point the attention of the reader to the last paper written on the subject in this Review, in order to show the present temperature of our philosophical atmosphere, or catch, even for a moment, the fast-fleeting features of this changeling Proteus of the Quarterly.† "We do not despair," says the critic, "of seeing the day when this spirit of enterprise will have conducted some adventurous Englishmen to the very northern extremity of the *earth's* axis. To reach the North Pole from the north part of Spitzbergen, with the united aid of a couple of boats, half-decked, and sledges, to carry each other in turns as ice and water may occur, would as *we* conceive, neither be so *difficult*, nor so *dangerous* an enterprise as that which was undertaken and performed by the Russian officer, Baron Wrangle, on sledges alone. From Hacluyt's Headland to the Pole is *only* 600 geographical miles. Allowing a speed of only fifteen miles a day (of twenty-four hours always light), it would only require forty days; so that if a little ves-

* "It is greatly to the credit of Lieutenant Kotzebue," says Mr. Barrow, "that, after a voyage of *three* years, in every *variety* of *climate*, he has brought back again *every man* of his little crew, with the exception of one who embarked in a *sickly* state."—Page 363, Barrow's *Voyages to the Polar Regions*.

† 59th No. Quarterly Review, foot note, p. 274.

sel like the *Griper*,* which has already been at Spitzbergen, should arrive there in the beginning of June, the boats might reach the Pole, and return to her with ease by the end of August. So little is this of a visionary project, that Captain Franklin proposed to undertake it; and indeed there is not a naval officer who has seen the ice," [there's the rub] "and knows *what* it is, but will admit of its being *feasible*, and who would not cheerfully volunteer to make the attempt!"—We might almost undertake to answer for the Profession, that (such is the enterprising spirit of British naval officers) rather than remain idle or unemployed, they would "cheerfully volunteer," not only to explore, if it were possible, a much colder place than the Pole, but even attempt the *navigation* of the infernal abyss of Vesuvius. But let us ask the Reviewer what is to become of his 'great Polar Sea' free from ice near the Pole, if free from land?" Now, if this is assumed, we fear the half-decked boats, or even the *Griper* herself, would be of little avail in a sea wherein, we are told in a preceding page, that "Baron Wrangle had nearly perished;" and "who had scarcely," says the Reviewer, "advanced five wersts, when a gale of wind broke up the ice all around him, and he found himself on an open sea, tossed about on a floe of ice at the *mercy* of the winds and currents, which fortunately drove him at length, half *dead*

* A nice little vessel she proved to be, by the accounts of Captains Liddon and Lyon.

with cold and hunger, to the Asiatic shore, not far from Behring's Strait." This certainly is rather encouraging intelligence to such as would "cheerfully volunteer to make the attempt."

After what Captain Franklin has already attempted, no one for a moment would question his intrepidity ; and though he proposed to undertake an alternate floating and skating trip to the Pole, which the Reviewer thinks "could be accomplished with *ease*," yet we are certain the captain would have undertaken the enterprise far more cheerfully, had the pen-and-ink projector of this pleasurable trip not only volunteered to accompany him, but consented to *lead* the way, instead of affecting, like a finger-post, to *point* it to others.

TO THE REVIEWERS.

HAVING thrown down the gauntlet, there is little doubt that the chivalrous spirit of the Reviewer, to whom so many allusions have been made in this article, will be anxious to take it up, and repay the liberties which have been taken with the opinions of one of his privileged knights of the literary lance, by a notice in some future number of the Quarterly Review. Whatever difference may exist in the reader's mind as to the success of our attempt at correctly delineating his sentiments in this paper, there can be none as to the identity of his style, for this plain reason, that it is almost word for word taken *passim* from his own pages, thus :—

“ We have no passion for breaking a butterfly on the wheel ; and should not have noticed these little volumes, which form the subject of this article, if it were not for the insolent temerity with which the author has attempted to treat, occasionally, subjects of the gravest nature ; such as tactics, discipline, and corporal punishment, which certainly require a more than ordinary acquaintance with professional topics.

“ We really were vain enough to flatter ourselves that we had partly succeeded in exterminating that low

and illiterate race, vulgarly known by the just denomination of professional scribblers. A two-volume *thing*, however, has been thrown on our table, entitled the 'NAVAL SKETCH-BOOK; OR, THE SERVICE AFLOAT AND ASHORE,' announced to be from the pen of an 'Officer of Rank,' an epithet of some importance, for mere sound sake. Why this 'officer of rank,' who in all probability is no more than a boatswain, could so far, like the bear who fancied his *forte* was to fly, forget himself, as to attempt to handle a pen instead of a marlinspike, we are totally at a loss to conjecture. But that he should entitle his trash a Sketch-Book, is, we confess, a still greater puzzle. The fact is, this jumble of nautical jargon 'has just about the same pretension to be called by that title, as Captain Cochrane to be termed a pedestrian, Paris the capital of Europe, or Mr. Brougham the leader of the Opposition.'

"The work has in some instances merit, because the author seems so well versed in the vulgar phraseology of sailors (no doubt his only associates,) that it gives to those tales, at which he appears most *au fait*, something of an air of truth. But as for the papers which treat upon the higher department of his profession, we are convinced that, had we time (for it cannot be supposed we are deficient in tact, on subjects so immediately connected with a long popular project of our own, the North-West Passage,) we should detect the same ignorance upon nautical points, that he has betrayed in his absurd political assumptions."

After introducing an apt quotation, as he may term it, of half a page, to serve the double purposes of setting off by contrast the value of his own observations, and eke out his Quarterly half sheet quota of contribution, the reviewer will be found indignantly exclaiming—

“ ————— Can absurdity go beyond this? We might be forgiven if we stopped here, and rested our judgment of the whole book on this single specimen, which our readers see was not selected for its own especial qualities, but incidentally met with while we were following another topic. Need we write another syllable? ‘*Out of thy own mouth shalt thou be judged:*’ and here, if the wretched author were alone concerned, we should leave him; but truth, and justice to others, obliges us to conclude with a remark on the vulgarity of style with which this officer, who treats his reader with a chapter on cant in conversation, often fills his pages. Passing over with a charitable silence, which however is scarcely excusable in us as protectors of the public morals, that part of the work which ‘consists of anecdotes, in which the writer is rather exuberant, and which, we shall only remark, are pointless, insipid, and frequently low and filthy,’ we cannot too strongly express our reprehension of the introduction into his galley stories, which purport to be the genuine epics, or descriptive poetry of a tar round the galley fire in the intervals of watch, various slang terms and corruptions of language, such as ‘howsomever,’—‘never no more’—‘dien-tical’—‘shipping a bagnet’—‘it ’ill gee’—‘skylarking’

—‘ axes us’—‘ running the rig’—and similar flowers of rhetoric scarcely worthy of Lady Morgan herself.”

Although it would not be without a precedent that the author should have sent the Edinburgh Reviewers a criticism of his own work, he has preferred the simple process of making an adaptation from the pages of that critical authority of some ten or twenty years back. This acknowledgment will preserve him from the imputation of affecting to be learned on trifles. The lore will soon be detected by intelligent readers to be all their own.

“ It is recorded in the first chapter of the Orlando Inamorato, that the Enchanter Malagisa, being tired of his company, opened his wonderful quarto ; and before he had read the first page, laid four huge giants at his feet.

“Ne ancor havea il primo foglio volto’

‘ Che gia ciascun nel sonno era sepolto.’

“ We suspect that the gallant author of the volumes before us has taken a leaf out of this book ; for without pretending to claim any kindred with Bocardo’s ‘ quartre demonii,’ we have sunk so often, during our perusal of these Sketches, under the narcotic spell, as to be seriously afraid of overpowering our readers by the extraction of too potent a specimen, and forcing them to anticipate those nods over our review which we wish them to reserve for the octavos themselves. Indeed, we feel ourselves at this moment very much in the state of the mutilated painter in the Arcadia, who returned from battle perfectly well qualified by his observations to represent a fight, but without hands to execute the picture : for

though entirely *familiar* with the *ingredients* and *properties* of *these* volumes, we have lingered so long within the magic circle, as to be doubtful whether we have animation enough left to be capable of giving any legible account of their contents. To refer our readers to the work itself, would be making them pay rather dear for an unpleasant truth ; and we trust, after all, that they will be satisfied with the fin which we shall present to them of this triton ; warning them, at the same time, not to conclude that, if the tail is of clay, the other parts of this amphibious image are composed of silver or gold, or any other precious metal.

“ We will not enter into a regular examination of the author’s philological qualifications, *ce n’est pas l’affaire des honnêtes gens* : yet we really cannot pass over this officer’s presumption, in taking upon himself the arduous task of criticising others. The author says something in his preface about the profession being glad that their works are to be reviewed by men capable of doing them justice. ‘ We beg leave to put this gentleman right.’—‘ It is *our duty* to do *justice* to literary aspirants.’—‘ If authors in quarto and octavo are to review each other, what, we would ask, is to become of us, whose natural aliment is the blood and blunders of book-makers ?’ This officer has not considered the matter, or a ‘ person of his importance would never have stooped to play the part of an interpolator in our humble calling.’ We will also tell this officer more : ‘ he will not make a good reviewer ; and from his specimen, we

should certainly decline taking him into *our* employment on any terms.'—'He has too much gall and too little vigour for our purposes.' He would be getting us perpetually into scrapes ; and could help but little we suspect, in getting us out of them. We should have been not a little embarrassed, at least, if the following sentence had appeared originally in any of our pages :—

"The grappling was soon weighed ; I was *bundled* in by the bowman, and, to use his expression, the barge was 'shoved alongside of the *barky* in the *twinkling* of a *bed-post*.'

"That we may not be suspected, however, of feeling more jealousy of this officer's critical qualifications than we really do, we shall carry this review of the reviewer no farther, but leave him and his work to partake of that repose which they have so liberally bestowed on their readers."

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